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A DISTANT THUNDER

H. A. Covington



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It would be difficult for me to name all of the people who have assisted me in the writing and publication of this book, not to mention incautious and quite possibly dangerous to those concerned. However, on this one there are some people whom I simply have to thank, specifically all of the members of my informal editorial board who reviewed and critiqued the chapters, but especially Wagner from Texas, my webmaster buddy up in the Great White North, and also Carl Geharis and James Butler for their proofreading work. Finally, there is the man who *got it* and who made it possible for me to write this book under conditions approximating comfort and tranquility. It would have been written without him, but not for some time, and most likely not as well. To all of you who helped, my appreciation and my gratitude. – HAC

Author's Note

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By H. A. Covington

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Glossary of Northwest Acronyms

and Terms

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God - Christian Hymn written by Martin Luther. The national anthem of the Northwest American Republic.

ASU - Active Service Unit. The basic building block of the NVA paramilitary structure. Generally speaking, an active service unit was any team or affinity group of Northwest Volunteers engaged in armed struggle against the United States government. The largest active service units during the War of Independence were the Flying Columns (*q. v.*) that moved across the countryside in open insurrection.

These could sometimes number as many as 75 or even 100 men. More usual was the urban team or crew ranging from four or five to no more than a dozen Volunteers. After a unit grew larger than seven or eight people, the logistics of movement and supply and also the risk of betrayal reached unacceptably high levels, and the cell would divide in two with each half going its separate way. Command and coordination between the units was often tenuous at best. The success and survival of an active service unit was often a matter of the old Viking adage: "Luck often enough will save a man, if his courage hold."

Aztlan - A semi-autonomous province of Mexico consisting of the old American states of southern and western Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, parts of Colorado, and southern California below a line roughly parallel with the Mountain Gate border post.

BATF - Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms division of the United States Treasury Department. Used by the government in Washington D. C. unlawfully to suppress many early right-wing and racial nationalist groups and individuals. Unlike its more sophisticated counterpart the FBI, BATF seldom resorted to such things as bribery, fabrication, or forgery to get convictions. All brawn and no brain, BATF simply smashed their way into the homes of dissidents such as Kenyon Bellew and David Koresh and started shooting.

Many of their agents later became Fatties when the FATPO (*q.v.*) superceded the old ATF organization at the beginning of the War of Independence. BATF was declared a criminal organization by Parliament and any surviving members are subject to arrest, trial, and punishment if apprehended.

The Beast - Term similar in meaning to ZOG (*q.v.*) used initially by Christian Identity people to describe the Federal government of the United States and the Zionist, liberal power structure in general. The expression later came into more widespread use among the Northwest American Republic's non-CI population.

Break Bad - An incident or encounter between the NVA and Federal forces or others that turns violent.

Brigade - In the paramilitary organization of the Northwest Volunteer Army, a loose combination of all of the partisan units assigned to a specific geographic area. In the larger cities of the Homeland such as Seattle, Portland or Spokane there might be as many as two or three brigades, each operating independently of the others, so that a single catastrophic betrayal or Federal assault could not wipe out the NVA in that metropolitan area. A brigade could comprise as many as two or three dozen active service units of various kinds and strengths, including technical, supply, and support teams. Some of the smaller brigades covering larger and more rural areas only had a few units. In actual practice there was always an immense amount of confusion and overlap in membership and function between units. As is the case with any conflict, nothing about the War of Independence was ever as neatly cut and dried as the Republic's history books have portrayed.

BOSS - Bureau of State Security. The Republic's political police. The mission of BOSS may be summed up simply in the five words of its motto: "*We will never go back.*" In *The Hill of the Ravens* Don Redmond pithily summarizes that mission when he says, "The revolution is forever. Our job is to make sure of that."

CI - Christian Identity. By the time of writing of this book, the predominant Christian religious movement in the Republic. The faith of Pastor Richard Butler, Robert Miles, and many others among the founding fathers of the Northwest American Republic. The essence of Christian Identity is the

transfer of God's Biblical covenant from the Jewish people to the Gentile or Aryan peoples through the medium of the Christ's Passion and the Crucifixion. In most Christian Identity sects this transfer is accompanied by a very complex (sometimes downright tortuous) theological construct whereby white people are alleged to be racial descendants of the Israelites of the Bible through the alleged wanderings of the Lost Tribes through Europe, Denmark being descended from the tribe of Dan, etc. However tenuous the historical and theological basis for Christian Identity, there can be no doubt of the spiritual strength and personal integrity which the CI faith imparts to its adherents. During the Time of Struggle and ever since, they have been the very backbone of the Northwest nation.

Centcom - During the War of Independence, Centcom was the central command authority of the American occupation forces, consisting of representatives from the executive and judicial branches of government, the FBI, Justice Department, Department of Homeland Security, etc.

Code Duello - The official protocols and procedures governing dueling within the Republic, administered by the National Honor Court. The purpose of the Code Duello is to make sure that the ultimate sanction for personal misbehavior remains available to all the Republic's citizens, but only under very clear and formally recognized conditions. Ref. the Old Man: "One of the problems under ZOG was that there was no longer any penalty attached to being an asshole. There needs to be."

Come Home - To immigrate to the Northwest American Republic. Since the NAR is the Homeland of all Indo-European peoples, a white immigrant is considered to have Come Home.

Daryl and His Other Brother Daryl - Defamatory term used by certain white migrants to the Homeland during pre-revolutionary times to denote white people born in rural areas of the Northwest.

Considered rude, boorish, and highly discouraged by the Party both before and since the revolution.

DHS - Department of Homeland Security. One of the many overlapping Federal political police agencies created under Bush II as part of the

suspension of the United States Constitution and the abrogation of American civil liberties which took place after the events of September 11th, 2001. The Department of Homeland Security seems to have done little during the time of the revolution beyond adding to the confusion.

DM - “Drooling Moron.” Defamatory term used by certain white migrants during the pre-revolutionary times to denote white people born in rural areas of the Northwest Homeland. Always frowned upon and discouraged by the Party. Several legal cases are now before the National Honor Court to decide whether

“DM” is to be considered a killing word or not.

E & E - Escape and Evasion. Associated with General Order Number Eight, a.k.a. the “Feets Don’t Fail Me Now” order. When an operation went bad, or when confronted with a Federal ambush, extreme danger, or overwhelming enemy numbers, every NVA Volunteer had a personal Escape and Evasion plan, a series of refuges and safe houses etc. to which they would flee and from which they would subsequently regroup.

The underlying rationale of General Order Number Eight was the ancient one of all guerrilla forces: he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day.

FATPO - Federal Anti-Terrorist Police Organization. A body of special auxiliary police officers recruited by the United States government to suppress the revolution in the Pacific Northwest, after the FBI and local authorities had clearly lost control and it was not deemed politically expedient to use the regular military in a significant role. FATPOs were mostly recruited from discharged members of the United States military, local police departments, and from both sides of the bars within the American empire’s immense prison system. FATPOs were given a short but intensive training campaign at Fort Bragg combining counterinsurgency, commando and SWAT-team style tactics, along with heavy political indoctrination in diversity, multiculturalism, etc. Nominally subject to the Department of Homeland Security and the Justice Department, in reality the government in D. C. was far away, and a blind eye was turned. Local FATPO commanders had a blank check and more or less operated as independent warlords in their districts, above the law so long as they produced a plentiful white body count.

Discipline and control from Centcom was patchy at best, accountability was nil, atrocities frequent, media reporting of those atrocities almost non-existent, and any serious military purpose or strategy quickly disappeared.

The FATPOs in short order became nothing more than gangs of brutal gun thugs devoted to the bloody suppression of the NVA and any white citizen of the Northwest whom they so much as suspected might be sympathetic to the NVA. Strict policies of affirmative action and mandatory diversity were applied, and at any given time the force was only about 35% white and perhaps 25% white male. There was an unknown but significant percentage of lesbian and homosexual sadists who mainly operated in the intelligence units of FATPO as interrogators, and who earned themselves a reputation as some of the most cruel and vicious torturers in the history of human tyranny.

FBI - Federal Bureau of Investigation. The American secret police. Still extant, although now less involved in Northwest affairs than their rivals of the Office of Northwest Recovery (*q.v.*) Declared a criminal organization by Parliament after Independence. Any member of the FBI or anyone assisting the FBI is liable to arrest, trial, and punishment under the law of the Republic.

Flying Column - During the War of Independence, an independent unit of partisans numbering approximately thirty to a hundred Volunteers. These guerrilla units were usually based in rural areas throughout the Pacific Northwest, and operated in the countryside and small towns. They were highly mobile and conducted operations against the American forces, against the means of production, and cleared their operational areas of American law enforcement, judicial, and governmental institutions to make way for Aryan courts, police, and government. Because of the activities of the Flying Columns, the United States eventually lost control of the countryside almost completely and could maintain its authority only in the cities, and there only through repressive force. There were over thirty Flying Columns during the course of the War of Independence. The most famous among them were the Olympic Flying Column (Cmdt. Thomas J. Murdock); the Port Townsend Flying Column (Cmdt. John C. Morgan); the Hayden Lake Flying Column (Cmdt. O. C. Oglevy); The Barbary Pirates (Arcata and Eureka, California district, Cmdt. Phil McDevitt); the Sawtooth Flying Column (Cmdt. Winston

Wayne); the Corvallis Flying Column (Cmdt. Billy Basquine); the Montana Regulators (Cmdt. Jack Smith); and the Ellensburg Flying Column (Cmdt. David “Bloody Dave” Leach.)

Goots - Derogatory and defamatory term used by native-born white people in the Northwest for racially conscious Aryan settlers who came into the Homeland during pre-revolutionary times. Origin unknown but possibly originated with Seattle disc jockey Ray Sheckstein.

GUBU - Grotesque, Unbelievable, Bizarre, Unprecedented. Slang term used to describe most activities of the Aryan resistance movement prior to the advent of Northwest Migration concept, and regrettably for some time after that as well. Northwest equivalent of old American military term SNAFU.

GW - Kinetic energy firearms named after the renowned Texas gunsmith and engineer Gary Wilkerson, who invented kinetic energy plate wherein the bullet is not propelled by a gunpowder-charged cartridge, but by a small kinetic energy charge from a metal power grid in the receiving group or bolt assembly of the weapon. Wilkerson KE technology is the basis most NDF (*q.v.*) small arms.

Hats or Hat Squad - Semi-derogatory, pre-revolutionary term used by native-born white Northwesters for Aryan settlers who answered the Old Man’s call for migration. Refers to the eventual adoption of the fedora hat as the badge or insignia for Northwest settlers, at first of the Christian Identity faith, then later on the practice spread to migrants of all faiths.

Longview Conference - The conference wherein the United States agreed to withdraw from the areas of the Northwest Homeland deemed to be “administratively untenable,” i.e. effectively under NVA control. At that point in time this consisted of the states of Idaho, Oregon, Washington, parts of western Montana, and most of Wyoming.

NAR - Northwest American Republic. Established as a worldwide home for all persons of unmixed Aryan, that is to say Caucasian, non-Semitic, European descent. The Northwest American Republic presently consists of the entire states of Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and Wyoming as well as hefty chunks of Northern California, western Montana, Alberta, British

Columbia and Alaska.

National Socialism - The racial and political world view (*Weltanschauung* in German) of the philosopher, soldier, and statesman Adolf Hitler (1889-1945.)

NBA - Northwest Broadcasting Authority. State body in charge of all broadcast communications and entertainment in the Northwest American Republic.

NDF - Northwest Defense Force. The combined land, sea, air and space commands of the NAR military.

All white male citizens of the Republic are required to serve in the NDF for a minimum of two years of active duty plus reserve requirements up until age 50.

NLS - National Labor Service. There is no welfare as such in the Northwest American Republic. Neither is there any unemployment. If no private sector jobs are available in a particular field or locality, the Labor Service steps in and provides employment, usually on public works of various kinds. Many Northwest workers choose to work for the NLS voluntarily.

NVA - Northwest Volunteer Army. Formed on October 22nd in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, in response to the murder of the Singer family. Predecessor to the NDF.

OBA - Old Believers Association. The official NAR organization of non-Christian religious groups including Asatru, the proto-NS Nordic Faith Movement, and some elements of Wicca and Druidic cultism.

Old Man - Early advocate of Northwest Migration and independence. Helped found the Party (*q. v.*) and served as a convenient figurehead for the independence movement during the War of Independence, although he always considered his role in the revolution to be very much exaggerated. Served two terms as State President and was able to stabilize and consolidate the gains of the revolution, but was effectively removed from power by President Patrick Brennan and the Pragmatic Tendency in Parliament because he was thought to be a dangerously radical relic of the past. Presently

President Emeritus of the Republic and living in seclusion. Suffers from dementia praecox due to his advanced age and is generally confused and incoherent. Has issues with ducks. [See *The Hill of the Ravens.*]

ONR - The United States Office of Northwest Recovery. Covert agency of the United States government devoted to the long term goal of returning the Northwest Republic to the United States and Canada respectively. Regularly conducts assassinations, sabotage, and other subversive activities within the Northwest American Republic.

On the Bounce - NVA slang term for being on the run from the American police and military.

Operation Strikeout - Twelve years after the Longview Conference the United States and Canada, in conjunction with the United Nations, launched what they believed to be a surprise attack against the Northwest Republic, intending to re-conquer the Pacific Northwest and return the Homeland to American imperial rule. Due to superior intelligence on the part of BOSS (*q.v.*) and the War Prevention Bureau (*q.v.*) the attack was not the surprise that the Pentagon thought it would be. The Americans and Canadians were decisively defeated in a campaign lasting forty-six days and large sections of northern California, Alberta, British Columbia and Alaska were added to the Republic's territory.

The Party - The fighting revolutionary Party of Northwest independence founded by the Old Man, once a sufficient number of racially aware migrants had arrived in the Homeland to effect a significant socio-political demographic change sufficient to make such a Party feasible. Although the Party was comprised in the majority of people who were native-born in the Northwest, it was made possible by the influx of racially aware migrants who listened to the Old Man's call and heeded it. Based upon the principles of National Socialism as expressed in the Cotswolds Declaration of 1962 and the Ten Principles of National Socialist Thought, yet offering a broad program of tolerance and participation for all Aryan religious and political tendencies, the Party provided the political leadership for the revolution, while the NVA provided the military capability.

Resurrection Shuffle - NVA slang term for being on the run, escaping and

evading the Federal forces.

Rockwell, Commander George Lincoln (1918-1967) - American National Socialist leader. Founder of the American Nazi Party and the World Union of National Socialists.

Shock and Awe - A customary tactic for NVA partisans lying in wait to ambush Federal troops, police, news media, or other enemy personnel. The concealed Volunteers would suddenly explode in a precisely aimed, concentrated hail of gunfire on full automatic or other rapid fire technique, using armor piercing bullets, rocket propelled grenades (RPGs) etc. The object was to inflict as much damage as possible in the opening seconds of an encounter, disorienting and disabling enemy reaction, before a rapid withdrawal under cover of smoke grenades or other stratagems. Also known as the Mad Minute.

Spuckies - Derogatory and defamatory term used by local white people in the Northwest to denote racially conscious white settlers who came into the Homeland during pre-revolutionary times. Origin of this term unknown.

SS - Special Service. The NAR and the Party's élite military formation. Drawn from the top achievers of all the NDF branches, with naval, air, and space mobile wings. Highly trained and equipped with the most advanced equipment, the SS deliberately follows the traditions of its historic namesake of the Third Reich.

The corps seeks to erase all differences and divisions of class, religion, and nationality, creating a true Aryan "Band of Brothers". For this purpose, extensive political and racial education based on the principles of National Socialism is part and parcel of SS training and qualification.

Stukach - A Russian term meaning informer, dating from the time of Stalin and the hideous purges of the 1930s. How exactly this term entered the lexicon of the Northwest American Republic is not certain.

When applied to the family or person of a citizen, it is considered the ultimate insult, along with the words

“whigger” and “attorney.” All three are considered to be killing words, i.e. *prima facie casus belli* under the law of the Republic for a duel to the death if the parties involved cannot be reconciled by formal procedures under the Code Duello.

Take The Gap - Broadly speaking, to Come Home. To immigrate to the Northwest American Republic.

In practice, to “take the gap” generally connotes an illegal entry into the Homeland from the United States, Aztlan, Canada, or sometimes by air. “Taking the gap” often involves physically running the border under gunfire and pursuit.

Tickle - An operation of the Northwest Volunteer Army against a Federal or Zionist target.

Third Section (Threesecc) - Intelligence, counterintelligence, security and special operations department of the Party prior to 10/22. Created by Matt Redmond, who served as Threesecc’s first director until his death. Organizational ancestor of both BOSS (*q.v.*) and War Prevention Bureau (*q.v.*)

Volunteer - A male or female soldier of the Northwest Volunteer Army.

Whigger - “White nigger.” A defamatory term for whites during the pre-revolutionary time who aped the mannerisms and subculture of blacks. Considered to be a killing word in the NAR, i.e. sufficient *casus belli* for a duel to the death if no compromise can be reached between the parties involved.

Woodchuck - Originally a term with defamatory and derogatory connotations used by Aryan settlers in the Homeland to denote those who were born in the Northwest, especially rural areas. Now transmuted and claimed as a proud and honorable designation by those born in the Homeland.

WPB - The NAR’s War Prevention Bureau. A covert agency designed to prevent the necessary military, political, and psychological conditions from developing within the United States, Aztlan, or anywhere else that might lead

to an existential military threat to the existence of the Northwest Republic, through the use of targeted assassination and other black ops. The WPB is also responsible for tracking down and liquidating spies and traitors to the Northwest Republic, including informers and traitors from the time of the War of the Independence. Their motto in German is "*Alles bekennings wird abgerechnet*" - "All accounts will be settled."

ZOG - Zionist Occupation Government. Term originally created by the obscure National Socialist writer Eric Thomson in the 1970s. Strictly construed, ZOG means the Federal government of the United States.

In actual usage it is a much more all-embracing term meaning the System, the Establishment, the generic

"them" used by oppressed peoples to denote the Federal tyrant.

The Turning Wheels

At the end of the twentieth century, there was a Japanese college professor named Francis Fukuyama. He wrote a long, intellectual, and *trés chic* essay called *The End of History* that became quite famous.

Francis Fukuyama was an intellectual whore who sold his mind for money. He was a tame academic who sucked up to the wealthy and powerful of his era, big time. He told them what they wanted to hear and he reaped their largesse. When the blank-faced white men in the silk suits said jump, Francis Fukuyama asked “How high?” When the suits said run, Francis Fukuyama asked “How far?” He politely avoided the mildly disturbing term *plutocracy*, and substituted a much more fashionable practice of publicly referring to the wealthy, corrupt, amoral, incompetent, discreetly homosexual Anglo-Zionist corporate ruling élite of the late twentieth century by the grotesque name of *liberal democracy*. It was, of course, neither liberal nor democratic, but truth didn’t matter in those days.

Fukuyama argued that liberal democracy was the final form of human government for all time to come.

He claimed that the allegedly irresistible combination of liberal democracy and multinational capitalism had triumphed over all other competing systems such as monarchy, fascism, communism, National Socialism, welfare state socialism, and of course that nasty Islamic theocracy of the ignorant Arab peasants that persecuted poor little helpless Israel so. History was now at an end, Professor Fukuyama told the world. All that remained was to formalize that fact by taking care of a few little details and getting everybody on board and whipped into shape. Then once we got rid of all those picky little details like race, and religion, and culture, and morality, and the traditional nuclear family—in other words, once we destroyed all that makes humanity truly diverse in the non-politically correct sense of the term—then all the nations of the earth would boogie down in one great conga line onto the great worldwide Euro-American consumer plantation. There mankind would graze in the grass, dancing and singing and blowing dope and fucking anything with a pulse, bathed in the warm soothing glow from the television.

The very flow of history itself would cease and the Garden of Eden would be reborn, but instead of a serpent in our new paradise we'd have only Ronald McDonald.

The world would henceforth and forever be benevolently ruled from the corporate boardroom by pale, unseen beings in expensive suits, while at their shoulder for spiritual guidance whispered the holy rabbi Hyman Heeblebaum from Temple Schmuck-El, wearing his little blue and white knitted beanie, his heart filled with the brotherhood of man and confident in his ancient Talmudic knowledge of what is best for us all.

Wrong, asshole.

Dead wrong.

The United States of America into which I was born was all a lie. A cheap, shoddy, vicious, evil lie that deserved nothing but bloody death at the point of the sword. In the United States of America, if you had a white skin and a dick on you, if you had no money, then you were nothing. Get back, redneck! No one cared about you. No one would lift a finger to help you, and all you were good for was to fix the rich people's appliances and toys. You were raw material for biped swine in suits to make money for themselves off your sweat and your pain. You lived your whole life like a dog, you were beaten like a dog, and you died like a dog. Well, by God, we showed those rich sons of bitches and their smart Jew lawyers and their pet monkeys that dogs have teeth!

Oh, yeah. Amazing what a few well-placed bullets and a dab or two of Semtex under some rabbi's kosher tuches can do to get the wheels of history jump-started and turning back on track.

My name is Shane Ryan. I was one of those little details Fukuyama and his kind could never quite take care of. I was a Northwest Volunteer.

This is how we started the wheels of history turning again.

Bringing Down Burger King

Turn, hell-hound!...I have no words.

My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out!

-Macbeth, Act V, Scene 8

No, that doesn't mean the NVA held up a hamburger joint.

Back in the old days when we gave it to the bastards hot, us domestic terrorist-type dudes had our own rap just like any other self-respecting American subculture, from punk rockers to nigger gang-bangers to Trekkies to skateboarders. Most white kids of my generation were raised damned near from birth by the boob tube, instead of by our parents, so we got a lot of our spiel off TV and whatever mindless pollution of the soul the Hollywood dream machine chose to spoon into all the skulls of mush. That was why sometimes we sounded like movie gangsters when we talked about hits and whacking guys out and going strapped. Other words we picked up from the foreign Volunteers who flocked to the Northwest during the later stages of the revolution, a highly politically incorrect form of diversity. There was the Russian word *stukach* for informer, and the South African term *kaffir* to denote our fellow citizens ob de Affikin-Amurkin persuasion.

Did you know that the English language contains over a hundred words for nigger? ZOG tried to ban them all. Thought control. If you forbid people to speak certain words out loud for fear of persecution and prison, eventually they'll self-censor themselves even in their own minds. They'll refuse to think the forbidden thoughts lest they accidentally utter the forbidden word and destroy their lives. On more than one occasion, at the early Party meetings I went to when I was in high school, we'd get newbies who'd never been among racially aware white people before. Suddenly they'd burst out, cursing and shouting and screaming "Nigger! Nigger! Niggerniggerniggerniggernigger...." like they had Tourette's syndrome.

For the first time in years, first time ever for some of them, they were

someplace where they could speak freely and without fear of retaliation from politically correct society, without looking over their shoulder to see who was listening. They were saying out loud what they had always felt in their hearts.

Some of them wept while they hollered nigger. It was like the weight of a timber truck had been lifted off their soul. Freedom is being able to call a spade a spade. Literally.

NVA shop talk was unique to our situation, a kind of code we used due to the frequent need for us evildoers to conduct a conversation on our phones or computers without ZOG's eavesdroppers figuring out whatever evening's worth of anti-social activities we were contemplating. A lot of our terminology revolved around junk food. It was an obvious cover. The American consumer state stuffed its citizens full of grease, cholesterol, refined carbohydrates, white sugar, and chemicals at a two hundred percent profit until everybody over age twelve was at least thirty pounds overweight. You never see any fat people in the Northwest Republic today, since the Ministry of Health regulates things like refined sugar and refined carbs, and the government has banned that damned high fructose corn syrup American food processors used to dump into everything. The Japanese invented that crap. Yellow man's revenge for Hiroshima.

Might as well have been feeding people strychnine. But in those days every other person of any race you saw on the street was really gross and jiggling, men with bellies like hams hanging over their belt, women whose truly mighty butts had their own gravitational field. There was some kind of starch and cholesterol trough on every corner, and in between the corners, like brightly colored poisonous mushrooms, were all these damned little convenience stores run by wogs. Garish neon pimples on the face of the world, with racks full of nachos and sugar and pure grease. That toxic waste was what most people spent their lives stuffing into their gob. All the multifarious agencies of ZOG that monitored the phone lines and air waves and computer chat rooms in the name of freedom and democracy inevitably heard a lot of chatter from the peasantry about whatever putrid crap everyone had for lunch or was having for dinner.

Us evildoers played to that when we were nattering to one another.

Guns were cheeseburgers, didn't matter what brand name, but if they had onions they were full auto.

Ammunition was French fries. When we needed to be more specific, a shotgun was a taco and a handgun was a chili dog. A proper military-manufactured hand grenade, whether American or Russian or a Chinese stick, was a beer of any brand. Grenades were just about our favorite toys. We paid top dollar and we were always interested in anyone who had any to sell, be they white or black or brown. I once bought a case of grenades from a Sikh master sergeant at Fort Lewis who knew damned well who I was and who I wanted them for. Hell, he didn't care. Ten grand was ten grand. We had a lot of fun with those little darlings. On the phone and online at least, we must have sounded like real drunks, always talking about booze, even though Volunteers weren't allowed to touch alcohol.

How tight was that enforced, ma'am? Well, tight enough so The Beast knew about it and we took to keeping crushed empty beer cans in our back seats or on the beds of our pickups as a kind of camouflage. I once was able to get past a Fattie checkpoint by dousing myself with Miller High Life and pretending to be drunk. They knew the NVA didn't tolerate drunks and so they figured I couldn't be NVA. The nigger lieutenant just punched me in the face a couple of times on general principles and let me go.

Where was I? Right, funny names we had for hardware and operational matters. A black powder pipe bomb was a Twinkie. A home-made satchel charge was a pizza; pepperoni was high explosive plastic and anchovies meant the bomb was packed with roofing nails or other shrapnel for maximum splatter effect.

Some of these NVA terms, I've no idea where they came from, although a few of them showed a definite warped sense of humor. Any attack our guys made on an enemy target was called a tickle. When you shot somebody in the gut and watched him kick and scramble you tickled his liver. Whacking out a television reporter or a newscaster whose reportage was especially hostile towards the revolution was called dropping anchor. When we whacked a politician, he was recalled. Machine-gunning the CEO of a major multinational corporation, usually outside the apartment of the secretary he was screwing, was referred to as downsizing. Six sticks of dynamite wired to

somebody's ignition was called the Rapture, because he flew up in the sky to be with Jesus. A home invasion in the wee hours of the morning was called the five o'clock knock. Putting a ladder up against a target's bedroom window, creeping up it and then shooting them in bed was called a window-washing job. Executing a racially mixed black and white couple was giving them their jungle fever shots, and whacking some white degenerate like my brother with his Asian sunshine girl was a Chinese take-out. ZOG had terms like that on their side as well, of course. They called us goots, which sounds like some kind of holdover from Vietnam when the enemy were gooks, but in this case was their term of contempt and meant Daryl and his other brother Daryl, in other words guys like me who were born here. At one stage the Federals developed a habit of hurling NVA people, real or suspected, out of a tenth floor window at the Federal building in Seattle. They called these victims

"paratroopers." One humorist from the FBI put up a sign on the street below that said "Watch for falling bodies."

Anyway, you asked me about Burger King. Burger King was our slang term for what the Germans used to call a *Hofjüde*, a major-league, powerful Jewish politician or millionaire, someone high in the American media, the intelligentsia, the political or social or economic establishment.

Burger King. B. K. Big Kike. Get it?

Yeah, I know I'm rambling. For the information of whoever is listening, the little girl from the university says she just wants me to sit here and babble into the microphone and try not to pick my nose while I'm on video. No disrespect, honey, I know you've got kids of your own, but I'm ninety-one years old and to me your *mother* is a little girl. I am exercising the timeless prerogative of geezers who are no longer merely old but downright ancient to irritate the young, since we can't do jack shit of anything else.

Anyway, the little girl here says she wants to record "history as stream of consciousness." Well, she's going to find out that my stream of consciousness has a lot of dead fish in it, floating belly up. The reason why I mentioned that particular term is that I figure I'll start my stream of consciousness flowing by telling you the story of the heaviest tickle I was

ever on back in my Volunteer days. The biggest, juiciest Burger King our crew ever took out. That would be the Right Honorable Samuel L. Rothstein, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and one of the most blood-soaked monsters in human history. The man who in one bang of his gavel swept away the last remaining state and Federal restrictions against abortion on demand, so that to this day in the Jewnited States of Amurrica women of all races, creeds, and colors can drop by the corner clinic and flush their rainbow-colored babies down the toilet with no more thought or hindrance than if they were having their nails done. I hear they call that getting a scrape.

I'm sorry, ma'am. I know that's a terrible thing to say and I didn't mean to upset you, but you do know that's what they called it back then, don't you? And still do in the United States? That it's their term, not mine? You're asking me how could any human woman on earth murder her own child and not go mad?

They did go mad, ma'am. Mad as March hares. They just didn't realize it, because all the world around them was mad and they had no point of reference by which to discern sanity. There ain't nothing wrong with being judgmental when judgment is called for. If human beings aren't supposed to make moral judgments then what the hell is the difference between a man and an animal? That's what happened in the Garden when Adam and Eve chomped down on the forbidden fruit. They came to know sin when they saw it. I mentioned that scrape thing in case anyone who watches this is inclined to bitch at me and the NVA for our colorful use of the language. I always thought those media reptiles had a hell of a gall to call *us* murderers while every day those people were literally throwing baby parts into dumpsters. Jesus Christ on a raft! Still makes me killing mad every time I think of it. I exult in every one of those sons of bitches whose head I busted open with a bullet.

You want brutality, ma'am? You'll get plenty of it if you want to keep on with this project. We Jerry Rebs were plain mad dog mean, but it was the righteous brutality of God against those unspeakably evil people and their wicked government, who broke asunder the very temple of life, and I glory in every minute of it I can remember. At least I never killed babies. I waited until they were grown-up people and in the full flower of their evil before

sending them to hell.

No, ma'am, I'm not a Christian. Not sure why not. I lived around them most of my life, but for some reason it never took. That was Rooney and China and Ma Wingfield talking through me, but theology aside, they were right. There was evil abroad in the world in them days, and you didn't have to be a Christian to understand that. Our battle against the United States was a battle against Satan, against the principle of evil that is hateful and destructive of all human life, in a time when it sat enthroned and triumphant over all the world. We had Christians and Odinists and National Socialists and atheists and agnostics and Wiccans and neo-Druids, all of whom understood that. Yeah, we were cruel. We had to be to survive, never mind win. But the empire we fought against was cruel on a scale never before known in human history. ZOG didn't just kill. ZOG kept people alive and miserable, like some monstrous snot-nosed mongoloid idiot pulling wings off flies.

Those American sons of bitches had every bit of what we gave 'em coming, and then some. Never mind abortion, even. Any American cluster bomb on Baghdad or nerve gas warhead in the Gaza Strip killed more people than my whole crew took out during the War of Independence.

I know I'm wandering again. You okay now, ma'am? Again, I apologize. I didn't mean to upset you. Then listen, my children, and you shall hear. This is how that baby-killing bastard Sammy Rothstein got his.

* * *

At the time of the Rothstein hit I was with Tank Thompson's crew, here in Dundee. We were one of several active service units working out of Lewis County. Washington's own Rebel County, as we call ourselves to this day. It's a proud tradition and I'm glad I was a part of it. Officially Tank's boys and girls were called Company E, South Sound Brigade, Northwest Volunteer Army. At any given time there were maybe twenty or thirty of us on active service with Company E, but so many came in for a couple of tickles and then went, for whatever reason, that I couldn't even begin to give you any kind of numbers for any given month, never mind the whole War of Independence. A hundred or a hundred and twenty total?

More? If you're curious, ma'am, you can try looking up the official brigade history with the Old NVA Association. I'm sure it's in the library somewhere. I never bothered.

The first South Sound brigadier was Dick Warner, who was arrested three months after 10/22 and wasn't released until after Longview. He later became a Member of Parliament and after that he was the director of the NAR Wildlife Conservation Trust. In my day the brigadier was Brian Kovacs. I think I met him five, maybe six times during the entire war, when I was riding shotgun for Red Morehouse who was the Army Council's Political Officer for our sector. Kovacs was killed in the street fighting in Tacoma after the Longview accords, when some of the Federal troops at Fort Lewis decided the treaty didn't mean them and we had to correct that little misapprehension. He won a posthumous Iron Cross. Our third Brigadier and we had to correct that little misapprehension. He won a posthumous Iron Cross. Our third Brigadier for about six weeks before the NVA transmuted into the NDF and the organizational table changed was Franz Ulrich Molitor, who later took command of the Second SS Panzer Division, the all-German outfit that racked up all those victories and decorations during Operation Strikeout.

NVA Lieutenant Dorsey "Tank" Thompson got his handle from when he was a tank commander in Iraq and Syria, and later on during the abortive American invasion of Egypt. He got his tank blown out from under him. Thompson was pretty badly burned, including the left side of his face, which gave him a very distinctive appearance and one the Feds were always on the lookout for.

He practically had to turn into a vampire for the whole war, moving only by night and staying in the shadows so no one would recognize him. We referred to our outfit as "our guys" or "our crew" or just

"Dundee". Some of the companies in our brigade had snazzy names, like B Company in Tacoma, that had so many Russian immigrants in it they were called the Don Cossacks. There were other outfits that had such names, like the Barbary Pirates, the Montana Regulators, and the Butcher Boys up in north Seattle.

We once kicked around the idea of picking a name for ourselves, the Dundee Destroyers or something juvenile of the kind, but Tank vetoed it. “You let the media pick up on something like that and it draws unwanted attention from ZOG,” he said.

“We get high profile and Centcom in Washington is going to move us to the top of their hit list and send in more heat than we need or can handle. Sorels and his goons are enough to for us to deal with. We want to stay off their radar screen as much as we can while still being effective. With any luck they’ll think we’re imports from Seattle or Vancouver, although Sorels isn’t as dumb as he looks.” (It would be impossible for anyone to be as dumb as Sorels looked.) “I think he knows we’re right here in town and I’m sure he remembers some of us from his previous incarnation as village constable.”

One warm spring day in May, with the cherry blossoms come and blown, and the green leaves newly on the hardwoods, I was lying on a mattress in a back room in a safe house in Dundee, trying to get some sleep, when Johnny Pill came in and told me we had a tickle on. One thing you learn when you’re doing the resurrection shuffle—sorry, me lapsing into old fighters’ gab again, and no, I got no idea where that one came from—one thing you learn when you’re on the run is that you sleep whenever you get the opportunity, even if it’s only a cat nap, because you never know when you’ll have to spend the next two days out on a tickle and then make a fast break and gopher hole it. Yeah, I can say ishkabibble and twenty-three skiddoo, too. Anyway, Johnny Pill, that’s John Pilafski, a big grumpy middle-aged Polack who rented the safe house, came in and told me we had this major tickle shaping up in Olympia and the CO

wanted us to meet him at the old swimming hole ASAP. The old swimming hole was our code name for a state government warehouse on Airdustrial Way in Tumwater. There was nothing even remotely connected to swimming about it, the idea being if the Feebs were to overhear some reference to it they’d think water and look elsewhere than a one-story corrugated iron hangar full of steel shelves stacked with outdated state documents and forms and misprinted calendars from 1999. All the paper was supposed to be recycled, but one of our girls in the state offices had gotten into the computers and deleted the whole building from the database. Thus far no one

in the government even appeared to remember the place existed.

The lieutenant had a key and we rendezvoused there occasionally.

The previous evening I had been out on a minor tickle, what we called a Come to Jesus session, no offense to any of our Christian comrades. Actually, our Christian comrades called it a Come to Jesus session as well. Some old fart whose name I forget had been going around Dundee wearing a white construction hard hat with a large Amurrican flag on the front and an equally prominent Israeli flag with a blue Star of David on the back accompanied by some obscure Bible verse or other. He drove a battered old white Nissan covered with assorted bumper stickers from various religious right churches and pro-Israel committees, etc. He'd stop on the street or in a shopping mall, pass out those stupid tiny little Christian comic books and babble to anyone who would listen about how the Lord of Hosts would soon come down from the sky and vaporize all evil Muslims in the name of *Jeeee-zus*, as opposed to Jesus, and God would smite hip and thigh on anybody else (like us evildoers of the NVA) who dared to lay hands on the Apple of God's Eye, the Joosh pipples who were the Chosen Ones blah blah blah ishkabibble. Oh, Walter. Yeah, Walter was this geezer's name. He was crazy as hell and he had the papers to prove it, since he lived on some kind of government nut check. We had ignored old Walter for months, figuring that if anything he was helping us. The village idiot was not exactly the best advertisement in the world for truth, justice, and the Zionist way. That's one of the more subtle revolutionary skills, by the by, figuring out who among your enemies are such incompetent nincompoops that they are actually doing more harm to the régime and more good to the revolution by remaining where they are.

But then one evening Walter was in Fulton's Market, and the checkout girl, who was not a Volunteer but knew how to get word to us, overheard some snippets of suspect conversation between Walter and our local red-white-and-blue headache, Washington State Patrol sergeant Leon "Dummy-Dummy" Sorels, of whom you may be sure I will have more to say at a later date. Walter was just a kook, but Sorels was definitely on our crew's to do list. He had already survived one bomb under his patrol car and one .30-06 slug through his living room window. After these bashful tokens of our affection, he adopted a lifestyle distinctly nomadic. We were thinking in terms of

whupping a spot of Shock and Awe on Dummy-Dummy's steroid-pumped ass when time and place should serve, but he was a cagey bastard, always varying his movements, always surrounding himself with his fellow gun thugs, never sleeping in the same place twice in a row, and then just after the Walter incident.. never mind, that's for later. Anyway, to make a long story short, old man Walter might have been crazy but he wasn't stupid. He was up on all the latest poop and propaganda from the Department of Homeland Security, he had all the DHS wanted posters up on his wall (we later saw) and he was evidently not averse to collecting some reward money for the apprehension of us domestic terrorist evildoer-type dudes. I guess he saw no reason why doing the Lord's work shouldn't put a few shekels in his pocket. The girl told us that in Fulton's Walter was telling Sorels some spritz about how he'd allegedly seen Carter Wingfield and one of his sons riding down Second Street in a gray pick-up truck with such and such a license number.

Maybe he had, maybe he hadn't. Our crew used a whole motor pool of different vehicles which we had stashed all over Lewis County, and for all I know one of them might have been a gray pickup truck, but whether or not Walter was telling the truth or just trying to weasel his way into Sorels' good graces to get on his snitch pad wasn't the point. Riding around town in a foolish car plastered with stupid Amurrican bumper stickers and babbling like a loon about Israel being the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy was one thing. This was informing, and informing of any kind was something the NVA could not, dare not ignore.

Besides, I was field-married to Rooney Wingfield, the finest long, tall drink of redneck honey ever to come out of the South Carolina Low Country, so Carter Wingfield was my father-in-law and his sons were family. Yeah, I'll tell you about that later on as well. But for that reason I took a personal interest. All of a sudden Walter was very much on my own to do list as well as the crew's. We got the okay from the lieutenant, and the night before some of the boys and I went to the old geezer's cluttered, sad little house and chastised his sorry, crazy, snitching ass. We tied Walter into a chair in the kitchen while he screamed Bible verses at us, then we took his hard hat with the Masonic dishrag on it, clapped in onto his bald mottled noggin and nailed it into his skull. Nice big ten-penny nails. Then we sewed his lips together with fishing line for good measure so that everyone would know why we had

done what we did. I assume Walter was dead by the time someone eventually found him, but by then I was really hot from the Rothstein hit and I had to ease my young ass on down the road a bit until I cooled off, so I lost track.

Did we have to be so cruel to the old man? Yes, ma'am. As a matter of fact, we did. The United States had more men, more money, more weapons, more gear, more informers, more courts, more electronic spying equipment, more prisons, more instruments of torture, and more resources of every single kind than we did. Not to mention total control of all the newspapers, all the television networks, the full backing of Hollywood, and except for the activities of a few of our cyber-guerrillas the government controlled almost all of the internet. We had to even the odds in one of the few ways we could. Through pure, raw fear. Why do you think it's called terrorism? Shock and Awe didn't just apply to actual combat. When we sent a message we needed to bellow it from the rooftops and let everybody know in no uncertain terms that we were very, very serious about this new white nation business. We needed to make damned sure that a little light bulb came on over everybody's head as they realized that opposing the Northwest Volunteer Army's agenda was not a good life decision. Kind of like that old movie where the Jew movie producer wakes up with a horse's head in his bed. In fact, I think we actually did that once to some rich bitch who was part of the horsey set. The result was her husband resigned from his Federal judgeship and didn't send any more of our people into the living hell of ZOG's Third World prisons, and others of his kind suddenly discovered they had serious health issues that required them to lay aside their judicial duties for the duration. They were right. Staying on the bench wearing those black robes could be very unhealthy.

Terrorism is the weapon of the weak against the strong.

That afternoon I went up to Oly with Johnny Pill. Johnny drove one of our legitimate i.e. non-stolen vehicles, a delivery truck from an organic bakery. Dundee was blue-collar working class, when there was any work available that hadn't been stolen by Mexicans. Oly was hoity-toity liberal, lattes and birkenstocks and granola, bicycle paths, and women who hyphenated their last names, so the truck fit right in. Believe it or not, there were plenty of right-wing health nuts, and one of them owned the bakery and gave Johnny a

front job under a false name, and the use of the panel truck. I stayed hidden, crouched in the back amongst the sourdough loaves and bran muffins with my .455 Webley Carter had given me as a first shoot-out present, and a sawed-off double-barreled shotgun. When we got to the warehouse on Airdustrial Drive, somebody opened a roll-up door and Johnny pulled the truck inside. “You got any doughnuts in there?” I heard somebody ask.

“Naw, just goddamned bran muffins and bagels,” said Johnny. I clambered out.

“The muffins are pretty good,” I commented, having eaten one on the way up.

“Right, all the bods I sent for are here,” called the CO from over in one corner of the large shelved hangar piled high with dusty boxes of obsolete paper. The burned side of his face always flushed red a bit when he was intent on something. “Pull up a pew, guys, and let’s get started.” Our whole crew wasn’t there. I don’t recall a single occasion during the entire war when every man and woman we could muster from the Dundee area were ever in a single place. It wasn’t a good idea. If something went bad, we didn’t want it to go all the way bad. But this afternoon there were about a dozen Volunteers present, which for us at that time was a lot of bods to go out on a tickle, so we knew that this one was something heavy. Most of my comrades present I knew by their *noms de guerre*. Protocol was strict. You never asked a Volunteer his or her real name, and the information was seldom offered.

There was Tank himself, of course, lean and mean in slacks and a black t-shirt, reddish hair hanging down over what was left of one side of his face. There was Echo Company’s quartermaster and armorer, Smackwater Jack. Smack was a shaggy, hulking, white-bearded old sinner covered with prison tattoos. He looked like an evil Santa Claus. I either never knew what his real name was or else if I did, I long ago forgot. The quartermaster of an NVA unit was arguably the most important officer in the crew, in some ways more so than the CO or XO, because he had charge of the three things that made us capable of fighting at all: the guns, the vehicles and the safe houses. Smack always wore a very old denim vest with an insignia of some kind on the back which had been defaced by almost two generations of sweat. We always figured it was some biker gang’s colors, but we never knew which one.

Our executive officer, Tank's wife Pam, wasn't there. The XO was the liaison contact with the rest of the NVA, but also the money man or woman in an Northwest Volunteer Army unit. We seldom saw Pam unless we were doing something that needed cash or we had done a revex—sorry, revolutionary expropriation, which is a fancy word for an armed robbery—in which case we gave the cash to her, less commission. Yes, the Party allowed us commission on stickups. This was a completely pragmatic concession to human nature. They figured if they let us keep twenty cents on the dollar we would avoid the embarrassing sitch of stealing from the revolution. The laborer is worthy of his hire, as Carter Wingfield would have put it in his scriptural way.

Revexes were popular tickles, as you can guess. Some of us showed a real flair for it and became real John Dillinger types. And you know? Because we were allowed that commission, I don't think any of us ever skimmed off any more than that from our take. It was a point of honor. We weren't common gangsters, you know. We were *political* gangsters, madam.

There was a big muscle man in a tank-top with a blond buzz cut whom we all knew as Teddy the Bear. He usually carried our crew's one prized belt-fed M-60 machine gun. We're talking Rambo here. The Bear could drive nails with that gun at a hundred yards. There was our field medic called Bones—what else? He was a damned good medic actually, who'd served in Iraq and Saudi and had already saved a couple of our lives. For shooters we had me and Johnny Pill, Ray Hamilton, Tommy Connors, Mack the Knife, a kid with a green Mohawk called Spiderman and Susie Q., his equally punked-up girlfriend with a purple pageboy who sported a diamond in her nose. For special weapons there was a tall skinny guy with vacant eyes we called Lurch, who I remembered from my childhood as living with his mother in Dundee in a big house full of a couple of dozen cats. Lurch's Mom owed money to the IRS which she refused to pay, or so they said. Dummy-Dummy Sorels and some Feebs had come to their house one night while Lurch was at work. They claimed Lurch's mother fired a .22 at them, which maybe she did, maybe she didn't. She was pretty gaga, but whatever the case was, Dummy-Dummy went berserk. Mother and cats all died when the house burned to the ground. Lurch was now in the process of returning the favor with interest. He had been in Iraq and Saudi as well, before he was kicked out

of the military on a Section Eight. His military speciality had been air defense and he was a dab hand with Stingers and SAM anti-aircraft missiles, not to mention Patriots if we ever managed to get hold of any, and he had brought down two ZOG helicopters, one with a Stinger and one with an RPG. Okay, one of those was a television news copter, but just as much an enemy aircraft as any Blackhawk or Apache. I might mention as a footnote that Lurch made it through the war. I heard he went off into the woods to some cabin and lived out the rest of his life with more cats, and everybody left him alone. A lot of us were fighting for just that, the right to be left alone. I don't think ZOG ever quite figured that out.

There were also a couple of Volunteers I hadn't seen before, which was not an unusual thing. Sometimes somebody would show up for one major operation and you'd never see them again until years later, if ever. One of these new faces was a chain-smoking, dark-haired, hard-looking woman in blue jeans named Carol, who I later learned had come down from Tom Murdock's Olympic Flying Column. The second was a heavy-set, blue-eyed and blue-chinned bruiser with black hair in a bicep-bulging polo shirt with an Irish accent, whom the CO called Paddy. Carol died with the Column at the Ravenhill ambush, and many years afterward Paddy became the Honorable Patrick Brennan, President of the Republic.

The tickle was planned and organized by Brennan and Tank Thompson, and it was a big one indeed.

"Right, evildoers, gather round and lend me your ears," said Tank. "We're going to take down a Burger King, a big one, an honest-to-God Elder of Zion. This is a nose we can mount on our wall. Chief Justice Sammy Rothstein of the Supremes." Tank held up an old cover torn from a magazine. I saw a round bald head with a frizzy aureole of gray hair, a bespectacled sheep face with thick lips and a proboscis of note. There were mutters of surprise and pleasant anticipation. "Among other crimes against God and man, Hizzoner the Chief Justice more or less destroyed the last vestiges of democracy in the two-party system by declaring primary elections unconstitutional, a maneuver designed specifically to keep politically incorrect candidates like us among others off the ballot. But that's not why he was *Time Magazine's* Man of the Year a few years ago, as you see here. That accolade he earned for enshrining

forever in the Constitution of our beloved empire a woman's right to choose not only to murder her child, but to do so up until and including the very moment of natural birth. Not even partial birth. Birth. A woman now has the right to choose her own damnation right up until the moment the doctor slaps her baby on the butt. All she has to do is say no and instead of getting the butt-slap the baby gets run through a skill saw once or twice, and the pieces tossed in the dumpster. Unfortunately, Hizzoner Justice Rothstein's mother did not make such a choice. We are going to correct that error of hers tomorrow.

"Mister Rothstein seems to have had an attack of bravado. He's gonna show the world that we aren't so domestically terrifying after all. He is arriving in Olympia as a surprise speaker to address the graduating class of Evergreen College tomorrow afternoon. He will give them his Talmudic seal of approval and his command to go forth and become good little liberal yuppies thinking diverse thoughts, and no doubt a fatherly homily as well on how they need to stand fast against the dark and naughty forces of wicked racism, which is us. He doesn't know it yet, but tomorrow this Moloch in a black robe will be the guest of honor at a kosher barbecue. His own. I want this hebe to burn, boys and girls. I want to hear him scream like all those babies ripped from their mother's wombs screamed. I want to hear all that Philadelphia cream cheese sizzle, like he'll be sizzling in the fires of hell."

We cheered, already pumped. The boss had a way with words.

"So what's the plan, Tank?" asked the Bear.

"The target arrives at Olympia airport tomorrow at eleven," said the lieutenant. For all it was the state capital of Washington at the time, the city and surrounding environs of Olympia did not rate a major airport and had only a tiny little regional field with a couple of landing strips on it, maybe a mile from where we sat.

"Not Sea-Tac?" asked Mack.

"No. The plutocracy's big knobs who have business in Oly usually fly into Sea-Tac, but that would give him too much time on the ground and too far to travel, and his security people don't like that. They have sense enough to be

nervous even if Rothstein himself doesn't. We considered the idea of trying to nail Rothstein's government Lear jet with our one Stinger missile or with an RPG up the intake as he lands.

That way we know damned well he's in there. But the Feebs aren't fools. They know they're dangling a tempting goodie beneath our noses by bringing him here, and we have to assume they're going to be all over that airport with satellite surveillance, lookout posts, infra-red, you name it. This morning through our field glasses we saw their bulldozers and cranes installing concrete Bremer walls around the terminal building, so they're anticipating trouble. I don't fancy the idea of an attack against a static position when we don't know with one hundred percent certainty who we'll be going up against, how many, how they're armed, and where they will be disposed."

"What's his security?" asked somebody.

"Feebs," said Tank. I should explain that in these pre-FATPO days, the Federal Protective Service was top dog in the Zionist kennel then, a mutation that grew out of an unholy mating between the FBI and Secret Service and BATF. Feep was one of those purely reactive things that ZOG dreamed up after an especially wet piece of work O. C. Oglevy did on the senior senator from Idaho. Locking the barn door after the horse was already slaughtered. That was always ZOG's way. Once we seized the initiative, the United States government never really gained it back, and they were always reacting rather than acting. Federal Protective Service didn't last more than a year or two, largely due to their failure to prevent very many of our hits, and they were eventually sent back to the FBI and Secret Service and their budget was absorbed by FATPO, but at the time we took down Burger King they were still in the saddle viz. VIP protection. "The chatter we're picking up from their side of the fence seems to confirm they're worried," Thompson went on. "The speech is being kept very much under wraps. All the students at Evergreen know is that there will be a special commencement speaker, which was what alerted us that someone major was coming. We got curious so we asked the birdies, and one of our contacts in La Cesspool Grande was able to tell us who the surprise guest was. The target will be transported from the airport to the Evergreen campus in a limo convoy. I wish it was a copter, because then our Stinger could zap him with no muss or fuss, but they're not

that careless. Three, possibly four vehicles, and as a further bit of good news the convoy will be covered from the air by at least one helicopter gunship, most likely a Blackhawk out of Fort Lewis. Once Rothstein arrives on campus there will be a special power luncheon for the chief justice in the staff dining room, attended by all manner of local Zoggish wheels from the governor and both U. S. senators on down.

This seems to be where they're concentrating most of their preventive measures. They're worried we'll try to hit all of the bastards at the banquet, and I wish to hell we could get more people together and do just that, but we didn't get sufficient advance notice to work out the manpower and the logistics. They're not going to let Hizzoner spend the night here lest something go boom. After Rothstein's speech to the kiddies in the afternoon he goes scuttling right back to the airport in the same limos, then back onto his Lear jet and back to D. C. The limos will be Bremerized, armored and bomb-proofed, special mine-proofed tires and undercarriage, super-powered engines, and equipped with full automatic fire capability from a swivel-mounted M-60 through the sun roof. As part of their SOP, they will try to avoid us knowing which vehicle en route actually contains Hizzoner Chief Justice Rothstein. We hope to get a tip, but it may turn out to be a shell game. Find the pea under the tin cup. The hit is going to have to go down on the ground, on his way either to or from the airport. We haven't got anybody on the inside at the airport terminal, worse luck," Tank continued, "The one bod we had who was willing to try couldn't have passed the security screening because in his youth he made the mistake of attending an Aryan Nations rally, so he's in their system. We do have someone on the inside at Evergreen and he or she will attempt to let us know which vehicle is transporting the target if it turns out we have to make the attempt on his return journey."

Lurch raised his hand. "Uh, lieutenant, I know the airport is going to be infested with ZOG, but if we have that Stinger then I still say, why not let me take a crack at noseboy in the air? No need to overcomplicate things. We spot the plane coming in, you put me on the back of a pickup with the launcher and then we bust through the fence and onto the field. At a descending altitude I'd only need a stop of about five seconds to sight and lock in, maybe a hundred yards short of the runway, and then I could let fly and we'd be on our way. You'd only be risking me and the driver instead of a whole crew,

Tank. Jeez, I'd love to add a Lear to my two choppers!"

"I'll drive," volunteered Spiderman.

"We'll drive," said Susie Q. "'You'll need a shooter for covering fire as well."

"Oh, don't worry, with any luck you'll get your third whirlybird tomorrow," said Tank with a grin. "No reflection at all on your courage, comrades, but in the first place you'd have to cover maybe as much as a half mile of open ground and back, with a clear field of fire for the Feds in the terminal or patrolling the airstrip. You could run into anything from land mines to TOW rockets and they may even bring in a tank or two from Fort Lewis, plus that helicopter gunship will probably be hovering around in the air. Let's just hope it's only one. Your chances would be dicey at best. Secondly, these new Federal VIP jets have all kinds of high-tech radar scramblers, heat shells and infrared decoy imaging. This Stinger is Afghan war surplus, still a fine weapon, but it's a much older model and even at short range and low air speed it might get faked out by all the new gadgetry on the Lear and go spinning off target or even get distracted by the chopper. It cost us a lot to get hold of it, it's the last one we're likely to get for a while, and we want to make sure it counts and makes something fall out of the sky. This is a target we can't afford to miss, boys and girls. We want Mr. Rothstein's briefs turning red, not just brown. So we're going to have to chomp down on our Burger King on the ground."

"On the ground where?" I called out.

Tank moved up an overhead projector on wheels, called for the lights to be turned off (the blinds were already drawn on the windows, for obvious reasons) and then he switched on the projector and shot an image onto one wall, a street map of Olympia.

"Paddy? You did the recon on this," he said.

"Right," took up the Irishman, who if I caught the accent right appeared to be from Belfast, "Here's where it gets a bit dodgy, because we're having to assume some things and second guess the mind of an enemy."

The contact in Washington D. C. informs us that the Feep in charge is Special Agent Donald R. Shelley, late of the United States Secret Service, so he knows his shite. I happen to know that Shelley did a similar quick in-and-out through Olympia Regional Airport this January, escorting the director of the National Security Agency who wanted to have a high level meet with the governors of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho in town here. That one was totally hush-hush on their part, no publicity. We tried an impromptu ambush, and I recognize a couple of your faces who were with me on that one, but it was aborted. We missed the bastard both coming and going. But I noticed something that I think might be relevant tomorrow. The quickest way to get from the airport to the governor's mansion where the NSA meet was held is obviously this way, hang a left on Airdustrial and out onto Interstate 5 North, get off at Exit 105

and you're there in five minutes. But Shelley's a good paranoid player, and he doesn't like the freeway.

Understandable, in view of the various cowboy exploits the NVA has pulled off on interstates. He likes to take the scenic route through town. More little cross streets that he can use to vary his target's route, more scope to run and hide if he gets ambushed. On an open freeway, once you're boxed in by a determined assault there's really nowhere to go. On the NSA chief's trip into town we were waiting here in this building we're in now, and we were in place at a couple of other points up and down Airdustrial, but yer man gets real cute and the three-limo motorcade just rolls right on down Capitol Boulevard into the city. I had thought of that possibility, but we simply didn't have enough people to lay two adequate ambushes along both routes, nor will we tomorrow. So we went to plan B. When we got word the convoy was coming back about seven at night, in the dark, we moved into position on the corner of Airdustrial and Capitol. If he takes the same way back or if he comes back down I-5 and gets off at Airdustrial, either way we figure he runs into our welcome wagon."

"Why didn't you take up that position when the target landed, sir?" asked Carol, Marlboro dangling from her lips.

"Too congested in the daytime, too much chance of being observed in daylight and ratted out by some tout with a cell phone who wants to pick up

some quick cash,” replied Brennan. “There’s a big telemarketing company on the corner here, with hundreds of employees going in and out all the time and not enough parking for them, so there were cars parked all up and down the shoulder, plus a petrol station on the other corner, here. We would have had to take over the buildings and use them as firing positions, which means detaining hundreds of telemarketers and the petrol station staff. Impractical with the numbers we had. All it would take would be for one rat with a cell phone to dial 911.”

“What happened when the NSA guy came back to the airport last January?” asked someone.

“Because it was a pitch black Northwest winter night we were able to assume some temporary positions near the intersection, sitting in the Cascade Teleservices parking lot and parking on the verge in our vehicles along with the telemarketers’ motors,” Brennan replied. “We were able to cover all four corners of the intersection. But what does yer man do? He comes back up Capitol Boulevard, but while still in town he cuts the motorcade across on Cleveland Boulevard and then down into the Old Yelm Highway, here,”—

Brennan was using a laser pointer—”And he slides right up to the airport down Henderson Boulevard, a quick left and then a right, and the limos were in under the sheltering guns from the terminal. Any attempt to mount an attack on our part at that point, in the dark against an enemy unknown in strength or disposition, would have been pointless and suicidal. Either on a map or from scouting out the ground personally, Shelley knew about that back way. I think he’s going to use it again tomorrow with Rothstein.

Either going in or coming back. He’s not going into downtown Olympia this time, true, and he’ll have to at least cross over the interstate where it branches off into Highway 101 in order to get up to Evergreen College here in the northwest corner of our map. But he’ll be heading in the same general direction, and you can do that by simply reversing the route he used before. My guess is that since he used this back way in January on his return trip to avoid us, he’ll get cute again and this time go that route *into* town before he cuts over towards Black Lake.”

“So we set up along Henderson?” asked Tommy Connors.

“Aye. Last time we just had RPGs and a 90-millimeter recoilless rifle. This time our opening salute will be high explosive, your basic Baghdad banger, a roadside bomb. What can I say? I have a weakness for the classics. We’ve about seventy pounds of gelignite and some Semtex, both factory construction-grade, not one of our homemade concoctions made up in the kitchen sink. Small enough to be easily rigged and concealed. Assuming they take this back way on either the in-bound or the return trip from the airport, we’ve got two fairly good choices for the actual takedown point. First, right here,” (pointer) “At the intersection where the Old Yelm Highway runs into Henderson Boulevard. Second, where Henderson Boulevard runs into Old Highway 99 by Olympia Regional Airport. The Yelm Highway-Henderson site offers better terrain. It’s a wide open intersection, six lanes on Yelm Highway crossing two on Henderson.

Very open ground which gives us good visibility and a clear field of fire, but there’s enough cover in surrounding buildings to where we can conceal ourselves and our vehicles. A good range of options for E

& E after the fireworks, and you’d better believe they’ll be after us like the hounds of hell once we lay hands on this particular Apple of God’s Eye, no offense to any Identity folk present. The target’s motorcade will have to slow down in order to make the right turn onto Old Yelm going in, or the left turn onto Henderson coming back as may be, and there’s a derelict petrol station right on the corner there. We can conceal the HE charge in one of the old petrol pumps, and if we can get the nod and the wink on which vehicle Burger King is in we can blow it when he’s within ten to twenty feet, depending on coming or going and therefore what lane he’s in. Pack the lot in Teflon pellets, roofing nails and some white phosphorus for luck and that should do it, if we have the right vehicle. One good way we’ve found to get around the Bremerizing is to use that particular anchovy combination. The Teflon and roofing nails can put at least a few puncture wounds in the skin of most armored vehicles at the weak points, window joints, door handles, plexiglass that’s been weakened by the explosion or vehicle roll. A blast of sufficient force will actually drive the burning phosphorus through those pinpoint punctures and into the interior of the vehicle, thus giving us that kosher barbecue effect your company commander so desires.” Laughter. “The rest of us will be waiting with RPGs and our one anti-tank rocket and

we give Burger King the maddest of Mad Minutes, then we pop the smoke and beat feet out of there.

“That’s the pros of this position,” Brennan went on gravely. “The cons are that the very features that help us will also help the enemy. Those six wide lanes give Burger King’s limo drivers a lot of dispersal area and turn-around room. Those drivers will be trained in their own escape and evasion tactics. Once the Mad Minute starts, the limos that aren’t immediately disabled could be scuttling all over the area like cockroaches when you turn on the light in a Puerto Rican kitchen. We’ll have our own vehicles at hand, obviously, but I don’t want this thing to turn into a Bonnie and Clyde car chase with us trying to run Sammy down. A good hit should run on rails and there should be no call for anyone to get creative. This kind of operation should never last more than thirty seconds of actual contact time, and then we should all be beating feet. We hit, take down the target, then make like an amoeba and split. Special Agent Shelley obviously likes a lot of elbow room for his transport. We shouldn’t give it to him. Another problem is that if we have good visibility then so will Rothstein’s escort, and that includes visibility from the helicopter.

That’s where you come in, Comrade..ah...”

“We call him Lurch,” said Thompson.

“Thank you, Thing. Lurch, while we’re taking down the Burger King I want you to splat that chopper with the Stinger missile whenever it gets within such range as you’re sure you can get a hit. Not only a nice spectacular bonus for the six o’clock news, but it also means that after the hit when we’re doing our E & E’s we won’t have to worry about the eye in the sky.”

“I’ve been past that intersection,” said Lurch approvingly. “Good wide horizon. If that copter comes anywhere lower than three thousand feet I can have that Stinger up his ass before he knows what hit him.”

“I don’t doubt it, comrade. He’ll have to get lower than that to see what’s happening once we pop the top.

Just remember, as flamboyant as a Blackhawk Down is, our objective is not

to shoot down the helicopter, but to liquidate that tyrant in the black robe who slaughters helpless children and pisses on our race every time he bangs that bloody gavel. Now, as to the second possible take-down point on Henderson.”

(Pointer) “This alternative site is a lot more up close and personal, two-lane highway and the forest very close in to the shoulder. We’d have them good and boxed in, and we could be hiding behind every tree and firing our weapons at almost point-blank range. But by the same token that means more problems for us.

For one thing, fewer E & E routes. For another, a much narrower field of fire for the Stinger. Mister Lurch would have to wait until the chopper was visible over the roadway. The actual hit would be here, about a third of a mile from where Henderson Boulevard runs into Old Highway 99.”

“Not at the intersection itself?” asked Carol.

“No,” said Brennan. “That would place the strike within sight and sound of the airport and Rothstein’s security detail there, who might come to his aid with more vehicles, maybe even another copter. We’ve got a natural ambush just about here, although it’s not shown on the map, but I went over the ground this morning and I discovered that there’s a very sharp turn, almost 90 degrees in fact, and traffic has to slow to about 20 mile per hour to negotiate it. The woods are very close in and there are a few houses and sheds and whatnot that can provide cover for the shooters, not to mention trees and bushes. Now, we know that place is there. Shelley knows it’s there, and I suspect it worries him, but he may figure what worked once will work again, and help him to evade anything we may have waiting for him on I-5. You lads may remember that running battle Number Two Seattle Brigade had with the FBI’s SWAT unit on the I-90 bridge into Bellevue? They’re very paranoid about interstates ever since, and they do *not* want a repetition. If Rothstein’s motorcade takes Henderson Boulevard either coming or going, they’re going to have to slow down to about twenty on that elbow. Right at the angle of the curve, there’s a concrete pipe culvert running beneath the road that we can stuff full of the gelignite and all kinds of lovely boomables with a remote detonator. Better compression than the gas pump, and we can do significant damage to at least two of the limos, bring them to a halt and

then use our RPGs and armor-piercing bullets. Of the two sites I frankly like this one better. It's ideal. So ideal in fact that I almost mistrust it as too good to be true."

"I like to get in close and see their brains," said Spiderman. Coming from anyone else who looked like him, with his slouch and his painted Mohawk, you would have said to yourself *Jeez, what kind of snot-nosed arrogant little punk is this?* But none of us laughed or sneered. We knew Spiderman and Susie, and they really did like to get in close and see the brains. Being sodomized by niggers in the King County jail had that effect on a person. And what they'd done to Spiderman was even worse.

Brennan nodded. "So do I, lad. Well, then, Henderson Boulevard it is. Now as to our dispositions on the morrow..." The discussion went on the whole afternoon and I won't give it verbatim. After the CO finished his briefing, Smack passed out the weaponry. "'Young Ryan, the CO tells me he likes your style on full auto during a tickle,'" said Smack.

"Can I pack that Thompson again?" I asked. I loved that tommy gun, although all I had done thus far with it was to make some Mexicans dance the flamenco in front of a bodega in Centralia (damned recoil got away from me in the awkward position I was in, leaning out a car window.) Plus later on I ventilated an Assembly of God minister's house in Chehalis, in order to make a theological point about Jews being God's Chosen People. I called the minister up afterward and suggested that his sermon the next Sunday be on Matthew 27:25. He left town instead.

"Afraid not," said Smack, shaking his head. "I lent the Thompson out to some boys who had a special job laid on up in Seattle, and it won't be back for a week or so. Got a goodie for you, though." He took a weapon out of the back of his van, which was pulled inside the hangar, and tossed it to me. Long and lean and lovely it was, with a reet pleat, a stuff cuff, and a drape shape.

"AK-47?" I asked, turning it, in awe of the sheer beauty and balance of Major Kalashnikov's famous design of death. The wood of the stock was varnished red-gold and polished to gleaming perfection. Without the weight of a magazine it almost seemed to twirl in my hand like a pistol. "What make?

Not a Valmet, is it?”

Valmet was the Finnish knock-off of the Kalashnikov, probably the best made and best firing version of many.

“Nope.” Smack gave a sigh. “Wish I had a Valmet to give you, son. Wish I had Valmets to give all of you beautiful people. This is the later model of the 47, an AK-74. Last Soviet military issue before the Iron Curtain went down. This particular piece is a souvenir of sunny Iraq. Still got Saddam’s fingerprints on it.

To tell the truth, the main reason I want you to tote this tomorrow is that I need to use up this 5.45-mm Russki ammo. You used to be able to get 5.45 fairly easy, but the damned Schumer Act banned these beauties and so we’re pretty much having to stick to what we can take off the cops and the Feds. We’ve only got this one piece and about two hundred rounds, after which I intend to convert it to .223, which is a hell of a lot more available caliber. Re-boring the barrel is no problem and I’m going to amputate the stock and cut the barrel down to right in front of the gas regulator, here, so this will be one hell of a close-in chopper. She’ll tickle Yehudi’s liver soft and sweet. Gonna smoothbore it too, to fuck up the ballistics so ZOG can’t trace it, although the re-chambering is going to be a bit tricky. Going to have to actually sleeve it *up*, if you follow.” He handed me a round canister drum magazine and two extra banana clips of red plastic, plus a handful of loose rounds. “One hundred rounds in that can.”

“This Soviet issue as well?” I asked, looking over the drum curiously.

“Nope. Home manufactured in our own machine shop, young Ryan,” he said proudly. “Gonna be too heavy for you?”

“I’m not a girl,” I said.

“Watch it, dude!” said Susie Q. “He means you’re a shrimp.”

“Sorry, Suze. I’m a shrimp, but I can handle it, Smack, although yeah, the drum does seem to throw it a bit off balance,” I added as I slapped the canister into the magazine well. I picked up the weapon and hefted it, aimed

it. With the drum mag it was indeed heavy, but I was young and wiry and could manage it. “I’ve fired the M-16 and the BAR, and the Thompson, of course,” I told Smack. “The BAR and Tommy gun are heavier than this piece with full magazines. This bolt seems loose.”

“AKs are deliberately engineered like that, with a little bit of play to allow for heat expansion and crud and to avoid jams,” explained Smack. “That’s what makes them such fine weapons. You can stick an AK at the bottom of a swamp for a week, pull it out, blow out the bolt assembly and it will still fire. You was never in the army?”

“Nope, evil racist as I was. 4F on grounds of moral fiber, lack thereof.”

“But you know full auto fire control procedures, right? This is a joy to use, son, and it can do a lot of damage, but it’s not to play Rambo with.”

“Yeah, I know,” I told him. “Carter and Adam Wingfield both taught me. Fire short bursts and try for a good tight shot group. You say to yourself *fire-a-burst-of-six* as you pull the trigger and that actually gives you a burst of five rounds.”

“Tank, any way we can let Shane and some of these others test fire their weapons before showtime?”

called Smack. “It’s just not good work habits letting people go into combat with a piece they’ve never even shot. Especially on a tickle this important.”

Tank agreed and so much of the rest of the evening was taken up with a trip to a private home on a back road outside Yelm where a long enclosed cellar contained an impromptu, soundproofed firing range. It was helpful but also make-work, since Tank was an experienced combat officer and believed in keeping his troops busy. We put on ear protectors and I fired a banana clip out of the AK-74, five shots semi and the rest in automatic bursts. The AK had virtually no recoil; I could have played tic-tac-toe with it.

Susie Q. cut loose with a full drum of double-ought buck from the South African Stryker shotgun she would be packing, Spiderman put a magazine through the Uzi he’d drawn, Tommy Connors popped a few mags through an

M-16 he'd been given, and Lurch ran over the firing procedure for our one LAWS rocket with Spiderman, although we couldn't fire it for obvious reasons.

When we'd cleaned the weapons Tommy and I went back to the old swimming hole while the rest of them went to undisclosed locations where they would rack in for the night before rendezvous at 0900 next morning. Another rule we learned the hard way was never have your entire Volunteer force in one place for any longer than was necessary. Always move and camp in detachments. I was assigned a cot in one of the offices and given my guard duty shift, me and Smack on ten to two and then Tommy and Carol would relieve us. Before racking in I managed to have a word with Tank, a number of words actually, and he probably wondered if I was stoned or something until he finally figured out what I was hinting at. You never asked questions about the status or whereabouts of other Volunteers even within your own unit.

Such curiosity made others curious about you. But there was someone special I hadn't seen around for a while. My wife.

"Rooney's the one on the inside at Evergreen with this one, Shane," he told me. That's what I had been afraid of. You wouldn't have thought someone as striking-looking as Rooney would be a good spy, but since to be honest she was striking in a gooney-looking way instead of a supermodel-looking way, no one ever looked twice at her. I mean, everybody knows from James Bond movies that female spies are all stunning beauties, right? Normally the CO wouldn't have told me what she was doing, but he knew about me and Rooney. "She's not strapped, so you don't have to worry about her getting caught by a metal detector or anything like that. All she's got is a cell phone. She'll be doing her Valley Girl act. Maybe she'll even ask for Sammy's autograph if she can get close enough, and tell him all about how she wants to go to law school and become legally blonde. You've heard her do her act. During the course of the afternoon she's going to make a couple of calls to an equally brainless Valley Girl, and if any Zoggies are eavesdropping they will swear they're listening to Jennifer and Brittany from Encino. We have a pretty comprehensive code set up for them and she can tell us anything we need to know. She will tip us as to when they leave, and if she possibly can

she'll let us know what limo Burger King is riding in. She's a soldier, son, and a damned fine one."

"I know that, boss," I said with a scowl. "I have to accept that, but I don't have to like it."

"Yes you do, and no you don't," said the CO with a slap on my shoulder. "By the way, she was worried about you too. I told her you were a total stumblebum who couldn't be trusted with a piece without shooting himself in the foot, but for her sake we'd look out for you."

"Thank you from both of us," I told him.

* * *

In revolutionary movies they show a tickle like this going down with the NVA actors all dressed up in full tiger-stripe camouflage fatigues, black turtle-necks and ski masks, maybe a few wearing the old Party fedora for picturesque effect, hiding in complex dugouts in the woods, calling one another by rank and saluting one another in both military and National Socialist style, rappelling out of trees and down skyscrapers and all kinds of malarkey like that. Okay, there were one or two operations during the war that probably went like that, like the attack on the aircraft carrier *John F. Kennedy* in Bremerton, but none that I ever went on. Most of my tickles never had more than four or five guys tops, two in one car and three in another because you always took two vehicles.

If the NVA had sashayed around town wearing ninja outfits, I kind of think people would have noticed.

We made it a point to dress like typical American slobs. The morning we went after Hizzoner Sammy Rothstein I was wearing cutoff jeans, negroid running shoes, a puke-green beer advertisement T-shirt showing a drunken dancing frog, and a blue Seattle Mariners baseball cap, with my extra magazines for the AK-74 stuck out of sight in the Jeep Cherokee Johnny Pill and I had been assigned. Volunteers dressed down so that when we E & E'd afterwards we could blend in with the equally ragbag populace.

What we *did* do a lot of times was carry two shirts on a tickle, usually T-shirts, or two jackets in the winter, so if witnesses saw two men in army camo jackets at the scene, then ten minutes later on a street two miles away one man wearing a cardigan and a second guy across town wearing a leather bomber jacket would attract less attention. We also would usually wear a hat into action in order to break our profile, sometimes the old Party fedora which was the only uniform or badge the Northwest movement ever had prior to Longview, and sometimes a cowboy hat or a pea cap. Then we'd switch to typical Amurrican El Dorko baseball caps once we broke contact. All white boys in baseball caps looked pretty much alike to FATPO. For the Rothstein gig I had a rolled up plain white sweatshirt and I was planning to lose the baseball cap after we beat feet.

Carol, Brennan, Tank Thompson and the Bear had planted the explosive charges in the culvert in the pre-dawn hours, with the remote control detonator going to Carol. She apparently had a real case of the ass for abortionists, this being the reason she had invited herself along on this particular operation. Because the charges were below ground they hadn't bothered with exotica like Teflon pellets or phosphorus, but in addition to the seventy pounds of jelly they'd tossed in about ten of Semtex and a few sticks of TNT just for shits and giggles. There was going to be one hell of a hole in that road, and we all had to stay at least a hundred yards away on either side and well covered so we didn't get caught in the blast. We didn't dig dugouts or climb up in trees and make turkey blinds or any cute mess like that. Once a Mad Minute (which was usually about twenty seconds, by the way) was up and your team leads popped the smoke grenades you ran, not walked, to your transport and you floored it out of there.

Earlier that morning, Tank had taken each team out from the warehouse on Airdustrial Drive. Using a different one of our vehicles each time, he cruised nonchalantly past the edge of the airport where we could see enemy movement and glinting metal behind the Bremer walls under the huge red, white and blue Masonic dishrag. The CO showed each of us where we would be stationed. All of us were positioned with our wheels, out of sight in the woods or otherwise off road along Henderson Boulevard for about three hundred yards on either side of the ninety-degree elbow in the highway, two or three Volunteers per vehicle. Our communications would be a conference

call on cell phones, one man per team being issued a disposable phone and headset. We didn't want to use our own phones because ZOG could track various electronic tags in a signal through the cell site, and not only locate the caller but figure out the phone number on a wireless.

Henderson Boulevard ran through a sparsely populated area on the edge of town, and within our fire zone there were only a couple of private homes with driveways, a ragged-looking little apartment complex that appeared to be about half vacant, and a small auto body shop consisting of a junkyard and a couple of corrugated iron sheds. The apartment complex would probably get some windows broken by the bomb's concussion, but they were in a small hollow below highway level, and unless someone was actually pulling out of the driveway onto Henderson Boulevard at the time there shouldn't be any injuries. The body shop was on the edge of the blast area and would probably get some shrapnel through the walls.

"I've got their phone number and once we know that the target convoy is on Henderson and we're D

minus about forty seconds I'll give those guys a call on my other wireless phone and tell them to get out from under any cars they're under and hit the floor," said Tank. "That's all we can do for them."

At the final briefing Tank told us, "If Special Agent Shelley takes our Burger King out of the airport and into town down Henderson Boulevard and right into our trap, well and good. We're looking at three or possibly four Bremerized limousines. If it's three, we blow the middle vehicle when it's rounding the curve and right on top of the culvert, and there will be enough blast to take out or at least slow down the other two. If it's four limos then we blow the second one to cross over the culvert. If Rothstein happens to be in the car that's passing over the charge as it detonates, he and everybody in that limo is toast, no worries.

But the whole purpose of having all those cars is to conceal the precise whereabouts of Hizzoner from us evildoers, and he might be in one of the others. That's why after the opening bang we all close in and do the old Shock and Awe trick on any limos or moving pieces of limos that try to get by us. We're lucky here in that the right-angle curve of the road will prevent

any of our teams from firing into the other.

“Ted and myself, Carol and Paddy and Ray will be in the center spot, back behind that derelict barn I showed you. When we close, Ted will hose down the fire zone with the M-60. Since they are our guests, Paddy will have the loan of our BAR loaded with our home-made Teflon slugs, and Carol gets my own Mike Sixteen, also with Teflon rounds. I’ll give a *coup de grace* where needed with an RPG. Our team will E & E in the Explorer and the Toyota pickup. Spidey and Susie will come up from the south with the Ford pickup, de-bus and take out any enemy vehicle still intact with the LAWS rocket, while Comrade Lurch will be in the back with the Stinger and with any luck take down the chopper when it swoops in to try and cover what’s left of the motorcade. Tommy and Mack the Knife will be down behind the apartments in the Camry and they’ll turn south on Henderson, link with the heavy weapons team and back them up with one RPG as well. Every team has a rocket grenade except for Shane and John. Sorry, guys, I know that leaves you a bit light, but with any luck none of the limos will even get up to your position. You guys move down the road with the Cherokee and stand by to recover any of our people who for whatever reason loses his transportation and needs a ride. If that happens, the rest of you, head north and John and Shane will pick you up on the fly. Smack will be cruising the area around the airport and letting me know what’s going on, when the Lear jet lands, and most importantly, what route they’re taking into town. He will also be available for any extraction of stranded personnel. Keep low and take it easy, Jack, because once he’s down they’ll be watching all over for us as well. Bones has set up an aid station in Yelm, where you guys were test firing your weapons last night. Any wounded need to try and make it there. Otherwise, rendezvous at the Dew Drop Inn within two hours after contact.”

The Dew Drop Inn was a barn on a dairy farm outside Bucoda.

“All this, of course, is if Burger King goes into town down Henderson Boulevard,” took up Brennan. “If he goes down Capitol Boulevard or out onto the interstate to get to Evergreen College, then we do a stand-down. It’s not a good idea for us to be hanging around twiddling our thumbs in those positions for seven or eight hours until he decides to cruise on back to the airport. Somebody will spot us loitering about, sniff reward money and phone

the Domestic Terrorism Hotline. Plus we have to assume there will be Feds and cops of various kinds patrolling the area that close to the airfield. You all know your stand-down positions?” We did. If Rothstein missed his A. M. appointment with destiny, Johnny and I got to spend the day in the Tumwater public library and then at a high school tennis match until we got the call telling us to re-deploy. Or else to forget the whole thing and get back to Dundee, because something had gone wrong somewhere. That happened entirely too often for my taste.

Before we went out, Tank called us all together for a prayer. Tank wasn’t a Christian but some of us were, and out of respect for those comrades and also out of a sensible desire to hedge our bets with the Man Upstairs just in case, we all bowed our heads over our weapons. Tank’s prayer was always the same.

“Lord,” he intoned, ““You know how busy we’re all going to be today. If at times we forget Thee, O Lord, don’t you forget us.”

Burger King was scheduled to hit dirt at eleven. We pulled into place about ten fifty-five, each team taking a slightly different route into the operational area. Johnny Pill and I had drawn the northernmost outpost, about a quarter mile up from what was soon to become Dead Man’s Curve, on the eastern side of the road, back in the woods down a firebreak. Johnny Pill drove the Cherokee and I was on the conference call with the headset mike stuck in my ear. Johnny’s Uzi was on the seat beside us and I had the stock of the AK-74

folded, the weapon on my lap. So we sat and waited. And waited. And waited. And waited. At four minutes past eleven I heard Smackwater Jack’s voice, “The turkey has landed,” so we knew that the Lear jet was on the ground and so was Burger King. We were under strict orders to keep non-essential chatter to a minimum, so we didn’t get anything like regular progress reports, but we should have been informed once the convoy left Olympia Regional Airport, if they were headed in our direction.

Unfortunately, this time Feep threw us another curve. The Olympia Regional Airport is small by airport standards but still pretty damned big, and there’s a lot of ways in and out. Smack didn’t pick them up until they were already heading down the road. In the wrong direction. “Marie and the girls can’t

make it for lunch, looks like,” said Smack casually.

“Marie,” I told Johnny. That was the code word that told us what was going on. “That means they’re heading down Airdustrial to the interstate.”

“Shit,” said John.

We waited for a while in case they got cute and pulled a double-back, but we heard nothing from Smack.

“Okay, boys and girls,” came Tank’s voice at about quarter to twelve. “Looks like our lunch date is off.

Marie and the girls are stuck in traffic, but hopefully we can still get together with the ladies for dinner at Burger King. See you guys then.”

“That’s it,” I said to Pilafski in disgust. “We stand down until we get the call and hope he comes back this way tonight,” I said. “Plus I get to catch up on my reading. I never did finish *Bleak House* and I’m dying to know how Jarndyce versus Jarndyce ended.”

“You’re weird, kid,” said Johnny. We were just pulling out onto Henderson Boulevard to go improve our minds when I looked to my right, and all of a sudden two motorcycle cops swept around the bend. They were followed by one, two, three black stretch limos with dark green tinted windows, identical as peas in a pod, little Amurrican flags fluttering on their front fenders. Two more bike cops brought up the rear.

Smack hadn’t mentioned anything to us about a motorcycle escort. They must have met the limos *en route*. Overhead we heard the rumble of a low-flying helicopter. Our target was right on top of us, at the moment we were breaking up the ambush, coming from the wrong direction where no one expected them, and now the two cops in the lead were turning their heads slightly and staring right at two Northwest Volunteers who had come there to kill them and were caught totally unprepared. Oh, yeah. I grinned at the cops and waved, the motorcade swept on by, and I shouted a warning into the headset’s little stick mike in front of my face. I didn’t bother with code talk, but out of ingrained habit at least I didn’t shout out anybody’s name in the

clear.

“Boss! Get them back!” I yelled. “Here they come! Burger King is headed your way southbound, repeat, southbound! You got maybe ten seconds! He’s coming, God damn it!”

“Huh?” said a male voice in surprise. “They’re coming *from* town? How the hell did that happen?”

“I see him, and our lady friend has the remote in hand,” came Tank’s voice in my ear, calm and steady.

“Okay, Volunteers, it’s show time after all. Let’s go waltzing Matilda.”

We later found out that through nothing more or less than sheer, unadulterated coincidence, about the same time Rothstein’s motorcade was sliding onto I-5 northbound at the Exit 101 on-ramp, a few miles north around the Pacific Avenue exit there were some completely unrelated fireworks. Interstate Five was the main drug route between Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, and Vancouver for the multifarious Third World narcotics gangs and cartels from L. A., all of whom knew and despised one another.

Two Cadillac loads of dopers, one being monkoids from the Mau Mau Nation and the second cholos from the Mexican Mafia, were both headed back to South Central from separate pharmaceutical runs to Seattle.

They recognized one another just as they rolled past Tacoma and played grab-ass for about twenty miles, flipping each other the bird and trying to run each other off the highway, so forth and so on. Then at exit 106 they said to hell with playing bumper cars, pulled over to the shoulder and started blasting away at one another with their Uzis and 9-mils and whatever else they had. But they forgot where they were. In Los Angeles, commuters had long ago come to take such scuffles in stride as just another traffic hazard and the police were no longer even a factor, but the Northwest was full of dangerous *white* boys with guns and that was a whole different matter as far as law enforcement was concerned. The Olympia cops and the FBI were already jittery about the Rothstein visit. They got garbled word there were bullets flying at the Pacific Avenue exit, everyone automatically assumed it was an

NVA tickle of some kind, and all manner of ZOG descended in full force on that stretch of interstate and started blazing away at the startled gang-bangers.

Special Agent in Charge Don Shelley was alerted to a possible DT contact—that's ZOGspeak for domestic terrorist—and rather than risk running into some kind of unknown NVA-related sitch with his precious Hebraic cargo, he decided to abort. The airport was closer than Evergreen College and so the ever-cautious Shelley turned back. He ordered his convoy to get off at Exit 103, cut over onto Cleveland Boulevard and back down Old Yelm and Henderson, thus sliding headlong into our bona fide Volunteer ambush.

I always called it the luck of the Irish. Rooney used to call it the hand of God. Whatever it was, Somebody somewhere out there in the cosmos was sure as hell giving us a hand, because this kind of amazing coincidence happened a *lot* down through the years. It was like all of a sudden after almost a century, as a reward for our finally showing some hair on our ass, the white man's bad run of the cards was over and the goddess Fortuna smiled on all us little Sullas once again. Luck often enough will save a man, if his courage hold. And save a people.

Once the Federal motorcade passed us, there was silence for a few seconds. Johnny spoke from behind the wheel. "I'll roll us on down there as soon as we hear..." The ground shook beneath our feet, and we weren't even standing on the ground. It was that powerful. We didn't hear an explosion as such; it was almost like the earth groaned. We felt the blast jigger through our bodies like we were jelly, and then we got hit with a shock wave that rattled the trees around us like a sudden gale. I looked to my left and saw something in the sky. At first I thought it was the helicopter, but then I saw it was a long black stretch limousine, twirling lazily a hundred feet in the air. It sailed over the trees and out of sight. "They're playing our song!" I yelled at Johnny, opening the door and standing up, leaning my weapon over the roof and bracing myself with my left hand. "Let's rumble!"

Johnny peeled out of the firebreak just as one of the black armored limos came hurtling around the bend at about seventy miles an hour. That Fed driver had gotten the message, loud and clear. Once he got past us, he was outta there. Johnny saw that too. "*Jump!*" he yelled.

I jumped and rolled and came up with the AK at the ready. Johnny peeled out of the firebreak and rammed the limo full in the side, caroming off the armor plating and sending the Cherokee spinning, its front end smashed in. The limo swerved and leaped off the road, jumped the small ditch on the west side of the highway and slammed into a large Douglas fir, still in the air. The doors of the limo opened and four men staggered out. Three wore the usual Feep quasi-uniform of dark suits, patent leather shoes, black trenchcoats and shades. One Federal had a Heckler-Koch submachine gun which he waved groggily at the Cherokee, firing a wild burst. I muttered to myself *fire-a-burst-of-six* and the Fed dropped down behind the open rear door. I thought I'd got him, but from behind the door he fired the Heckler again at the Cherokee, which was sitting smoking and wrecked in the middle of the highway. I'm not sure the Zionist gunman had even figured out I was around yet. The driver saw me, though. He raised his Glock pistol and I raised my AK to my shoulder. We fired at the same time. He missed. I didn't.

I saw his head pop. I looked over and saw Johnny out of the Cherokee, his head bloody from the impact of the crash, spraying his Uzi at the Fed behind the car door who was spraying at him. The other two started stumbling away from the vehicle. One was a huge black man in a black trenchcoat with a shaven head and one of these Lion of Judah goatees, trying to shoot at me with a Glock with one hand and with the other trying to drag a roly-poly figure in a gray silk suit away, leading him by the hand like one leads a child.

Finally something clicked in my adrenalin-pumped and noise-rattled and cordite-smoked mind. The short fat dude in the gray silk was one Samuel L. Rothstein, Supreme Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Bingo. Burger King. Johnny saw him, pointed, and yelled at me "*Get him!*" I snapped off a burst at the pair of them but they were into the woods. I ran across the road and jumped the ditch and all of a sudden there I was in the great Northwest forest. Fifteen feet in from the highway and it was damned near primeval, Douglas firs and ferns and lovely spring sunshine spilling down in columns from the sky. I wouldn't have been surprised to see Sasquatch peeping out from behind a tree trunk. And no sign at all of Big Jew and his Affikin-Amurkin minder.

Oh, Christ, no, don't tell me I lost a damned Supreme Court Justice! I cursed

to myself in rage and despair. In a second it all flashed before me. How many of my friends had died just down the road or would die in the next minute, and me *lose* the son of a bitch? Then I heard something in the underbrush snap ahead of me and to my right. Suddenly, instinctively, I understood.

The black was in charge, and he feared the northern forest. He didn't understand it. If he'd just had sense enough to run and hide in the woods until help came, then he and Rothstein might both have made it.

Hell, I wasn't Daniel Boone. What was I going to do? Track them by their scent? But in moments of stress, racial and genetic instinct always comes to the fore. This wasn't Africa. This was the ancient landscape of my people, not his. Homey knew in his soul he was in de white folks' house, and it overwhelmed him. The black man dared not face an Aryan warrior in the green forest of the Northland from which I and all of mine had sprung. It was in his very blood to avoid that. Instinctively, probably not even realizing what he was doing or understanding why, he was heading back to what he knew. Asphalt and concrete. He was dragging his Chosen charge back to the highway to try and get another car.

I moved low and fast about thirty yards through the bush, parallel to the roadway, and I heard an engine and braking tires. The black Feep and Rothstein were shouting and trying between them to drag a young white couple out of their green Kia. The couple thought they were being carjacked, which they were, in a sense. The young guy took a few ineffectual punches at the bodyguard, who cold-cocked him with a single blow from the barrel of the Glock. The white kid dropped like a sack of potatoes. The white girl was screaming and crying and trying to mace the nigger with some pepper spray she had on a key chain. He tore the mace away from her. I heard the bones in her hand crack over her shrieks. Then she looked over and saw me.

"Get down!" I roared at her. *"NVA! Hit the dirt!"* She understood NVA, and even twenty feet away I saw her go as white as a sheet in pure terror. She copped to what was happening and she dove for the tarmac, covering the body of her husband or boyfriend with her own. The black saw me as well and snapped up his Glock fast as lighting. I heard the bullet tweet past my ear. *Fire-a-burst-of-six*. He staggered and turned and twirled down onto the road. I saw his white shirtfront soaked in red. The fool wasn't wearing his

Kevlar and he paid for it with his life.

Rothstein was scuttling away down the road, his bandy legs pumping, his sticklike arms sprouting out of his plump body, waving like windmills. I charged after him. When I got clear of the Kia I popped a couple of rounds at his feet, and he stopped. “*A million dollars!*” I heard him shriek. “*A million! I swear, a million dollars I’ll pay!*” I walked up behind him. I guess by then I was half insane. I could only remember something from my high school drama class, one of the few parts of school I’d enjoyed. I spoke.

Well, I kind of croaked. Or maybe shouted. I don’t know. They were the only words I could think of to say.

“Turn, hell-hound!”

Samuel L. Rothstein understood, and he turned with a gasp of horror. I saw the round face, the white rolling eyes, the frizzy fringe of hair, the obscene revolting nose. I saw that godawful face and nose raise up to the sky. From the thick, veal-colored lips came a—I guess you’d call it a howl, but it wasn’t really. It was like a loud evil bleat, the sound of a dead soul vomiting. Seventy years ago this happened, and I can’t get that terrible scream out of my ears. Never mind. I can’t describe it and even if I could I don’t understand whatever the hell it was, so I couldn’t make you understand. They’re not like us, and there’s no Aryan equivalent. It was just—it was horrible. That creature was standing in the middle of Henderson Boulevard and it bellowed its death cry unto its god, to whatever force of cosmic power put the Jewish people on earth to torture and oppress the rest of us. In his last moments of life Samuel Rothstein experienced an epiphany. A revelation of cosmic proportions, one that came far too late to be of any use at all to him. Samuel L. Rothstein suddenly understood that his god had betrayed him. A revelation of eternal truth shattered his soul moments before the bullets from my Kalashnikov shattered his body, that revelation being that the Jewish people ain’t anywhere near as goddamned clever as they think they are.

I took a strong, balanced stance, legs at shoulder width, ninety degree angle to the target. Rifle to shoulder, good sight picture, even at point blank range aim a wee bit low to compensate for the slight recoil. *Fire-a-burst-of-six.* Rothstein could eat now, because by God he was dancing like Fred Astaire.

Fire-a-burst-of-six and Big Jew he shimmy and he shake like a bowl full of jelly. Then he's down on the asphalt, his stick-like legs and arms waving in the air like a cockroach who just got hit with the Black Flag, which I suppose isn't a bad way to describe this whole gig. He's down and wallowing in his own blood and piss and shit. I heard Tank Thompson's voice, far away. "Shane, you got him! We're done here!"

Let's beat feet!" Dead babies. *Babies!* What kind of monster that calls itself a man kills babies? I walked up to the quivering thing on the highway and put the barrel of my weapon to its head. *Fire-a-burst-of-six.*

"Shane, God damn it!" somebody yelled. "They're coming after us from the airport! Let's *go!*"

I remembered something else from that one play in drama class. I looked down at the corpse. "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" I remarked conversationally, to no one in particular. Then we beat feet.

Oh, yeah. Lurch got copter number three that day. Johnny told me later a piece of the rotor blade crashed into Henderson Boulevard about eight feet from me and damned near took off my head. I didn't notice.

Woodchuck Kid

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes....?

-Hamlet, Act III, Scene One

Good morning, ma'am. If you're ready to record I'm ready to ramble.

I suppose it's best to start at the beginning. I'll go ahead and get the family and childhood stuff out of the way, so I can get on with the real story. My full name is Shane Alan Ryan. I was born in Providence Hospital in Dundee, Washington, ninety-one years ago last month. I've lived in Dundee most of my life except for my tour of military duty during the War of Independence with the Northwest Volunteer Army, and again when I was called up to the Northwest Defense Force during Operation Strikeout, when I got as far north as Chilliwack in B. C. and as far south as Chico in California. We had to pull back from Chico after the armistice.

Never particularly wanted to live anywhere else than Dundee. Grow where you're planted, I always figured. Oh, yeah, I been to Spokane and Coeur d'Alene and Jackson Hole, Wyoming since then, but that was on vacation.

Married twice, widowed twice, no children from the first marriage to my lifelong regret, eight from the second and something on the order of twenty-four grandchildren, number twenty-five coming along next week sometime, and six great-grandkids, including that little three year-old imp of Satan who is about to pull the tripod out from under your camera, and whom you have my permission to smack. I been retired for more years than I care to remember. I've worked at the methane power plant out on Clark Highway,

and I also ran a vacuum sealer at the cannery down on the harbor. Worked for the Party as well.

For some years I was chief immigrant housing officer for the Bureau of Race and Resettlement. I always had a partiality for German Homecomers, and my efforts are one reason why you can buy the *Lewischer Zeitung* from a rack right beside the *Dundee Advertiser*. After I retired from the Bureau, just for something to do, my last job was as a night watchman at a Ministry of Agriculture cranberry processing plant. I have three pensions, one from the Veteran's Fund and one from the cannery, plus my usual government Codger Credit.

When I croak, which should be sometime fairly soon, the Sons and Daughters of the NVA will bury me for free beside both of my late wives and give me a nice marble headstone with the Volunteer seal and the little statue of the guy in the fedora hat holding the Kalashnikov on top, which in my case is accurate because I did tote an AK on a few occasions. Once a year on October twenty-second, the local school children will come and pull up the weeds and replace the little vinyl Tricolor on my grave before their class goes off and eat themselves sick at their Independence Day party, so I'm pretty much taken care of.

Not a bad way to end up at my age, I'll give the revolution that. Damned sight better shape than I would have been in if we'd stayed with ZOG.

My birth in Providence Hospital was notable in being the last major medical expense my family ever had that was covered by health insurance. Lucky for us, I was the youngest of three children. Two months after I was born, my father was downsized from the last living-wage job with full benefits he would ever hold.

From then on he worked at a series of temporary jobs with no bennies until each job in turn was lost to India or China or Guatemala when they found some mud who could do it for fifty cents a day. My father was an architect and a drunk, then he became an architectural draftsman and a drunk, then he was a consultant and a drunk, then a warehouse freight checker and a drunk, and finally he was just a drunk.

We went from a split-level ranch on Country Club Drive when I was a baby, to a roomy but run-down two-story 1920s fixer-upper we lived in until I was ten, then a four-room renter house, then a series of smaller and smaller apartments and by the time that, to everyone's surprise, I made it to high school graduation we were in a twenty year-old mobile home out on Dead Dog Road.

My mom was a secretary, then a bookkeeper, and finally she ended up working behind the counter in a laundromat run by a Pakistani. She was a bad drunk too, but she always held her liquor a lot better than Dad and usually you couldn't tell when she was sloshed except by how mean and hateful she talked, about everyone and everything. Dad alternately raged at the world and wallowed in self-pity, but he never did anything about it. Didn't even get in fights. I always had the impression that at some point in time he'd just given up on it all in sheer bafflement. He once told me when he was really plastered that life is an endless ordeal of meaningless suffering, and the only advice he could offer me was to save string, which might have been pretty profound if I hadn't learned later on that he'd gotten that line from a Woody Allen movie. Mom on the other hand would *do* things, evil nasty things, like spiking her office rivals' coffee with a little plastic pack of shampoo, sending people anonymous letters and e-mails telling them their spouse was cheating, that kind of petty malicious crap. In later years she took to calling government snitch lines anonymously to accuse people she didn't like of being drug dealers, child abusers, and later on of being with the NVA, whether it was true or not. During the war I was always scared Mom would really ID one of our people by accident and rat them out, and then I'd be the one sent to whack her. I didn't particularly like her, but it would have been very disrespectful.

One day the FBI rocked up at the trailer and enlightened her that I wasn't traveling the Northwest as a Secret Shopper for Mighty Mart, and that I was really a Volunteer. I like to think that she never turned me in because I was family, but I have to admit I always suspected it was because she knew what would happen if she did. Death would have seriously interfered with her drinking.

But after that, on my brief and infrequent covert visits home Mom kept

nagging me to shoot the neighbors, or her co-workers, or whoever was on her hate list at the time. So I had to stop coming around, because I'd say no and she'd start whimpering about how I didn't love her, trying to make me feel guilty because I wouldn't be her private angel of death avenging all her petty hatreds and disappointments in life. Eventually another NVA crew from Centralia caught up with the Paki owner of the laundromat where she worked. The boys thumped him gentle and artistic with baseball bats, an axe handle, and a piece of steel rebar. After the wog got out of the hospital he decided the grass was greener in Los Angeles, so Mom lost her job and she quit speaking to me, which I was frankly glad of.

After the revolution I had a word with a comrade I knew on the Lewis County enemy property expropriations committee, and he gave the laundromat to Mom. She hired some new migrants from Switzerland to run it for her, it made her the boss and kept her in booze until she died of cancer, and so from that point on I was just the best and most loving son in the world, a heroic fighter for our people's freedom, blah blah blah ishkabibble. That kind of relationship. You'll know what I mean if you've ever had to deal with an alcoholic in the family.

Dad was euthanized a few months after I went on the bounce. I don't think it had anything to do with me being NVA. I hope not, anyway. He had been admitted to the hospital for liver failure due to severe cirrhosis. He had no medical insurance, and needless to say he couldn't afford a liver transplant. Medicare was long gone and Medicaid had finally folded up completely a year before, so Dad was certified as terminal by a Jew doctor named Friedman, and one morning my Mom got a call at work saying Dad had been given a lethal injection of sodium pentathol the night before under Article So and So, Section Ishkabibble of the Senior Citizens' Quality of Life Act, which I always thought was a strange name for a law that gave doctors the right to kill old people who annoyed them or who had no money. Basically, the United States government realized that unless something was done there would be millions of elderly white people from the Baby Boom who had no money and no insurance and who constituted a potential drain on the economy that might wreck the whole apple cart. So rather than stop pouring money down the Middle East rathole in a futile attempt to make the Arabs love Israel at gunpoint while we stole their oil, the government of the United

States solved the problem from the other end by cutting expenses, i.e. by simply killing off the sick and the old people.

It wasn't hard to do, since the precedent had already been set with massive legal abortion. There was a certain hideous logic to it. If you can kill a baby, then why not an octogenarian? What's the difference if the human life being snuffed out for reasons of general inconvenience is minus three months or plus eighty-four years? By Amurrica's warped logic, there was none. The precedent was set with Roe v. Wade that certain individuals in society had the right to decide to take certain other human lives, and from then on it was only a matter of deciding who pitched and who caught. The new law gave the medical profession a hunting license, with an implicit understanding that they were to eliminate the problem caused by millions of non-productive codgers and crones who were waving their canes and screeching their demands that they be taken care of as promised in exchange for a lifetime of submission and conformity.

There are no statistics available as to how many Baby Boomers were shunted into the nursing homes and shortly afterward given the hot shot by mostly Jewish and Third World "medical professionals," which towards the end could mean any Filipino who had gotten through a sixteen-week nurse's aide course and who could write English well enough to fill out the zillion necessary forms after he'd whacked the old folks. By the time I was growing up, us white kids all had a pretty good idea of what was waiting for us at the end of the trail if we left ZOG in power. I always kind of suspected that was a large part of what made my generation finally decide to pick up a rifle. Some of us figured we might as well die from a bullet now as on the end of some kike's hypodermic needle fifty years on.

As a joyful kicker, Dad's one remaining life insurance policy was invalidated. The company refused to pay, because they said my father's death was an Act of God. No, my father's death was an Act of Jew, which isn't quite the same thing. Mom screamed and hollered for a while and ran to this jackleg lawyer we had in town named Stevens, who took the last \$27,000 she managed to scrape up from somewhere in retainer and billable hours before informing Mom that the statute specifically forbade civil relief for acts of euthanasia committed in "good faith" and that since it appeared that Dad had

been an alcoholic (well, he was) and was therefore really responsible for all of it himself, she had no case. The son of a bitch had known that all along before he took my mother's money, of course. It was well known that Stevens made a habit of scamming people on those Quality of Life Act wrongful death cases, but Mom chose not to believe anyone who warned her. There was at least that much desperate, ruined love for Dad left in her, I think.

I filed a murder complaint on Doctor Friedman with the War Prevention Bureau after the revolution, and I got him put on the Hit Parade. Me and a couple of hundred others whose old folks that kike bastard murdered. A few years later my father's killer was found dead in his Lexus in a parking garage in Philadelphia with a skull full of .22 hollow points and a Tarot card, the Prince of Wands, tossed on his dashboard. Always hoped I'd find out who the Prince of Wands was so I could thank him, but the WPB

keeps such matters pretty close to the vest.

Lawyer Stevens got his as well, even before that. During the Cleanup, the NVA (no, I tell a lie, I think we were actually NDF by then) kicked in this legal beagle's office door as he was stuffing a big suitcase full of documents, either to destroy them or to flee the country. An hour later Stevens was turning slowly in the wind on an elm tree in the downtown park. The boys hung him with piano wire, so he twirled and danced like fish on the end of a hook and line for a long time, bobbing and gasping and pissing, while the crowd of onlookers cheered and applauded and laughed and cursed his soul on its journey down to hell. Like I said, this particular *juris consult* had a reputation in our little community. *Alles wird abgerechnet*. What goes around, comes around.

My Mom told me something odd once. She said, "Your father was secretly very proud of you, Shane, although he would never have dared to say it out loud, to you or to anyone else. You were doing what no man in his generation had the courage to do, least of all him." What struck me as odd was that Mom was sober when she told me this.

I had two older brothers, neither of whom figure in my story. One of them became a drug addict. The year after I graduated high school he OD'ed in

Seattle on a speedball, a mixture of cocaine and heroin that his equally trashed-out girlfriend injected him with. It wasn't the drugs that killed him. She'd just been so stoned there was an air bubble in the hypodermic and his heart seized up. I never had to track her down and kill her. She wasn't a bad or uncaring young woman, she was just screwed up like a Chinese fire drill.

When she realized what she had done, she got on the computer and typed out a seven thousand-word suicide note full of gibberish, e-mailed it to everyone in her address book, and then she turned up the boom box full volume with some nigger rap song and committed suicide by shooting herself up with pure air. Her address book was mostly spammers and Usenet groups for lunatics, and so no one noticed the suicide e-mail, but my brother's Bengali landlord found the bodies after he broke into the apartment to shut up the boom box. After paying out the last of her savings to that goddamned attorney my Mom couldn't afford a funeral, and so she sold my brother's body to an organ chop shop at the hospital for spare parts. The girl's too, after no one claimed her. Mom stayed drunk for three months on the proceeds.

My other brother fought on the other side. Well, joined it, anyway. He was too chickenshit to get his hands wet. He became a lawyer, to the eternal disgrace of our family. He married a chink and fled the country after Longview rather than end up swinging on a length of piano wire like Mr. Stevens and his other fellow officers of the court. Not to mention the crime of racial treason through miscegenation. I've no idea where he ended up, nor do I care. Somewhere I probably have half-breed Asian nephews and nieces. If I'd ever met any of them in my gun-toting days I would have wasted them without a moment's hesitation. Garbage is garbage, no matter whose blood happens to be intermingled with the yellow piss. So that's pretty much my biological family taken care of. They were all a pretty revolting bunch, truth to tell, and I'll try to keep them as much out of this from now on as I can. The Wingfields were my real family.

* * *

Damn. How can I explain to you what life was like back then?

The little girl from the university tells me the purpose of me sitting here maundering into the videocam is to preserve all this clutter for posterity, and

also so future historians can listen to me and from my babbled fragments reconstruct the reason for The Awakening, as they're starting to call it. Yeah, I guess it's a pretty interesting question, if you think about it. For almost three generations the white race ate every serving of shit that ZOG chose to dollop out to us, grinning like egg-suck dogs while we scarfed it all down and licked the plate. So what changed? Just why, exactly, during the early decades of the twenty-first century did the white man finally decide to fight, at the eleventh hour and the fifty-ninth minute and the fifty-ninth second? What made the white man finally get up off his ass and pick up a gun after a lifetime of allowing the Federal government of the United States to do pretty much any damned thing they wanted to do?

Hell if I know.

I keep getting asked that all the time. I think some of us even talked about it among ourselves back then, to while away the hours on the bounce. Can't really remember what we ever decided, if anything. Young people look at me like I have the key to some great secret. If I knew it I'd share it with you, believe me. It's sure something we need. Whatever the hell it was, our race didn't stumble across it until it was almost too damned late. But really, I don't know. When you live through something, it doesn't necessarily mean you understand every little thing about it. I'll tell you this much: I don't remember the war as being this big long heroic adventure that our NBA films and books and documentaries portray, that's for sure. You want to know the truth of the matter, it wasn't a very pleasant experience. War isn't. Long periods of paranoid and nervous boredom broken by brief outbursts of madness and horror. But as to *why* white people finally revolted? The best I can tell you is that there wasn't any one reason, it was a whole combination of things that just happened to fall into place just right. Or wrong. You can only push people so far, and at some point there was just some straw that broke the camel's back, and thanks to the Party and the Incomers, the white racial settlers from around the continent who came to the Northwest, we were able to reach critical mass and blow.

Life is so utterly and completely different now it passes comprehension. I don't think anyone who's not of my generation can really imagine what it was like back then. Sometimes I sit here and I look at my grandchildren and I

see the calm and safe, all-white world of peace and plenty they live in, this beautiful town of mine and this land of ours, and I swear I think I dreamed it all or imagined it, that my childhood and my young manhood was some kind of nightmare I had and then I finally woke up in the world as it should be. The main difference is that life is *good* now for most people. A white child has a *chance* now, a chance to be a child without fear and worry. A child can ride a bike and play down at the creek and walk home from school without any risk of being kidnapped and buggered and chopped into pieces by a pervert. A child has a chance to grow into a young man or a woman instead of a—well, what we were then, a kind of half-insane consumer zombie. People in the Republic are *happy*, mostly. Or at least you have a proper chance to be happy in the Republic, which we never had when I was young. Hell, when you don't have to look at niggers every day and you don't have to hear Spanish and Tagalog and Muklucky-Muck being gibbered everywhere, you're halfway to bliss already.

But how can I describe to you what it was like when nobody was happy at all? It's like that bit I mentioned yesterday about every other person you saw on the street being fat? You can't really believe that, can you?

When was the last time you actually saw a grossly overweight person in your time here in the Republic?

Years, I bet, because our national diet doesn't include all that garbage people used to eat under ZOG. Junk food, junk politics, and a junk life. The Northwest American Republic doesn't poison its own people to make money. That fact alone should give you a shrewd idea of one big difference between now and then.

We don't do much of *anything* here solely for the purpose of making money, which is something completely unimaginable in the world into which I was born. That Jewess Ayn Rand got her books burned right alongside the Marxism and the pornography. In cases where people have thyroid conditions we now have a simple enzyme therapy that soups up your metabolism and in a couple of months you're running marathons. That's just one example of a social problem that existed before the revolution, and which is now completely gone. There were about a hundred other little pissant things we had to put up with then that don't exist anymore, from traffic jams to air

pollution to functional illiteracy to foul-mouthed children talking like niggers. Nowadays only foul-mouthed old coots like me talk like niggers. Even now, I bet you half-disbelieve me or think I'm exaggerating, right? There never really was any such thing as fat people, and this old fool is making all this up, right? That's okay, ma'am. Disbelief is human nature and in this case it's a sign of healthy racial instincts. Christ, honey, do you have any idea how lucky you are not to have known any of this? How lucky you are that you *don't* know? How lucky you are that you *can* disbelieve?

We did it all for you, you know.

The main thing I suppose that stands out in my mind about life in them United States was that everybody was *miserable*.

Wretchedly, bitterly, soul-destroyingly unhappy. I think every white person alive in the year 2000

understood deeply and instinctively that something was terribly wrong with the world, even if they didn't know what. My own childhood was pretty crappy, but it was by no means atypical, and in fact it was actually better than some. My parents were drunks but they didn't divorce, they neglected me but they never burned my fingers on the stove or beat me black and blue when I was a child, and I always had enough innate good sense not to pick up their bottle and to stay away from drugs. I wasn't born with HIV

or addicted to crack cocaine because my mother was a junkie, and I wasn't abducted and murdered and left in a ditch.

As horrifying as it sounds, in many respects my family was emotionally and socially quite typical.

Everybody was dysfunctional.

There was no "normal" left. From the richest kids on down to trailer trash like me, we lived our lives all doped up, dumbed down, zoned out, pregnant, half insane with rage all the time, confused, hostile, paranoid, dishonest, vicious and mean and looking out for nobody but Number One. Everybody had problems, terrible problems that poisoned our very existence, and we

were all being eaten alive. Life in the United States was a nightmare from which we were all desperately trying to awaken, but we never could.

Nobody ever got a chance to stop and smell the roses. There weren't any roses left any more to smell, anyway. There was a weird kind of reverse Midas touch in operation throughout the world: everything America touched turned to shit. We were all too busy scrambling and scrabbling and scrimping for small sums of money to pay a hundred little pissant bills. Drivers used to go insane and murder one another over minor traffic mishaps. It was called road rage. Happened all the time. You know what happens when you keep too many rats in too small a cage, ma'am? They start attacking and eating one another. That was America at the beginning of the 21st century.

The majority of white marriages ended in divorce. At least a third of all young white men and women of marriageable age lived alone, because they couldn't stand one another. Feminism taught women to hate men, and the men returned the favor. How can you marry and love someone you've been taught all your life to view as an enemy and a competitor? A whole generation of white children grew up as latch-key kids, dumped in a day care center or a school every morning before Mommy and Daddy or the single parent of the household went to work. The kids came home to an empty house and the boob tube, sometimes with a TV dinner sitting in the oven. More than any nigger gun or knife, more than any needle of heroin or line of coke, more than any perversion of thought practiced by the Jews upon our minds, this so-called liberation of women destroyed two generations of us.

When a nation loses its women, it loses everything.

Oh, it wasn't all bad. Nothing ever is. Sure, there was laughter, but it was a mechanical laugh track from TV. It was the shrill, forced laughter of people who were on the edge of the abyss and just barely coping, who knew they had to laugh at least a little to stay sane. There were good times in the old America I knew, but they all involved either deadening your brain with drink or drugs or television, or withdrawing into some fantasy world on the computer every night, or else doing stupid, dangerous, pointless things for an adrenalin rush, like bungee jumping or rock climbing or leaping out of airplanes and skateboarding down on a parachute. The good times had a kind of brittle, hysterical edge to them, a conscious effort to escape from a world

that everyone knew in their hearts had turned to purest dog doo. I apologize for my language, young lady, and I know such words aren't used in polite society any more, and so they shouldn't be. But if you want me to go back to that time then you're going to get all of it, and one truth about those times was that the American dialect of the English language had become negrified or ebonized or whatever the hell you want to call it. We all talked like whiggers back then. We didn't know any better.

Hey, we heard blacks talking like that all the time on TV, and whatever was on TV must be right, eh?

Polite or not, I'm sure you've heard it before from your older relatives. I once heard someone say we have the only society in the world where it's the grandmothers who shock and embarrass their granddaughters at the dinner table.

Right, getting back on track, how the hell do I explain to someone who never knew it what life was like under Zion? The first thing you have to understand is that in those days the United States was a society driven by one thing and one thing only, *money*. Christians call it the worship of Mammon. I have my own thoughts about God, but I will tell you this much: the only god America worshipped in the days of my youth was Mammon, gold ringing in the till so to speak. It wasn't real gold and silver like we use today, but numbers on a computer spread sheet. They called it the bottom line and the bottom line ruled every aspect of our existence. Everything was completely and utterly material and if you tried to suggest there might be something more in life than chasing the almighty dollar you were looked at like you were a lunatic. I remember seeing these little computer-printed signs on office walls about how "Life is a game, and the one who dies with the most toys wins." There were people who actually believed that. I guess they thought that if they could only live long enough, science would find some way for them to take all their money and silly little toys with them.

Seriously, I think that's what they were trying for. One of the big things you always heard about on the news in them days was various types of genetic and medical research into the possibility of immortality.

By the time I hit my own teenaged years, the first wave of post-World War

Two Baby Boomers were finally being carted off to the cemeteries and the fogey farms, and let me tell you, they did not go gentle into that good night. Those Baby Boomers fought and scratched and kicked and screamed every inch of the way, absolutely refusing to admit that their generation was finally getting old. One of the biggest growth industries in them days was plastic surgery, botox injections, hormone treatments, every baldness cure you can think of, *anything* that might halt or reverse the Baby Boomers' aging process. When I reached my own codgerdom I came to understand how they felt. Hell, no one *wants* to grow old, but dammit, you should at least try and be a man about it. There was always something desperate and pathetic about it in them days, all them hippy-dippy flower children from the 1960s scrambling and clawing to fight off the fact that their time was over now, and they'd pretty much all done what they come here to do. It lacked *dignity*, and sometimes dignity is all an old coot or old crone has left in life. And if you work it right, that's enough.

Well, you wanted stream of consciousness. Remembering all them hippy-dippy assholes trying to stay young or at least middle-aged was one of the first things to float to the surface in my particular stream.

Money, money, money, it was all about money. Some asshole was always screaming at you demanding it, and no one ever had enough of it. Everybody except the very top echelon of truly wealthy people was *always* broke and up to their chin in bills and damned near insoluble financial problems. Mortgage, rent, credit card debt, car payments and repairs, sky-high utility bills, the astronomical cost of food and clothing if you were trying to raise a family. And God help you if you or a member of your family got sick.

Today the very thought of the medical vocation charging *money* to save people's lives and make sick little children well is held in revulsion. Free medical care is held to be a right in the Republic's Constitution right on up there with freedom of speech and religion and the right to keep and bear arms. But in those days a sick child or a heart attack would wipe out a lifetime's hard work in a few months and destroy the future of an entire family.

America had three rules back then: don't be poor, don't be sick, and for God's sake, don't get old. I don't exactly cotton to being ninety-one years of

age, but at least I'm ninety-one here in the Republic. The thought of being old in the United States chills my blood to this day. I wouldn't have made it this far, actually, if we'd stayed with ZOG. The state would have dragged me away to the fogey farm under the Senior Citizens' Quality of Life act, which basically gave the government the power to throw old people away once their insurance ran out, and some Third World quack would have given me the hot shot long ago, like that kike Friedman murdered my Dad. The average life span of old folks locked up in those fogey farms was less than six months, especially the ones that were "privatized" as they called it back then, farmed out to entrepreneurs wearing turbans or yarmulkes. If I wasn't legally euthanized I would have died of neglect or been poisoned or beaten to death by my Filipino and Nigerian "caregivers."

Elderly people who had no money or whose insurance ran out, and that was most of 'em, got the short end of the stick like you wouldn't believe. Social Security finally went down the tubes when I was—twelve?

Thirteen? Can't remember—but even before Social Security went, there were old white people in America who lived on dog food, at least at the end of the month before their checks arrived. Once Social Security was gone, life for old people was a horror beyond comprehension. If you had no children who were able or willing to take care of you, then the only alternative was one of those fogey farms run by the state if you were lucky and run by a turban or a yarmulke if you weren't. Then came the hot shot.

Oh, there were a few of those hellholes run by "faith-based initiatives," which was part of a complex system wherein tax money was funneled to the religious right in exchange for pro-Zionist bloc voting to keep the neo-cons in power and keep the endless war in the Middle East going. I remember seeing busloads of old people being driven up to the polls in Dundee and marched in, with their preacher handing them their ballots at the door and a nice young deacon to escort each of them in and make sure they pulled the right levers. What were neo-cons? It means neo-conservatives. They were Jews who pretended to be conservatives. We eventually managed to track them all down and kill them. Anyway, at those "faith-based" fogey farms they made you jump for *Jeeee-zus* twice a week, as opposed to Jesus, in exchange for your bed in some crowded dormitory of sick and dying and half-insane old

people. But I'll say this, they at least kept you alive so you could vote, and indeed you'd most likely vote a few times after you croaked, too.

No, not Jesus, *Jeeee-zus*. What's the difference? Jesus is the son of God, *Jeeee-zus* was who the tub-thumping fools in the some of the churches jumped for. Long story, don't worry, I'll ramble over in that direction eventually, when I talk about the Wingfields. They were into Jesus, not *Jeeee-zus*. But that's really how you want to end your days, eh? In a warehouse for geezers. Several years before the revolution an epidemic of suicide among the elderly broke out. Tens of thousands of old people every year killed themselves with gas or pills or hanging or any guns they'd managed to save from Schumer Act confiscation. A lot of times it would happen when the cops or the IRS came to drag some poor old man or woman or couple out of their foreclosed home and take them to the fogey farm. The police would break in and find 'em dead. There'd be some horrible story like that on the evening news nearly every day, back when I was growing up. That's one thing I remember from my childhood. You always heard about old white people killing themselves.

Of course, life wasn't exactly a breeze for young people either, if you had a white skin. Leastways if you had a white skin and you liked girls. When I say that it was all about money, you understand I'm not referring to the consumer society of the late twentieth century. Three cars in the garage, split-level ranch home with a swimming pool in the back, two-hundred dollar tennis shoes named after some niggerball player, a closet full of clothes and a room full of computer toys, conspicuous consumption, the whole Brady Bunch scene—by the time I was coming along these things didn't exist anymore, except for a very tiny minority of very rich people who lived in what were called gated communities, meaning fortified compounds with fences, armed guards and dog teams to keep the poor people of any race out. The American kids I knew when I was growing up were all poor and wretched, because none of the rich kids went to public schools. They had their own private schools that cost more for a semester than my father made in a year. We all knew about the great American consumer lifestyle, of course, because we saw it every night on TV, but out in the real world that was the *only* place it existed. On TV.

The fact was that during the first couple of decades of the twenty-first century, nobody had any *money* for all those fancy consumer goods and toys, except what you bought on your 29% interest credit cards. In the latter part of the twentieth century you could actually do a Chapter 7 and get out of the cards, but then along came “bankruptcy reform” which was pushed by the banks and credit card companies, with a cute little sub-clause that allowed for “debt inheritance” so you couldn’t even really get out of that crushing debt by kicking the bucket. All of a sudden not only you but your children and your grandchildren were saddled with paying for that SUV at 29%, for life. The loansharks would load you up with credit cards by the time you were 21, and then you spent the rest of your life in a kind of financial slavery paying the cards and their outrageous interest. If you were a guy, of course, there was the crushing alimony and child support from your first marriage. Everybody had a first or starter marriage in those days, and the way the courts were completely slanted against men, that was another form of financial slavery you could expect to last twenty or thirty years. Basically, a white male lived his entire life paying bills, and as the years went by and ZOG became more and more confused and incompetent and greedy, they became harder and harder to pay. The economic power structure thought maybe ten minutes ahead, if that. It stands to reason that you can’t expect people to pay credit card bills on the one hand, while you’re shipping their jobs out to India and Malaysia and Guatemala by the millions on the other hand. You would have thought they would have figured that out and worked out some arrangement whereby at least the peons would have jobs to earn the money to pay their debts, but the system never did quite catch on to those little basics. Or maybe they knew it all along and just didn’t care. Maybe they were just evil.

I’ve never been able to figure that out. How much of what we went through back then was because the Jews and the rich white men in business suits who ruled over us were just stupid and uncaring, thinking of us as their livestock to shear and slaughter as they like, and how much of what they did was because they were truly evil. It was both, I know, but I never understood in what proportion. Some of the stuff they did to us back then was so petty and cruel that they had to know it and just get some kind of kick out of it.

Anyway, they all deserved nothing but a bullet in their heads and by God, some of them got it.

Unemployment was a ghoul that was always present in our lives, there in the background, cold skeleton hands around our necks. It was something we lived with, like people in the Middle Ages lived with the Black Death, this terrible invisible demon that could descend at any moment and destroy everything we had. A few missed paychecks and it was welcome to the Salvation Army hostel. It's not that there was no work. There is always work to be done, anywhere, but for every unskilled and semi-skilled job there were hordes of Mexicans willing to work like cart horses for chicken feed. When the capitalists found it inconvenient to ship American jobs to the Third World, they brought the Third World here. When I was growing up you could still see a few white men doing manual labor, but by the time I was in high school every road crew, landscape crew, or roofing team was Mexican.

Whole industries became closed to native-born white Americans, as all the local convenience stores and filling station franchises and motels were bought up by Sikhs, Koreans, or Arabs who hired no one but their own relatives just off the jumbo jet. White faces disappeared from behind the counters of stores and the kitchens of restaurants. One job after another, bottom rung employment was closed off to whites.

Mexicans replaced whites at the lower end while Asians and Indians replaced whites at the high end. My Dad had a masters degree in structural design and a solid resume despite his drinking. When he was sober he was damned good at what he did. But he couldn't even get temp work because some Hindu or Chinese with a degree from Ching Hoo U. would work for half his rate. To complain or protest about this sitch invited an arrest for hatecrime under the Dees Act, so whites ended up competing desperately and brutally with *each other* for the few jobs that were open to gringos. Since pretty much all the jobs that *were* available paid nothing but a crappy minimum wage that no white man could live on, never mind support a family on, it followed that no one could make it on just one job. Most people had two or three. It was by no means unusual to know a married couple who had five jobs between them, and that didn't leave much for the young guys like me coming up on the bottom rung with a couple of strikes against them already.

Discrimination against whites, especially white males, was everywhere. It was just one of the things we all accepted and tried to work around. College

admission was by quota unless the parents were rich enough to just plain buy a white boy in. I never even got onto the college track, because the guidance counselors knew my family had no money and I had no chance at a scholarship. It wasn't even discussed. But I remember from the few kids at Dundee High who were being considered for college track that the first thing their higher education counselors asked was if they could claim membership in any minority group. The employment discrimination against white Americans took a dozen forms. It started with the growing demand down through the years that in order to get a job you had to speak Spanish. If you spoke only English then you just didn't get any job that required dealing with the increasingly foreign and non-white public, anything from a grocery checkout clerk to a telemarketer. Things got so bad that there were white parents who voluntarily gave up their own children to It Takes A Village in order to have them placed with wealthy liberals and faggots who could afford the adoption bond, because they knew it was the only way their kids would ever be able to go to college and have any kind of future.

By the time I hit high school, the safety net was pretty much all gone and you either knew somebody with a job who could get you in, or else you ended up on Workfare, which was state-paid slave labor for less than minimum wage. When that wasn't available, and it usually wasn't, you didn't work, period. Not like our National Labor Service today where every citizen of the Republic is guaranteed some kind of gainful employment. The ZOG power structure had never really been comfortable with anything that involved white people taking money out of the kitty instead of putting it in. White males were like the peasants of the Middle Ages; our role in society was always to work so that all might eat. But capitalism decided we were too pricey, and so they brought in millions of Third World immigrants to replace us and more or less tried to breed us out of existence. Gradually, over a period of about fifty years, all the entitlements were chipped away and replaced with things like those big grants to the so-called "faith-based initiatives" I mentioned. In other words, it was still possible for white people of the right politically correct stripe to get their hooks into Federal tax money, all right, but not as something you were entitled to because you'd worked like a dog all your life and paid in. Instead there appeared all kinds of political *quid pro quo*. The money was doled out in the form of "community grants", etc. In other words, as bribes for votes and political favors. Politically, America became Chicago

writ large. Racially, America became Brazil.

Materialism was total. The only spiritual aspect to American life, if you want to call it that, was among a fairly significant number of quasi-fundamentalist Christians in what was known as the religious right, but that wasn't really a religion, it was just a theological smokescreen for Zionism, which is a political and racial ideology. The ones like old Walter who were always jumping for *Jeeee-zus* on TV or running around in public handing out those silly little comic books or hollering through bullhorns about how Israel was the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy and God wanted us to slaughter every Muslim in the world who wouldn't bow down and convert.

When I was growing up, everything we used or bought or saw around us was shoddy and half-assed. The stuff we bought at Mighty Mart was all cheap plastic made in Taiwan or some South American shithole under NAFTA. Cars and computers and appliances were constantly breaking down because of substandard Third World workmanship and planned obsolescence. Nobody could spell correctly anymore; even computer spell check programs had errors in them. The roads and highways were full of potholes. There were constant power outages and brownouts because the electrical grid was so archaic and overloaded. There were constant cases of ptomaine poisoning and botulism arising out of the fact that America wasn't even producing much of our own food anymore; we were either importing bacterial mad-cow beef for our hamburgers or sending our own food overseas to be processed and canned up with whatever exotic Asian or African plague the workers in the latest capitalist paradise suffered from. The public schools were falling apart, and so were a lot of the private schools since no one had any money to support them anymore and they had all succumbed to forced diversity and political correctness. Our textbooks were twenty years old and nothing but politically correct, dumbed-down drivel anyway. Our teachers were pig-ignorant and sometimes just barely spoke English.

Health care, when you could get it, was substandard and mostly carried out by Third World immigrants whose medical degrees came from Roachistan U. There were regular scandals at the Veterans'

Administration hospitals involving death by neglect and murder of patients for sport by the staff, although once euthanasia for the elderly became law

that was only a misdemeanor.

Another thing was the constant daily reminders that white people were a minority in our own land, and a despised one at that. You turned on the TV and it was nothing but black and brown and yellow faces. You went to the post office and tried to buy stamps from some hadji who'd just walked off the jumbo jet and into a government job because back in Iraq or Saudi he'd been a traitor who collaborated with the invaders of his country and been rewarded with a green card, but who didn't even speak English. In some cases our glorious Crusaders bribed whole Muslim armies to surrender without a fight that might produce embarrassing casualties by offering them all green cards, a practice that began with the First Gulf War in 1991. All around us, we heard a dozen languages, but above all the eternal gabble of that half-assed Spanish Central American Latinos speak. Everywhere we went it seemed there were brown-skinned immigrants of some kind ahead of us in line, always holding us up with their inability to speak our language. Always you wanted to scream out "*What the hell are you doing in my country?*" But if you ever did, if you ever so much as whispered a word of complaint or criticism, you were finished. Hatecrime was a felony with a mandatory five year sentence.

Anything non-white was officially cool and admirable and anything white or European was lame and contemptible. For white people, especially white males, there was a constant atmosphere of *insult*. On TV

and everywhere else white men were portrayed as buffoons. We were all Homer Simpsons or Hank Hills.

Those are old cartoon characters. I don't know if they are teaching kids in our Republic's schools today about Homer Simpson. If not, they should be, because that's how white men were portrayed, as bumbling, drunken, stupid fools instead of the head of a family who deserved respect and trust. One of the ways I think ZOG might have avoided the revolution is if they'd just not *insulted* us all the time. If they'd let us retain some kind of sense of dignity, pride, and self-worth. But *noooooo*, they just *had* to rub our noses in it.

We all lived with a constant sense of *fear*, especially fear of the informer. For years it was never official, it was just understood that there were certain

things a white person, especially a white male, did not say and certain opinions one did not voice or else bad things would happen, anything from loss of employment to a malicious lawsuit to unpunished assault and murder by left-wing or non-white thugs. A couple of years before 10/22 ZOG got so nervous about the growing rumblings of discontent from the pale peasantry that they made it official. They passed the Dees Act, allegedly to “promote diversity and protect minority rights in the workplace, including transit to and from the workplace, and in public institutions of learning,” i.e.

all public schools, universities and colleges, and any private school getting so much as a dime of Federal money. The Dees Act slapped a mandatory five-year prison sentence on anything and everything politically incorrect, from “causing mental anguish on the basis of race, religion, ethnicity or sexual orientation” to “creating a hostile workplace environment,” “inappropriately directed laughter,” and

“deliberate exclusion from conversation and social interaction in the workplace.” In other words, white people gathering in corners and talking to one another was in itself an act of insurrection, and every lunch table and extracurricular activity had to have an affirmative action quota of blacks, browns, and bugger boys to monitor what the pale peasants were saying. We were constantly bombarded with all this blather about how great Amurrica was and how we supposedly had all this liberty and freedom and that was why we had to “fight for our country” by going to the Middle East and slaughtering the natives.

(Needless to say, any mention of Israel got airbrushed out of the picture real quick.) Liberty, my ass!

Ordinary white people were always afraid. Any time a white person was about to make any kind of racial or other remark that might have seemed even faintly politically incorrect, they *looked over their shoulder* first to see who was listening. That is the mark of a true police state. Any time you have to look over your shoulder for fear of who might be listening, you’re not free.

Then there was the almost obligatory race-mixing and perversion. In school and on the tube we were always having our noses rubbed in interracial couples, gay couples, man-sheep couples, you name it. We all somehow

understood that of all the taboos, speaking out against seeing some white girl with a nigger or a mud was the strongest and that it would bring the most severe retaliation. Yet to me, and I know to most of my contemporaries, it never *felt* right. In Dundee itself, I am sorry to say race-mixing was, if not common, at least there. We only had a couple of blacks in town, but there were always illegal Mexicans looking for their *La Gordas*, white women who were so hugely fat that having a spic marry her to get his green card was the only way she would ever get a man. The foulest thing of all was the sex education courses. Fortunately by the time it got really bad I was in high school and the system assumed I already knew the whole kama sutra, so all I had to do was collect my weekly condom ration in homeroom, which I then traded to convenience stores for a chili dog or a microwave burrito. But kids in elementary school were being given illustrated courses in various unnatural acts and told to pair off in class with someone of the same sex and kiss them. One outraged father in Dundee went to jail for hatecrime under the Dees Act when he pulled his son out of such a class and then lost it with the teacher and called him a faggot. Got the full nickel, too, but he was murdered by Mexicans in prison so he never completed his sentence.

* * *

But there was one problem, one issue that loomed over everything that America did in those days. The war. The Crusade, as it came to be called. If you want to get historically accurate about it, the Ninth Crusade. America's attempt to conquer the Middle East, steal all the oil in the world, civilize the native chappies at the point of a gun and make them love Israel or else. Some witty late-night talk show hosts even made cracks about taking up the white man's burden, until one of them was prosecuted under the Dees Act for inciting to hatred and the rest of them toed the line fast. That put a damper on humor as a weapon of criticism against the Oil Empire. I always noticed that about ZOG. They could never stand being mocked; ridicule was the one weapon they feared most.

The constant fighting on half a dozen fronts in the Islamic world drained America like some mammoth blood-sucking leech. One reason that Social Security and Medicare went bust during the early part of the century was the fact that more and more of America's gross national product was being

pooped down the rathole of our oil empire in the Middle East. Soldiers, equipment, money to hire and arm the local thugs as mercenaries like we did in Afghanistan and Lebanon, money for American mercenaries in the guise of

“private security contractors,” rations, cluster bombs for dropping on babies, medical care for wounded, body armor, prosthetic limbs by the freight car load, millions for media propaganda, bribes to puppet governments, it just sucked everything America had down into a big whirlpool in the sand. It was actually a series of little wars, so many that most of us lost count, but we just called it “the war.” Us against the entire Muslim world except the few we could buy, like Turkey, and those never stayed bought. It had been going on as long as I could remember. When I was growing up there was never a time when American soldiers weren’t coming back from some Middle East rat’s nest in body bags, at least a couple every week.

It just went on and on and on, as president after president who got elected out of the Jews’ pockets promised to bring the troops home and then reneged once they got into office, and we went on trying to make the world safe for Israel and grab all the oil while we were at it.

The war hung over everything, and when the United States brought back the draft then all of a sudden it wasn’t just blacks and Puerto Ricans and white trailer trash from Alabama who were coming back in those bags. It was real mass conscription and very hard to evade, because the empire was desperate for cannon fodder. I was ten years old when ZOG finally brought back the draft. I remember my Dad saying, “Well, Shane, at least you’ll have a job waiting when you get out of school.” Actually, though, I didn’t.

Getting a bit ahead of myself, by the time I would have graduated high school I was made 4-F because I had a record of “racism,” and a lot of white boys very quickly picked up on the fact that as rough as it made life, one way to get out of being drafted was to get tagged as politically incorrect. The Party got a *lot* of recruits that way, guys who came in for the draft deferment and stayed once they learned what it was all really about and grasped the significance of the forbidden J word. I was always kind of amused that I spent many years of my youth fighting and defeating an army that had rejected me for “lack of moral fiber.”

I had six or seven guys in my graduating class at Dundee High who were drafted and came back from some desert wearing toe tags. To be sure, the United States was never outright defeated—the Arabs never could stand up to the American military machine one on one in a set-piece battle and everybody knew it—

but the Muslims turned out to be natural-born guerrilla fighters. Plus it's kind of hard to defeat a man whose existence you have made so utterly miserable that he no longer minds strapping on an explosive belt and giving up his own life just to splatter your limbs all over the landscape as well. We learned a lot from the Arab guerrillas in the NVA, especially since we had a lot of veterans who had fought against them. If you know your history, you know the U. S. eventually had to throw in the towel over there, because even this huge continent's financial and natural resources were not inexhaustible. Not to mention the fact that us homegrown evildoers finally opened a "second front" for our Arab allies in the Northwest and distracted the U. S. long enough for them to finally take out Israel. I know that to this day there are still people in the Party and a lot of my old comrades who still aren't comfortable with the *de facto* alliance we worked out with the Arabs against our common enemy, but hey, Hitler found the Japanese to be suitable allies. In any case, as I'm sure you know, by a special act of Parliament, the diplomatic delegation at the Palestinian Embassy in Olympia are the only non-Whites allowed to reside in the Northwest Republic, even temporarily. Them and a specially imported harem of dusky houris so they stay away from white women. They earned that privilege with their blood, just like we earned our country with our blood, and I don't begrudge it to them.

What the neo-cons did in the Middle East was to wound the tiger, and then they didn't finish the job.

Israel simply had too many enemies. Even the mighty United States, the only remaining superpower, couldn't destroy them all. They invaded Afghanistan in '01 and Iraq in '03 and from there it just went on and on and on, Iran and Syria and Lebanon and Egypt and Saudi Arabia, and eventually Pakistan and Libya and Malaysia, and when the Turks finally had enough of shilling for ZOG the Americans invaded Turkey as well, but it was always very half-assed and confused. The United States simply didn't have the numerical

manpower to occupy and crush the population of every Muslim country on earth. The result was constant guerrilla warfare in a dozen hotspots.

Admitting American defeat at the hands of a people whom we officially held in contempt as “ragheads”

was a long, slow and sullen process and there was terrible and unnecessary death and pain involved.

That’s another way that the Jews could have stayed in power here in the Northwest, if they’d just had sense enough not to try to conquer the world.

The Greeks called it *hubris*. Overweening pride that insults the gods. Yep, that was Yehudi all right.

* * *

I was involved in my first racial incident in the third grade, and was thereby marked forever as a bad kid.

I was one of the budding young scholars at Martin Luther King Elementary School in Dundee. It’s still there as Fourth Street Elementary, although they rebuilt everything from the ground up after the revolution and I don’t recognize a damned thing when I go by there any more, except the playground where I jacked Bobby Fernandez is more or less in the same place. But jeez, my time in elementary school was just a little short of a hundred years ago, so why shouldn’t it have changed?

No, my racial incident was not with a nigger. We didn’t have any black kids, although the school board kept trying to beg, borrow or buy some whose parents would let them be bused down from Olympia. You have to bear in mind that outside the major cities, even up to 10/22, most of the Northwest was still almost all white, which was why this part of the world got chosen for our Homeland by the founding fathers back in the 1970s. But certain parts of the Northwest had labor intensive industries like forestry and logging and sawmilling and agriculture and fish processing, run by greedy capitalist bastards, and that drew Mexicans. A *lot* of Mexicans.

Dundee was such a place, with our small fishing fleet and the Deep Harvest cannery, plus the logging and the plexiglass plant and that place that assembled cheap plastic furniture for mobile homes out of parts they imported from Indonesia. So we heard a lot of Spanish, and we also heard a lot of English telling us white boys that nobody was hiring.

What happened at school was I clobbered that fat slob Bobby Fernandez with a chunk of concrete.

Fernandez was one of the few Mexicans in school at that time, since most of our *illegals* either sent their kids to Catholic schools, or these weird little Hispanic Pentecostal schools run in basement storefronts where they jumped for *Haaaay-seuss* in Spanish, or in most cases didn't bother to send them at all. There were still a few occasional, faint flutterings of enforcement of the American immigration laws back in them days, although not many. By the time I was ten or so ZOG gave up the pretense and more or less just opened up the borders and said to hell with it. Oddly enough, I later came to learn that one of the reasons the Mex didn't like sending their kids to public schools was that they didn't want their children corrupted by the filthy, greedy, no-values American consumer society. Strange to think of Mexican parents, who were in the process of destroying America and turning the United States into Brazil, being afraid their kids would be corrupted by *us*, eh? But considering the cesspool that mainstream Amurrican culture was, in a way it makes sense. Ironic. They claimed they wanted to be Americans so bad they were willing to come here illegally and take everything we had, but when it came to their own children all of a sudden they didn't want to be Americans *that* bad. I can't blame them. Mexicans *valued* their own children in a way that white people back then never did. Mexicans knew that their children were their future. To most white people, kids were just an annoyance. Something to be avoided and aborted if possible, and ignored while growing up, farmed out to day care centers and school and the television set, the great electronic babysitter. That was always one way the Mexicans were able to beat us out. They kept their traditional if somewhat primitive values, and they kept their nuclear family units intact. Their men worked like dray horses and their women had mucho *bambinos* and raised them. Simply through breeding like rabbits, those people damned near destroyed four centuries of civilization on an entire continent.

Anyway, this Bobby Fernandez was a chunky mestizo brat whose father was the town's first Hispanic city councilman, a labor contractor of course, the local *jéfe* who delivered the *madrugadores* to the construction sites and the warehouses every morning, and from there it was just a step to delivering the Latino bloc vote to whichever party paid most for it, usually the Democrats.

Illegals weren't supposed to vote, but hell, they weren't even supposed to be there at all, and every few years they'd get amnestied and one or the other of the two parties would try to buy their votes by giving them citizenship in mass swearing-in ceremonies. Plus there was always plenty of fake ID around. One Rodriguez pretty much looks like another, so effectively they all voted, early and often. That's how Clinton the First won the 1996 election, if you want to get into obscure historical trivia.

Bobby was an overgrown American junk food-chubby fifth grader who should have been in sixth, but he'd already been held back one grade because he was so dumb that even the public school system of the time couldn't pass him. He had a special class schedule with Spanish-speaking teachers and he *still* couldn't pass. It wasn't a language problem, it was the fact that he was just as bird-brained in Spanish as he was in English. Fernandez was eleven years old, and already that spic had a little moustache. Swear to God!

Bobby was your typical schoolyard bully, swaggering around with his little clique of hangers-on and butt buddies, some Hispanic and some white. That was a common enough phenomenon back then, weak-willed and deracinated white boys gravitating to blacks and Mex and other non-Whites, in whom they sensed strength and some kind of identity. The kind of spiritual things that white kids didn't have. A Mexican at least has a racial and national identity of sorts, just one that doesn't belong anywhere north of the Rio Grande. White kids didn't even have that when I was growing up. We were born and raised to buy things at the mall. Then there were the white girls, most of whom gravitated to niggers and Mexicans because they had all the good drugs, but we won't get into that particular sickening topic for the moment.

Back to Bobby and his little gang. Their specialty was picking on the smaller white children, robbing their milk money, eating their lunches, making them do bad and crazy stuff and getting them in trouble, so forth and so on.

Eventually my turn came, but in my case it was worse. I was somewhat small for my age, and I was also blond and blue-eyed and I had nice, clear skin. I won't get into all the details, but suffice it to say that Bobby was old enough to have discovered what his peter was for besides pissing, and having grown up in the migrant labor camps from Baja California on up, he knew all the variations. He called his dick his *chupacabra*, which means goat-killer, and I wouldn't be surprised if..oh, sorry, ma'am. I know, we don't talk about such things today. But unfortunately, when I was eight years old, that kind of filth was our daily fare. It was just something we lived with.

Kids on the playground knew all the secrets of life by that age, and Bobby didn't have to draw me a picture. He made it quite clear from the beginning what he wanted from me. About the third time he unzipped his pants and I was only just able to get away from him and his crew through a combination of fast talking, subterfuge, and just plain running, then even at eight years old I understood that something had to be done. I knew my parents were useless, but I tried reporting it to the teachers, which needless to say didn't do me a damned bit of good. They told Bobby to be nice and that just pissed him off because I'd informed on him. It made him more aggressive and increased the time and effort I had to spend avoiding him. For the first time, I ran into that massive disinterest always to be found in official places when it came to protecting smaller, weaker people with white skins from big bullies with dark skins. It wasn't as bad as it got later on, but even back then when I was eight, political correctness had gotten so bad that the school authorities were scared to discipline an eleven year-old thug and sodomite because his name ended in "ez," although a seven year-old white boy in Longview who brought a Swiss Army knife to school later that year was permanently expelled and denied admission to any public school in Washington state. That kid's family had to move away.

I understood that I was completely on my own, that there was no one on earth who was going to lift a finger to help me. Let me tell you something, that is a terrible, an unspeakable burden for a child of eight to carry. No child should ever be alone like white kids were when the political correctness of Zion ruled this land. I didn't have a father who was worth a bucket of warm spit, but we had a television, so I knew from watching pro wrestling what I had to do. One day I went out back to where the tarmac in the parking lot was

breaking up. That crumbling infrastructure I mentioned before, crumbling literally in this case. I selected a good heavy chunk of broken-off concrete that I could heft in both hands, I got up on an embankment behind the playground and crept up on Bobby while he leaned against a wall smoking a cigarette, and before he knew it I was on him. I gave him a couple of good whacks with the piece of concrete. He went down screaming in Spanish, and I went down on top of him and kept on smashing at him clumsily with the concrete, red splattering blood slapping all over me. I was prepared for that from watching the wrestlers when they whupped on one another with chairs and brass knuckles and fire extinguishers. Fernandez was pretty much of a mess when a couple of teachers finally screwed their courage to the sticking point and pulled me off him. One of them asked me why I had done it. It was then I committed an error that made my life what it was to be. I yelled out, *“That greaseball spic wanted me to suck his dick, so I smushed his fucking head!”*

Whooooa, baby! White trash city for life, here comes Shane Ryan!

From that point on, the bottom fell out. I had done the unforgivable. I had said spic. Well, it could have been worse. I might have said nigger. Mmm... maybe not. I mean, nigger was of course the ultimate forbidden word, a kind of living death if you uttered it, and if you were over thirteen years old and on the grounds of a public school and you said it or you were caught with a copy of *Huckleberry Finn* then it would be prison under the Dees Act, but nigger is only *one* forbidden word, whereas I had actually used two, albeit of somewhat lesser value. But the two of them combined? Did a spic and a greaseball put together actually outweigh one nigger in terms of politically incorrect horror? I learned later that whole school board meetings were held about my case, in attempt to resolve just that very knotty spiritual problemo of political incorrectness. Kind of the liberal equivalent of how many lesbians can dance on the head of a pin.

The hell of it was that I was *not* in fact what they called “prejudiced.” For God’s sake, I was a *child*! I knew that Mexicans were usually brown-colored, and they spoke a different language, but that was about it. All the Speedy Gonzalez cartoons had been pulled off TV by the time I was born, but we had the Bumblebee Man and the little talking chihuahua and I thought they were

funny. When Mom was too drunk to make dinner, as she often was, Taco Bell was one of my favorite meals. I liked the big plate of tostitos with guacamole. At that age it wasn't a race thing. It was a kid thing. I would have done the same to a white kid who waved his wang in my face and had his gang try to force me down on my knees in front of him. I've often wondered what would have happened if the teachers and school administrators had treated what happened as exactly what the hell it was, a schoolyard squabble between children, and made me and Bobby both write "I will play nice" two hundred times on the blackboard. But kids were very much a political commodity in those days. The grownups acted like I was engaging in some kind of violent insurrection against the established authorities. I wasn't. Not yet, anyway. All I wanted was for that big greaseball to *leave me alone* and being eight years old, I could not understand why that was too much to ask. But it was. I was too young to comprehend that in any human tyranny, the one wish that tyranny can never grant is simply to be left alone. No one can stop the merry-go-round and get off. No one must be left outside the circle of misery. All must participate. All must sing hosannahs and all must burn the pinch of incense before the altar of the false gods of Zion.

I was dragged into the principal's office, my parents were called, I made the front page of the *Dundee Advertiser* as indubitably the next Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan if we'd had one in Washington, my father lost his current job several months before he would have in the normal course of events through being drunk all the time, and we had several bricks thrown through the windows of our house by dumb-ass white teenagers who only knew that it was now okay to throw things at us. (Later on when I was with the NVA, we were the ones who told punk kids like that who it was okay to throw stuff at.) I normally would have been expelled like the kid with the Swiss Army knife, but at that time there was a new solution being tried out in the Washington public schools to deal with hideous racists like me. It was called SOBOR, Social Behavioral and Outlook Reconditioning, and the state of Washington paid millions to a whole set of psychobabble wonks to come up with it. I ended up being "de-Nazified". Swear to God! An eight year-old!

For the next three days I didn't go to class. I was escorted everywhere by an adult faculty member like I had some kind of disease, forbidden to speak to any of the other children and they were forbidden to speak to me. I was an

official pariah and made to feel it. I was taken off into an isolated room, surrounded by imposing psycho-babbling adults, and made to watch a lot of videos about Hitler and the Ku Klux Klan, including all kinds of nasty photos of lynched niggers dangling on trees and skeletal inmates with numbers tattooed on their arms and burned skeletons and big pits full of bodies from alleged Nazi concentration camps. But the child psychologists the state sent down stopped that after they got what they referred to as “contra-indications.” Fact was that I was enjoying it. I thought all the skeletons and dead bodies and such were neat, a lot more wonderfully gross and horrible than those stupid monsters Scooby-Doo and the gang chased and who always turned out to be villainous white guys wearing costumes.

Well, what the hell did those educated idiots expect from a kid raised on American television who by age eight would have already seen fourteen thousand two hundred murders and acts of dismemberment on the boob tube, or whatever the statistic was? Plus that was my first sight and sound of the Führer Adolf Hitler, and I was completely fascinated. Scattered in with all the rest were a few clips from the Nuremberg rallies. I didn’t speak word one of German, but even in those grainy old films from the 1930s there was something.. I knew the Führer was speaking to me, and that he was saying something vitally important, but I had no idea what it was. Leni Riefenstahl, thank you. From the bottom of my heart, *kameradin*.

Anyway, the psych mooks from Olympia picked up that I wasn’t getting with the program and so they switched to something called “Learning Tolerance,” with videos of all kinds of little children of all races dancing around and throwing plant life at each other and grinning little niglet boys putting flowers in little blonde white girls’ hair and stroking them, and the little white girls going tee hee hee, you get the idea. For some reason I did not understand, I wanted to punch the niglets in the face. They just seemed dirty and horrible, ugly stupid monkeys, and I did not want them to be touching the little white girls. I did not want them to be, period. From somewhere, God knows where, I had inherited healthy racial instincts.

The psychologists were always asking me stupid questions and trying to make me sing songs about red and yellow, black and white, we are precious in His sight. I told them I couldn’t sing. Well, I couldn’t. They kept on and I

just got really mulish about the whole thing and said I didn't want to sing, and then they asked me why I didn't want to sing and did daddy ever touch my peepee in a bad kind of way and that kind of crap. (The fact that a few years later they were teaching children that very behavior in class is a contradiction I'm sure always escaped them.) Somehow I was able to convince them that my parents weren't perverts, just drunks. I made things worse by refusing to get up at an assembly in front of the entire school and apologize to that greasy little blot Fernandez. That really drove them nuts. I didn't understand it then, but this was in fact the most important part of the "de-Nazification" process—the deliberate, public humiliation of the white male who has dared to question, who has dared to resist. I wouldn't play the game. I refused to debase myself. I refused to be humiliated, and that scared them pea-green. I think in their own way they had some vague idea of the sleeping giant that was about to awake in the land, and I could sense that they were afraid. I was well on the way towards becoming an irredeemable case. I had them tearing their hair. Eight year-olds were supposed to be pushovers.

Finally they brought a Burger King down from Seattle, although of course I didn't call him that in my mind at the time. I didn't even know what a Jew was. On the third day I was taken in to the principal's office. Mr. Jenkins left, and I found myself facing a plump little man with thick glasses and a big nose and a frizzy reddish beard that looked like pubic hair, and a little blue and white knitted beanie on his head.

"Hello, Shane," he said in a friendly voice. His glasses reflected the fluorescent lights on the ceiling in an odd way and kind of blanked out his eyes with white light, so it was like I was talking to some kind of funky robot, which I actually thought was pretty funny. I smiled at him because he looked really dumb with no eyes and the beanie, and he no doubt took that as me being overawed by his magisterial presence.

God, kikes are such arrogant bastards! "My name is Jacob Mandelbaum," he tells me. "You can call me Doctor Jake. Or Rabbi Jake, because I'm also a rabbi. Do you know what a rabbi is, Shane?"

"No, sir," I said. By this time I had figured out that it was best if I said as little as possible, even though that as well had its perils, because they claimed I was being "unresponsive" and I couldn't stay in school and Dad wouldn't

get his job back and we would have to go live in a Motel 6 unless I was responsive to the social reconditioning therapy, at which point they totally lost me. It was winter and what did air conditioning have to do with anything? But I'd tried simply explaining what happened with Bobby Fernandez and that just made them mad, and I'd made a couple of attempts to figure out what they wanted to hear and say that so they would let me go and leave me alone, but it just led to them trying to trip me up with more questions like the stupid ones about Dad allegedly touching my peepee and others even more deranged. I had no idea what was happening to me or why, and so I'd decided I'd best clam up as much as they'd let me and see if I could get away with giving them some kind of bare minimum to make it all go away. At eight years of age I didn't think all this out quite in those terms, but close enough.

Doctor-Rabbi Jake told me, "Well, Shane, I am of the Jewish faith, and in my religion a rabbi is kind of like a minister or a priest in a Christian church, but also much more. Among Jewish people a rabbi is a teacher, and he spends most of his life accumulating wisdom. You see, long ago in Bible times, God Himself chose the Jewish people as his very best and favorite people on earth, and gave us the task of guiding and inspiring all the rest of the peoples of the earth so that they will be good and do His will. In order for us to accomplish this divine mission, He gave us His word as set down in the holy books, the Torah and the Talmud, and in every generation He gives the Jewish people and all of mankind certain holy men, great rabbis called *tzaddiks*, which means saints. These men spend their lives studying those holy books so they have answers for all questions and so they have all the knowledge on earth that mankind ever really needs to know. The Jewish people are the custodians of that divine knowledge, Shane, and I am proud and happy to say that finally, after many thousands of years, the nations of the earth are beginning to acknowledge that fact. Our great American President and our wonderful American soldiers who are fighting for democracy and freedom in the Middle East are striking down the enemies of God and bringing more and more of earth's peoples into the Brotherhood of Man, which is the ultimate goal of Judaism. And of course they are also reaping the bounty that God gives to those who do his will, in the form of the petroleum reserves which have been so long abused by the wicked sons of Ishmael, who are only now being taught the wrongness of their false faith and

their hateful ways.”

“Ishmael?” I asked. I had a vague impression in my mind of Moby Dick.

“Yes, Shane, Muslims are the sons of Ishmael by our father Abraham, but not righteous children. The Jewish people are the sons of Abraham by his true wife Sarah who bore Isaac, but Muslims were born of Sarah’s handmaiden, a shiksa slave named Hagar, and so all Muslims are the sons of a whore and thereby bound to serve the true children of Abraham, the Jews . Never mind, that’s theology and it’s a bit beyond you now. If you go to a true Christian church your preacher can explain this to you later. But I have more than the knowledge of the word of God, Shane. I’m also very learned in the science of the human mind.”

“You’re a shrink?” I asked. I had heard about shrinks.

“Yes, Shane, I’m a shrink,” said Mandelbaum with a delighted chuckle.

“Are you going to put me in the cackle box?” I demanded. I knew about the cackle box from TV. It had rubber rooms and people wore white jackets with arms all tied up and everybody yelled and laughed and cried and screamed until the nurses came and gave you shots that turned you into a zombie and then you ate bugs like Renfield and sat around all day weaving baskets.

“Oh, I don’t *think* your case is quite so bad as to require institutional treatment, Shane,” replied Doctor-Rabbi Jake with a smile, but I could tell he wasn’t quite sure and I was definitely on my guard. “But you see, I am a doctor of the mind. You did something very bad, something which tells me that everything isn’t right in your mind, Shane, that indeed something is very sick in your mind. I want to make you well. I believe Doctor Anderson and Ms. Winslow-Panetta have explained to you what racism is?”

That one I had down pat from watching the videos. “It’s when you don’t like people who are different than you,” I recited by rote.

“Mmmm, not exactly, Shane,” said Doctor-Rabbi Jake. “It’s when you *hate* people who are different from you. Do you know what hate is, Shane?”

“Hate is when you really, really, *really* don’t like somebody real bad.”

“Mmm, again, close but no cigar. Hate is when you don’t like someone because of what they *are*. What they may do is irrelevant. Hate is not an emotion, it is a political position, one that can no longer be tolerated in civilized society. It’s not just a psychiatric issue, it’s a criminal issue, and as such it is treatable by legal means. Hate is a social disease of the mind, Shane, and it is the duty of my profession to make sure that no one in America suffers from this disease and that everyone in America is all right in their minds, and not thinking bad thoughts. Humanity has just come through a very bad century, Shane, but we learned a lot from it. We learned that all of the world’s problems are caused by hate, specifically hatred by people of your race and gender. White males like you who hate people who are of different colors and religions and sexual orientations are a cancer on the body of society and you have to be excised, even if as in your case you are too young to understand all the reasons for it. I know this is a bit much for someone your age to understand, but for many past centuries of history white males like yourself rampaged through the world like marauding ghouls. You did very bad and cruel things to people of color, to indigenous peoples like the Native Americans and the peoples of sub-Saharan Africa, to women of all colors, to gay people, and last but not least, you did terrible and evil things to my own Jewish people.

Nowadays we’re much wiser. We understand the evil that hatred has done in the past and the pain and the suffering that it still does, like what happened the other day on your playground between you and Roberto Fernandez. We understand that we have to stop the hate, Shane, stop it by whatever means necessary, and the best way to stop it is to nip it in the bud.

“Now, Shane, your mind is full of hate. You might say that your mind is broken, and I have come all the way down here from Seattle to fix it. I don’t know exactly where you got this horrible sickness of racism from. It could be almost anywhere. Despite all the gains we have made in the past fifty years, American society is still deeply and pervasively racist, and anything and anyone can turn out to be an agent of the infection, sometimes even without knowing it. Somehow or another we have to get inside your mind and we have to get rid of all that horrible hate. We have to cleanse your mind, Shane,

and your soul as well. We have to scrub away all that dirty and horrible old hate, and make your mind and your heart and your soul new and shiny and squeaky clean. Now Shane, I want you to tell me why you so atrociously attacked and injured little Roberto on Monday?”

“Because he kept trying to make me suck his dick and I didn’t wanna!” I said for what must have been the two hundredth time.

Mandelbaum scowled. “Shane, do you know what homophobia is? No, of course not. You should know by your age, but you don’t, because you’ve never been taught. Those proto-fascist bigots in the state legislature are still dragging their feet on bringing sexual diversity education, although I’m pretty sure we’re going to get the votes next session. But what I want to know, Shane, is who exactly told you that an approach for sexual contact from someone of the same gender requires a violent response? In other words, who told you it was all right to hurt another boy who wants to play with you in that way? Was it your father?” *Jeez, I thought, there they go on Dad and peepees again. Whuzzup wid dat?* (I told you, we all talked and thought like whiggers back then. We got it off rap videos on TV.)

“I just don’t wanna do that,” I said sulkily. “It’s dirty.”

“But why not, Shane?” Mandelbaum pressed me. “What makes you think that? Who told you it was dirty?”

Was it your parents?”

I was desperately groping around in my mind for something to say that would get off this topic. I didn’t understand why, but somehow I understood within me that it was just *wrong* to be talking about little boys sucking on one another’s peepees. “The Bible says it’s dirty!” I told him. I had no idea whether or not the Bible actually said that, but I had some vague feeling that this was the case. I knew the Bible didn’t like anything to do with peepees. Don’t ask me where I got that. Not off TV, that’s for sure.

“Ahhhh....” exhaled Doctor-Rabbi Jake with satisfaction. “Now we’re getting somewhere! Do your parents read the Bible to you, Shane?”

“No,” I said. Of course my parents didn’t read the Bible to me. They didn’t read anything to me or to themselves. They didn’t do anything except drink and fight and pass out on the floor. It was an incredibly stupid question.

“Shane, you can tell me,” said Doctor-Rabbi Jake soothingly. “I’m your rabbi, remember?”

“Well, my Mom has a Bible,” I said, floundering around trying to figure out what he wanted to hear, and it was true. My mother did have one. It was a Gideon Bible that for some reason she had stolen from a hotel room some years before. She used it to prop open the kitchen door for a while, and later on as a coaster for her highball glass.

“Aha!” exclaimed Mandelbaum. “Now, Shane, I want you to think carefully. This Bible that your mother reads to you from, do you know if it’s something called a King James Bible?”

“Uh, yeah,” I said. That much I did know. I’d been alone in the house one rainy day and I’d picked it up off the coffee table, opened the whiskey-stained covers and looked it over. I got bored with it after a while and never tried to read it again, but I did remember the words “King James Translation” in faded gold letters on the black pseudo-leather spine.

“That, to my mind, is conclusive,” said Doctor-Rabbi Jake, sitting back in the principal’s chair in satisfaction. “You see, Shane, the King James Bible is a very old version, and it has some beautiful language in it, coming as it does from the time of Shakespeare.”

“Who?” I asked. It was a funny name. In my mind I saw some guy shaking a spear around in the air.

“Ah, never mind, Shane, he is a dead white European male from very long ago and he is no one you’ll ever need to know about.” (*Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?*) “But because the King James version is so very old, written in the time when only white males were allowed to have any power or influence in the world, it contains a lot of hate, such as the command in Genesis about each species seeking after its own kind. One of the many divine injunctions which was intended only for the

Jewish people, which shows the danger of allowing *goyim*, er, I mean non-Jews to have anything to do with the Bible at all. It's like giving a child a loaded gun. The King James is especially hateful against gay people because of the gross mistranslations of Leviticus and people in racially mixed relationships, as witness that horrible story in Numbers about Phineas. Fortunately we now live in a much more enlightened age when Christian theologians with the input and assistance of Jewish scholars have produced several far more inclusive versions. I think the first step is definitely to have a word with your mother, and persuade her to hand over that King James she is clearly unfitted to possess or use and accept instead a copy of one of the inclusive versions..."

To this day I don't know what would have happened if Doc-Rabbi Jake had gone to our house and demanded that whiskey-sodden, stained, tattered old Gideon Bible from my Mom. She probably would have sold it to him for the price of a bottle of Jim Beam. But then I did it again, and this time I *really* screwed myself for life. A sudden thought struck me. "Doctor Rabbi Jake, white people aren't supposed to hate people with dark skins, right?" I asked.

"That's right, Shane. It is very wrong," said Mandelbaum primly.

"Then what about Muslims?" I demanded. "Mohammed who used to work down at the Speedy Mart on Harrison Avenue was a Muslim, and when some big kids from Centralia beat on him with tire irons everybody in town chipped in to hire Mr. Stevens as their lawyer and the judge let them off with a fine because they were drunk and they were just defending their country and standing up for Amurrica, and there was this colored girl in sixth grade, her name was Amina, and she had long black hair but she wore this long scarf over it, and somebody said she was a Muslim and a terrorist, and Mrs. Sackett made her stand up in front of the class and she ripped off the scarf and showed her hair to all the boys and they laughed at her, and Mrs. Sackett made Amina stand up and pledge allegiance to the flag and kneel down before a picture of Jesus or she couldn't come to school anymore and the school board said she was just standing up for Amurrica and supporting our troops, and then Amina's house got set on fire by the Baptists and they moved away. Muslims have colored skins but Mrs. Sackett and Mr. Hansen and Ms.

Rawlins and Ms. Gelinsky say they're bad and Amurrica has to go into their countries and kill them unless they get civilized and make peace with Izrul and give us all their oil to prove they're civilized now."

My defending Muslims? No, it wasn't that. That was something the Burger King could have handled from a child, and I am sure he had a stock set of facile answers on hand for such a sitch. But completely unwittingly, I had freaked him out. I used a dirty word. A Party word. First time in my life I ever said it, years before I even knew the Party existed, and I had no idea on earth what I was saying. My destiny called, and I didn't even hear or understand it. Mandelbaum froze. "*Who told you to say America like that?*" he hissed. All of a sudden he was no longer friendly robot Doctor-Rabbi Jake.

"Huh?" I asked, not having the slightest idea what the Jew was talking about.

"You said 'Amurrica'!" said Mandelbaum, his voice trembling and ponderous, accusing, heavy with menace.

"Yeah," I responded. "Amurrica. That's our country isn't it? Why shouldn't I say Amurrica?"

"There are some very, very bad people who say Amurrica, Shane," said Mandelbaum, rising from his seat behind the principal's desk like some towering, threatening mountain of Philadelphia cream cheese. He had completely and totally lost me. We lived in Amurrica, right? At least, that's what I had always believed. Was everyone around me insane or lying? What the hell was this crazy man mad at me about?

"Who told you to say Amurrica?" he almost shouted.

"Everybody," I said, completely mystified. "Everybody says Amurrica!" And it was true. Everybody who was eight years old did say *Amurrica* instead of *A-MAY-rica* or *A-MER-ica*. Jesus Christ on a raft, you stupid—we were *children, you stupid motherfuckers...!* Ma'am, I'm sorry, I did it again, I understand that word is a revolting niggerism which is no longer in any way acceptable in polite society, and yet again I must ask your understanding and that you to remember my age and where I came from. Isn't it strange, though? After all these years, I still hate them, and it's not because of the

many much more horrible things they did. Not for their murder and their tyranny, not because of the poverty and misery and denial of our very humanity, but it's the little, stupid wicked things that ZOG did that still enrage someone like me, after all these years. Browbeating and bullyragging on a child. The banality of evil, I have heard it called.

They were real, real good at hurting children, those pieces of human garbage who ruled when we were the United States. It was their speciality.

Mandelbaum came around the desk and leaned over. His proboscidian visage was right in my face.

“Shane, I am going to give you one last chance to tell me the truth. Otherwise I will be forced by my duty to humanity to invoke a new law that our country has been forced to impose in order to deal with this kind of situation. The law of It Takes A Village. You cannot be allowed to remain in this shocking, vicious, racist environment.” Well, he got two out of three right. My home environment was shocking and vicious, but not racist. Just drunk. “Now you *will* tell me the truth, Shane! Have you ever seen a flag, a wicked and evil flag with three sections, one blue, one white, one green? Have your parents ever shown you such a flag or anything, a picture, a coffee mug, anything with such a flag on it?”

A sudden inspiration hit me. All of a sudden I thought I understood. “You’re from there, aren’t you!” I said, suddenly impressed.

“From where?” asked Mandelbaum, caught off balance.

“The cackle box!” I replied enthusiastically. “I saw this video once where one of the guys in the cackle box was trying to eggscape, and he took off his clothes and got into this place where he was nekkid and a doctor came in a white coat and the guy knocked him out on the head and took his white coat and his stessascope and his car keys and the guy stole the doctor’s car and went to this town and got this girl and told her he was a doctor and then he went to her house and they got nekkid and did stuff and then some other guy came and he knew the first one wasn’t really a doctor and they had a big fight and the one who was pretending to be the doctor stabbed the other guy and the girl ran outside all nekkid with her boobs bouncing and she was yelling

help help and the cops came but the guy who was pretending to be the doctor ran off and hid in the woods and then he went to this old house and he found this mast and a ole chain saw and he put the mast on his face and he got some gas from a can and he started up the chain saw and then he goes looking for the girl again to chop her up with the chain saw.”

Doctor Mandelbaum stood up and slapped my face. He looked at me with freezing contempt and anger.

“Freud was right. You people are beyond all help. No matter how sincerely one tries, it is impossible to treat a sociopath.” He wheeled and threw open the office door. “Jefferson!” he shouted out, like our principal was his errand boy. “Get this little fascist son of a bitch out of here! Make sure he has no contact with any other students!” The janitor, Mr. Gray, came and took me down to his little office and let me watch an old Judge Judy re-run on his little TV, and he also gave me a bag of Doritos.

They called my parents. I think Mandelbaum was serious. He was about to invoke It Takes A Village. The law that allowed the state to take healthy white children away from “racist” homes and place them for adoption with politically correct people who could afford to pay the six and sometimes seven-figure adoption bonds. For some reason It Takes A Village never seemed to take an interest in “unsuitable home environments” where the kids concerned were black or brown. There were, after all, plenty of those available for normal adoption. Only white children were sufficiently rare to merit being kidnapped at gunpoint by the United States. My Mom was either out physically at work (she always made it to work, I’ll give her that) or else she was out on the floor, and since Dad was now out of work again he was home and reasonably sober when they called, so it was my Dad who came down to deal with the latest crisis of the problem child who had just accused his Jewish shrink of being an escaped mental patient.

Now comes a mystery.

My Dad went into that office with Mr. Jefferson and Mandelbaum at about three in the afternoon and he came out at about four. He came down to Mr. Gray’s little room and without a word the janitor opened his drawer and handed my father a bottle in a brown paper bag, from which he took a long

pull. They stepped outside into the corridor and talked for a couple of minutes in low tones, and then Dad came over and said to me “Come on, sport. Let’s go home.”

Mr. Gray looked at him. “I’ll try to warn you if I hear anything, Bill,” he told my father. “And Bill, if things go bad, I’ll take care of it.”

“Don’t, Jeff,” my father said to him. “Don’t jam yourself up for me. We were never all *that* buddy-buddy back in the old days, you know.”

“It won’t be for you,” said Mr. Gray. “It’ll be for me, and for Shane, and for this great little town of Dundee, Washington. There are still a few of us who remember the old way, Bill, and there are still a few red lines. If they cross this one, then I’m taking care of it.”

“I’d appreciate that,” said my father.

“When you’re a Jet, you’re a Jet all the way,” said the janitor.

“From your first cigarette, to your dying day,” responded my father. By then I had my jacket on and we left. In the car I asked him, “When were you in a jet?”

“When I was a very young man, Shane, before the Mexicans came and when our whole town was white people, our high school football team was called the Dundee Jets,” said Dad. “We were one tight and righteous crew. Oh, yeah.”

“I guess they’re going to kick me out of school because of what I did to Bobby, huh?” I asked.

“Son, I don’t know for sure, but somehow I don’t think so.”

“Why not?” I asked.

“Doctor Mandelbaum is a psychiatrist. He makes his living by evaluating the state of mind of other people,” said Dad in a neutral voice. “Whether or not you can go to school again depends on whether or not Doctor Mandelbaum is a good psychiatrist. On whether or not he can tell when a man means what he

says, even a man whom he personally holds in pure contempt. It depends on whether Doctor Mandelbaum is capable of understanding that even for someone like himself, decisions can still on occasion have consequences.” Then my father and I went home and he made me spaghetti-o’s before he got drunk.

My Mom came to my bedside that night I met Doctor Mandelbaum in the principal’s office. She must have knocked back at least a whole half-gallon plastic jug of Jim Beam, because she was really sappy drunk, and that was rare for her. She was all over me, stroking my hair and crying, reeking of the booze. “My poor little boy! What kind of world have we brought you into? My poor little brave boy!” I didn’t understand it at the time, but even in her maudlin drunkenness Mom could not bring herself to call me her poor brave little *white* boy. Even when she was three sheets to the wind, the taboo against any mention of race, at least our own race, was overriding. “Oh Shanie, Shanie, you mustn’t ever be so brave again!” she moaned.

“Because they look for brave little boys and they mark them forever, and one day they will destroy you.

Please, Shanie, you must promise me, you won’t ever try to be brave again. You mustn’t try and fight, Shanie, because they will destroy you in a thousand ways you can’t understand. You must learn to just be quiet and think your own thoughts, in silence, and in your silence be proud that you are among the last.. .Shanie, you mustn’t ever be brave again. Promise Mommy you won’t ever try to be brave again!” I didn’t say anything and after a while she passed out and fell onto the floor.

But Dad was right. I stayed out of school the next day, a Friday, and the next Monday I took the bus to school and went to class like nothing had happened. From then on, Bobby Fernandez and the other bullies stayed the hell away from me. I never saw Rabbi Jacob Mandelbaum again or heard anything at all of him, until one morning during the war when he left his Tudor mansion on Bainbridge Island, got into his car, turned the ignition and got raptured. I recognized his name from the newspaper report. This was a dozen years after I broke bad at MLK Elementary; his rapture had nothing whatsoever to do with me and much to do with the fact that he was an arrogant Jewish asshole who had not only pissed off many, many people in the Northwest Homeland

but who, for all his rabbinical training, did not recall enough Hebrew to read *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* when it was written on the wall in front of him. So how did my father save me from *It Takes A Village*? To this very day, I have no idea. I didn't understand what happened at the time and Dad and I never discussed it again. Mr. Gray, who knew, was long gone by the time I was ever in a position to come and ask him.

Well, there went my only chance to get out of Lewis County, Washington and grow up in some rich liberal family of yuppies. Instead, I stayed in the land of my birth. The cold land, the hard land, the land where the winter was chill and wet and the jobs were scarce, where the woodchucks ate from tin cans in trailers and drank from rotgut forties of Rainier Ale and cursed the Mexicans who swarmed over us like fire ants and stripped us bare. The Northwest Homeland. My wallet was always light, but when I came to manhood the gun in my hand was heavy and real and strong, and even with my pockets empty, I always stood tall and no enemy ever saw my back. Whatever you did for me on that afternoon so long ago, thanks, Dad. You left me nothing but a man's burden to carry, but there are a hell of a lot worse legacies to leave a son.

* * *

Not that I escaped unscathed. By no means. At age eight, that whole episode went into my lifelong permanent record and never left me until we finally won the revolution. At my last job interview under the old ZOG system, when I was working temp in a warehouse but was looking for something that had at least some kind of rudimentary medical insurance, I was denied employment as a janitor in an office building, because in third grade I had displayed "racist and anti-social tendencies" and the poor middle-aged white woman who interviewed me was scared to hire me because she "might get in trouble with the government."

At least the Northwest Republic found me worthy to guard their cranberries.

After the Bobby Fernandez contretemps in the third grade there isn't much to tell for a while, except our family kept on going downhill economically and socially and everything around us kept getting worse and worse. But there was one development I suppose I should mention, about me. Maybe it was

that arrogant old fart Mandelbaum telling me I didn't need to know who Shakespeare was, maybe I was just so desperate to escape the crappy world and home life I was growing up in that I grabbed onto any straw, maybe because we couldn't afford a computer and the stuff on TV was such stupid banal crap that even as a child it bored me and repulsed me, but about that time of my life I really turned inward, so to speak. I discovered books.

I discovered that it was possible to find things in books, to get things out of books, knowledge and images and thoughts that you never saw on TV. What happened was that I was in the library one day soon after the Fernandez thing, and for some reason I pulled out an ancient, crumbling copy of Booth Tarkington's *Penrod, His Complete Story* from the shelves and I started reading about a boy who grew up in Indiana before World War One. I saw a childhood that I understood might have been mine, and that later on I understood *should* have been mine. I took the form home that night and got Mom to sign it before she got too drunk, I got a library card, and the first book I checked out was *Penrod* so I could finish it. I pretty much stopped talking to people and I started reading. Most kids my age who wanted to escape fled into the cyber-world where they could play games and blow up virtual monsters and lose themselves in unreality, but not me. I don't know why—who knows how these things work?—but television and computer games simply lost their appeal for me. All of a sudden I discovered my own unreality of escape in the world of books. The Rochambeau Memorial Library in Dundee had been founded in 1899 by a woman named Margarita Rochambeau who was the first editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, evidently a very cultured lady who had made sure it was stocked with all the classics of the time, and thanks to a long succession of very dedicated librarians who took pride in their work and kept their stock in repair, so that many of those books were still around and still readable over a century later. There were several more Booth Tarkingtons in first editions, like *Seventeen* and *Gentle Julia* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*.

From there it was straight to *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, (this was before it was proscribed.) Then I got into Jules Verne and went around the moon, and then I read H. G. Wells' *First Men In The Moon* and went all the way, and fought Martians in *The War of the Worlds*. I noticed that it was always the older fiction I liked, Wells and Tarkington, Verne and Arthur

Conan Doyle, the mysteries by John Dickson Carr and Agatha Christie, the science fiction from the 1940s and 1950s. There is a now forgotten writer named Edison Marshall who made me a Viking, a Southern planter dancing cotillions in Charleston, a sailor on a Yankee clipper ship, and an English peasant lad who fought his way up to become lord of the manor and marry milady as well. Thanks to George Shipway I sailed with Agamemnon against Troy, swung a sword in King Stephen's wars in medieval England and fought for the Raj on the searing plains of Punjab. There were some childrens' books by a woman named Eleanor Cameron about kids making a space ship and flying off to the Mushroom Planet that I used to dream about, getting in a space ship and flying away from Dundee. These books took me back to a time when white men ruled the world and there was no political correctness, no Bobby Fernandezes wanting me to suck dick, and when people had jobs and homes and families where nobody got drunk all the time.

I discovered that I liked non-fiction even more, and I was drawn irresistably to history. Not the fake history we were taught in school that was always about how great and wonderful women and Indians and Africans and Polynesians were, and how superior any non-white civilization was, and where white men never figured except as villains who always came along and killed off and exploited all the noble savages. I read all the older books I could find in the library, about ancient Rome, Charlemagne, the Middle Ages when knighthood was in flower, everything from the story of Gothic architecture to Zeppelins of World War One. By a process I still don't understand I became a history junkie, desperately thirsty for any knowledge of times past. Better times and places when everyone who mattered had my color skin.

Anything about the Civil War thrilled me, on the Confederate side of course. I went through a brief and very silly period in fifth grade where I spoke with what I thought was a Southern accent and I told people I was really born in Tennessee and adopted. But above all there were the books about the Führer Adolf Hitler, National Socialism, and the Third Reich. I would have pretended to be a German if it hadn't been completely beyond me. I didn't dare draw a swastika anywhere it might be seen or traced back to me. I had that much sense anyway. But I used to find places to hide in the woods or sometimes in school, with a pencil and pieces of paper, and I'd practice

drawing swastika after swastika, and I'd also draw SS runes and Confederate flags, and German soldiers and Klansmen in robes, and sometimes knights in armor, and of course the obligatory Vikings. I always made sure I tore all the drawings up and flushed them down the toilet or burned them after I had to go back out into the real world.

I guess some people are simply born out of step with their time, and I was one of those. I was coming to understand that things around me weren't *right* somehow, that this was not the way life is supposed to be.

The books showed me what my life should have been like, in infinite variations. I became haunted, obsessed by a vision of a world very different than the one which I grew up in, an all-white world with very different standards and priorities. A world of strength and valor and glory, full of all the qualities and virtues and experiences which seemed to have vanished completely from the earth. I had an idealized view of the past, all white faces, of course, and all the more thrilling because I understood that this vision was forbidden and that if I were noticed reading too many books about European and Confederate and especially Third Reich topics, I would get into trouble again. I became a master hand at sneaking my library books to school and reading them when I should have been watching videos or working on the computer in class. I wanted to somehow bring the vision to life again, make the world as it once was, but I had no idea of what such a brave new world should be like in the future. But there was something out there. Something different. Something better. There had to be. I had to find it, or I knew at some point I would go mad and die. I *had* to find it!

From third grade on, I started spending as much time as I could in the library, alongside all the winos and homeless that used to crowd in on winter days to keep warm, pretending to read the magazines. I found a study carrel hidden away at the back of one of the stacks, and I used to stay hunched over it reading until I had to go home. I learned to tune out the ravings of the homeless lunatics in the library and my drunken parents at home, and in the pages of books I would immerse myself in whole different worlds I never knew existed.

What were homeless, ma'am? You're supposed to be a historian and you don't know? Just what the name says. People with no homes. Why did they

have no homes? Because they didn't have any money. I told you, everything was about money in them days. No money, you lived on the street or in the woods. No, I'm not kidding. Swear to God, ma'am, it really happened. Whole families in those days sometimes lived in state parks in caves like Neanderthals. Yes, even children, although to be sure whenever the law found white children homeless they were usually kidnapped by It Takes A Village, unless the kid had some kind of serious medical problem and none of the rich yuppies wanted them. A lot of times It Takes A Village would do sweeps through the parks and the homeless jungles and grab up all the kids.

Why did America let children live in caves and the woods and below underpasses? I told you, they had no money. Ah, yes ma'am, it was terrible and evil. Why else do you think we revolted? What did you think it was all about? That we fought and killed The Beast for something to do? I'm sorry, that sounds mean and crotchety and I shouldn't talk to you like that. I know you don't understand, and that's how it should be.

You shouldn't have to understand such things. You all right, ma'am? We can start again tomorrow if you want. You sure?

The library was one of the few public places where there was heat that the homeless couldn't be run off from. They stank up the place and muttered to themselves and were sometimes drunk or doped, but they always shut up when the librarian Miss Haines shushed them, because they knew it was one of the few places in Dundee where they were safe from Leon Sorels and some of the other cops who beat them and set them on fire in order to encourage them to move on. There were thousands of homeless in those days, alcoholics and junkies a lot of them, true, but also a lot of middle-aged white men who just couldn't get jobs. Once you got past forty-five or so in them days, you'd better not lose your job, because most likely you'd never work again. My Dad was a case in point. The only reason we never ended up homeless was that my Mom was a woman and she was always straight enough to hold down a job of some kind and one way or another we at least made the rent even if we had nothing but a can or two of beans in the cupboard. The local Chamber of Commerce types in the silk suits and Gucci shoes and hundred dollar haircuts who ran our town, like ten thousand others across the United States, didn't like having homeless everywhere. They were

bad for business, one of ZOG's many dirty little secrets that had to be hidden away so as not to upset the beautiful people at play.

That's how Dummy-Dummy Sorels got his first leg up as the establishment's chief head-knocker in our part of Lewis County. Sorels was a young Dundee cop at the time, a big muscleman with mighty bulging biceps and pecs and a tiny waist so he looked top-heavy and overbalanced. When the steroids he took made his hair thin our Sorels shaved his head, and I swear to God there was a kind of point on it. His skull looked almost pear-shaped and it was so noticeable he wore his hat all the time. We used to see Sorels beating on the homeless people on the street and making their faces bleed. But because the library was technically county and not city property, Miss Haines banned Sorels and told him if he came in and beat any of them she would call her friends in the ACLU and sue the department, and even Sorels had sense enough to be afraid of lawyers. Miss Haines didn't want the homeless people in there, not really, but she hated Sorels and I think she took a bit of pleasure in shielding them from him. She had been Leon Sorels'

teacher in elementary school, and I think it was her who told everybody his name back then had been Dummy-Dummy. He never forgot or forgave that. By the time of 10/22 Miss Haines was retired. Her house burned down one night and her body was found shot to death in the charred ruins. Sorels very loudly blamed the NVA for it, but we knew different.

* * *

I guess the next thing I should talk about is Dundee High School. When I entered DHS our family was in our last apartment we lived in before we finally sank below the last middle class social bar and went into the trailers. As to myself, I was a skinny geek with acne, my academic record was remarkable for its mediocrity, the possibility of college was so remote for anyone with my record of Fernandez-beating and homophobia that it never even figured into anything, and I was voted most likely to end up pumping gas.

That pretty much says it all. But my high school experience wasn't about me.

Somebody once said the Northwest War of Independence was a revolution

won by pagan men and Christian women. That's a pretty big over-simplification. Actually, it's a *damned* big over-simplification.

But there's a goodly kernel of truth in it. That pagan man/Christian woman combination could be very lethal to Zion, and I speak from experience.

Her name was Rooney.

I honestly can't remember when was the first time I noticed Rooney Wingfield in the corridors of Dundee High School. Washington used the old middle school system back then and so I went into Dundee High at the age of fourteen. The Wingfield kids had gone to West Harbor middle school and I went to Broad Street, so I didn't know her before then. By the middle of the ninth grade at DHS she was definitely on my radar screen. Rooney was one of those kids you knew by sight but you never seemed to know her name.

She was this big, tall, gawky but strong girl with long hair who always wore homespun clothing that wasn't chic or fashionable. It was genuinely homespun, as in made at home by herself and her mother. Her ensemble always included ankle-length dresses so she looked like a Sixties hippie chick wearing a maxi-skirt, or else some kind of ghost from the nineteenth century. She marched up and down the corridors like she was doing a power walk, and she would shoulder people out of her way if you didn't move fast enough.

Somehow I learned by the kind of kid-osmosis grapevine that operates in school that she was a freak, her family were religious nuts and that was why she wore those funny long skirts, that they were trailer trash who worked as mechanics but it wasn't a good idea to mess with her because she'd just as soon punch you in the face as look at you, and she also had two older brothers on the football team who were the size of oxen and who plowed through every defensive line in the state high school conference like tanks, and so bullying was high on the not recommended list, at least not until the brothers graduated. This much I knew about Rooney before she and I ever even so much as exchanged eye contact.

Mmm, this is going to take some explaining.

Now, I was Rooney Wingfield's biggest fan in life. Still am. But even today I

have to be honest. By no stretch of anyone's imagination could Rooney ever be called beautiful. We're talking Sarah Plain and Tall on her best day. But dammit, her face was *alive*, expressive, if you can understand what I am saying, in a way that was true of no other girl in that school. You looked in that homely face and there was *life*. There was a *mind*, not just an appetite. There was something *there* besides some ditz yearning to hit the mall with a credit card. You'd need to have been there to understand what completely brainless whores most white girls were. You ever see a Madonna video from the old days? Well, that was what white girls wanted to be, Material Girls. What they mostly turned out to be was just junkie sluts who sold themselves to niggers and spics for drugs and money when they were young, and turned into evil castrating bitches who made their mens' lives hell as they grew into adulthood. Not that us guys were any better, lest I be accused of misogyny. There was plenty of blame to go around for that whole crappy situation, believe me, and no one was exempt. As far as white boys were concerned, white girls or for that matter girls of any color were just notches to be racked up on your dork and displayed like trophies. The very idea of trying to talk to one on an intelligent basis as a fellow human being simply didn't figure into the white boy subculture of the time, and that's assuming that the white boys had anything intelligent to say, which we didn't. Total, complete materialism. Total, complete selfishness. Total, complete absence of anything like racial pride or respect for anyone of the opposite sex or even for oneself. Get it while you can, take it and run, and screw the whole rest of the world. If you were lucky you got to live life like you saw on the DVDs for a while and then you died.

Rooney was different. You took one look at Rooney and you knew that behind that face she actually had a *brain*, and among white women that was rare indeed. You have no idea how that fascinated me. She was tall, a good inch taller than me actually, and the maxi-skirts she always wore made her look even taller. I believe the cliché term would be raw-boned, and it wouldn't be too far off. But she was never fat. I've mentioned this obesity business before; it started early. Because of that horrible junk food diet combined with mass Scandinavian immigration a century before, here in the Northwest we tended to get a lot of these Tugboat Annie types. Really tall and big-boned Norska-descended women, who would have looked really fine if they'd spent their lives doing farm work like their foremothers, but now

they were bloated and distorted out of shape by a lifetime of tacos and Toblerones, 150 pounds or more overweight with dangling dewlaps of fat on their upper arms, a mighty buffalo butt with thunder thighs and a blue-chinned five o'clock shadow. A lot of these fat gals I recall actually had to shave, you know. Shave their faces and shave their backs. Some kind of weird hormone thing due to the rotten diet, maybe the climate, who the hell knows? But it was a fact. Rooney wasn't one of those. She never ballooned up to 300 pounds and became a *La Gorda* and that was one reason you just kind of knew she was from somewhere else. (South Carolina, actually.)

Rooney wasn't petite by any means. She was a big girl with broad strong shoulders, but she was nobly-built. She damned sure never had to shave, and being in a position to know I can tell you she never had to shave her back, either. She was a big, tall, strong woman and by God she was *all* woman. She was stacked like a seam of grapes with a body any Valkyrie would envy. Her best feature was her hair. It was long, down to her shoulders when we first met and later on it was down to her waist. Not exactly blond, not exactly red, not exactly brown. I suppose honey might do in a pinch, but it wasn't exactly that either.

Whatever it was, it was soft and rippling like a running river. You wanted to drown in it.

Wait. I'm getting ahead of myself. I'd better tell how Rooney and I met.

The town square in Dundee was, and still is, very large and green, all very Norman Rockwell-ish, anchored on one side by the library and with this neat big white-painted gazebo, park benches, so forth and so on.

In the center was the monument to our town's famous shootout on Christmas Day of 1889, when the town marshall Frenchy Delacroix was killed in a big gunfight with Laughing Jack Culhane's gang, all very Gary Cooper-ish. The first and the last time anything interesting ever happened in Dundee, Washington, at least until us evildoers came along. Since even the worst students at one point or another were forced to use the library, the square became a minor hangout, at least during the months when the weather was nice.

I was going into the library one cold and clear Sunday afternoon just before Christmas break to try and find a book for a report on Native American Culture. That's Indians. Politically Correct Washington was always big on Indians. Noble savages, my ass. At the time Indians ran all the casinos and it seemed every twenty miles there was some little "tribe" with a fifty-acre "reservation" just big enough to build a casino on so Joe Blow could come in and gamble away his children's college money in a single evening.

I have a certain amount of time for the Comanche and Lakota and Abenaki and even the Pueblo-builders.

They were interesting people even if they weren't white, and fair enough, the Aztecs and Mayas could build in stone and they had some spot-on calendars even if they did cut people's hearts out as sacrifices to their gods, and the Mayas used to have these sacred wells where they'd tie up young girls after the Maya priests raped them and drop them in to drown. They also raised chihuahuas like we raise chickens, for food. Eating dog isn't something I'd care to do, but it is a break from the humdrum. But our Northwest tribes were just crappy little nobodies who never cut anybody's hearts out, except for up in Alaska there was some tribes who were cannibals.

They made interesting totem poles, though.

I'm sorry, ma'am, I'm doing it again. Right. Rooney.

On that Sunday afternoon in January of my tenth grade year, I was going into the library when I looked over towards the gazebo and I saw a gaggle of so-called popular girls from Dundee High and their dumb-ass jock boyfriends milling around, at the center of which was Bo Decker, our prize negro and damned near our only negro. Bo was the bakketbawl star. No, not basketball. *Bakketbawl*. The ultimate nigger game. We don't play it any more here in the Republic because somebody finally figured out it doesn't take any particular athletic ability besides being able to bounce a ball up and down on a wooden floor and jump and swing from the hoop like a monkey and gibber about how Ah Gots More Moves Than Ex-Lax. It doesn't even make you run any great distances like baseball and football do. We still play baseball because it requires teamwork and hand-eye coordination and disciplined upper body strength, and we still play football because it requires the combined use of

strength and strategy and endurance, a good military training game. We still play hockey for the speed and the stick-fighting, rugby for the contact, and for the past fifty years we have been at war with every hurling team in Ireland's Gaelic Athletic Association and every footie team in Australia. Basketball is a game for tall, skinny monkeys and is probably the most boring thing on the face of the earth to watch, coming in just after watching paint dry. But we all worshipped bakketbawl back in those days to a point that seems completely insane today. Why? Because it was the one and only thing on this earth, from that day until this, that blacks have ever been able to do better than whites, and so the media hyped it to a religion. A cult of nigger-worship.

Anyway, Bo Decker was Dundee High's bakketbawl star. Being our school's Official Blackfella With the Ball, he also had his official white girl friend. The head cheerleader, needless to say, a long leggy California-style blonde Valley Girl with a tan named Jill Malloy. It still pisses me off that slut had an Irish name. Her father was vice president of one of the local banks and ran a real estate development company on the side with interests in all the local shopping malls and those damned Indian casinos. Village upper-crud of ZOG. Plenty of money and zero of anything else, including any sense of human decency.

What the hell do you *think* happened to her, ma'am? After the Longview treaty she was put on the List by more than one of us who remembered. During the Cleanup Jill Malloy was tracked down by Force 101, she was tried for racial treason and convicted, and she was hanged.

Anyway, I heard the ruckus and so I wandered over and I infiltrated the little crowd of high school kids, all of whom were watching the central drama, and none of whom took any notice of me whatsoever. I was after all only Shane the trailer trash geek, that yutz who'd gone nuts and attacked Bobby Fernandez back in third grade (everybody remembered that) but who hadn't done anything of note since, and who was by now pretty much consigned to perpetual nonentity. I saw that the crux of the matter before the gazebo was that Jill the cheerleader was having a shouting, screaming, knock-down-drag-out with that weird girl in the long skirts I'd seen around school for about a year and whom I'd always had this hankering to meet.

Those long skirts just seemed kind of sexy somehow. Everyone was yelling, but I could tell the weirdo girl was outnumbered and that Jill and her little clique of SUV Barbie dolls and the Barbie dolls' dumb-ass Kens are all piling on her, working themselves up to break bad, and things are getting pretty strident. Jill was yelling at Rooney, "Racist bitch! You say you're a Christian, but God made black men as well as white men!"

"God also made goats!" yelled back Rooney in exasperated fury. "That don't mean you got to fuck one!"

"Oh, dat's *it*, you redneck cracker ho'!" bellowed big nigger Bo in a fit of rage. He raised his huge black fist like a hammer to slam it down on Rooney's head. It would have done a lot of damage if he'd connected.

We're talking a *big* buck here, King Kong with steroid muscles.

Now, if this babble of mine properly followed assorted heroic tales of revolutionary derring-do that some of my, uh, former comrades have published in their memoirs subsequent to those times, or even an NBA movie script, here is where I should have gone for the nigger, called him out with a speech full of National Socialist or else Christian Identity fervor depending in who was telling the story, then fought an epic hand-to-hand combat and emerged triumphant with my foot on his monkoid chest before carrying the Aryan maiden off to some secluded bower for a night of passion or maybe reading Bible verses, again depending on who's doing the telling. But things didn't work like that in real life. I was still in the stunned and gaping mode that white people went into back then whenever they actually saw a white person standing up to Political Correctness, especially in a loud and public way. It didn't compute. White people didn't act like that. They weren't supposed to, anyway. When a black man raised his hand to strike, white people were supposed to fall to their knees and cringe and thump their tails between their legs and piss on the ground.

But as it happened, Rooney didn't need any help. She just turned to Bo in irritation and snarled at him,

"Hey, monkey meat, if I want to hear from you I'll pull your chain!" Then she ignored him and went back to cussing Jill something fierce, reading her

the riot act with Biblical chapter and verse. To her the monkoid wasn't even there; the white slut was the real problem. Which was of course the case. Even at age fifteen, the girl had an ideological grasp of the essentials. I didn't hear what she was saying. I was watching Bo of the Bubble Lip, measuring how long a leap it would take me to be on him if he hit her. I knew I couldn't beat him in a fight and I didn't have a concrete block, so I pulled out my Swiss army knife and opened it surreptitiously against my body. I figured I'd try to stick it through the nigger's eye into his brain, but it wasn't necessary. Big bad-ass Bo hesitated, and then he kind of shrank, then he suddenly said to Jill "Fuck this!" and then he dragged her away by force across the square and tossed her into his big shiny new SUV. That was the signal. Showtime was over. The entourage having lost their Baron Samedi, they muttered and babbled and faded away like zombies melting down into the earth at cockcrow. Within a minute that square was empty except for me and Rooney. The show was over once Big Nig was gone.

Michael Jordan has left the building.

Instinctively, without even the words to explain it to myself, I understood what had happened. A black man had met a white person who was not afraid of him. A white person he couldn't Mau Mau. Gender didn't matter. A black meets a real white man or woman, he understands Ole Massa or in this case De Missy is back. He folds. That's the way it works. Have you ever noticed that an animal can never look a man in the eye? That was Rooney Wingfield. She whupped that buck's ass without raising a finger or even raising her voice. She sent him slinking off the court like a whipped dog through the sheer strength of her mighty spirit. Oh, yeah. That was Rooney. Always.

I looked at the weirdo girl with the long skirt. She was flushed red and shaking and brushing back her beautiful, beautiful hair with her fluttering fingers. I picked up on something. "You were scared," I said.

"Of course I was," she said matter-of-factly. "Mobs tend to have that effect on a person. You ever get twenty of them blasphemers around you trying to work themselves up to attack, you'll be scared, too."

"God, you're a hell of a woman!" I told her, with every ounce of admiration in whatever soul a fifteen year-old can have.

She looked at me, unsmiling. “And you’re a hell of a man,” she said.

“What do you mean?” I asked, genuinely puzzled. “I didn’t do anything.” Without thinking I folded the knife and put it back in my pocket, and she saw it.

“Yes, you did,” said Rooney. “You’re a white male, right?”

“Uh, last time I took off my underwear and checked, yeah,” I said.

“And when you saw there was trouble, racial trouble with yelling and screaming, you didn’t run away,” she said. “You didn’t look the other way and whistle a bit and walk into the library pretending you didn’t see or hear anything. Like I saw four other white guys from Dundee High School do, all the while that whole stupid mess was going on just now. Instead, you came towards me. You came over here. You marched to the sound of the guns. That’s what white men do. The old kind, anyway. I guess you’re one of the old kind.”

“I didn’t see a gun,” I said.

“Never mind, that’s just an old saying. I’m Rooney Wingfield. Who are you?”

“I’m Shane Ryan,” I replied. Then she leaned over and kissed me. Full on the lips. Calmly, firmly. Not just a peck, and not a whore’s tongue-slurp either. A real man’s reward kiss from a real woman, acknowledging the sexual element but not making a big deal about it. An “all right, you’ve got my attention, laddie, and who knows, play your cards right and maybe someday you’ll get some of this” kiss.

She looked into my eyes. Hers were green.

She said “Thanks for coming for me, Shane Ryan.” She turned and she walked away, her hair and that long dress billowing. I stood there rooted to the spot. I couldn’t follow her, however much I wanted to. I had been struck by a thunderbolt. I think I stood there for another ten minutes before I could even move.

I went home and I just savored the whole experience, which was more or less the only one I had ever had unless you counted my incredibly clumsy attempt to kiss Cynthia McCulloch under the bleachers when I was thirteen, which we won't get into. I was over the moon for about a week. I wanted to go up to her in school and start something between us, but I honestly had no idea how to go about it. Other than the one disaster with Cynthia I'd never had anything to do with girls before. Never had the chance, since I was trailer trash and I had no money and no car, and all white girls in them days wanted was material things which I didn't have and couldn't get without selling drugs. I had come to understand what most poor white boys in the United States who didn't look movie-star handsome came to understand in junior high, and that is that lacking money, lacking movie-start good looks, or lacking a ready supply of pharmaceuticals we would most likely never find a mate of our own race. It was just something we accepted. If we were lucky, some day we might have enough money to bring in a mail order bride from Hong Kong who would stay with us for the required two years before she accused us of beating her and fled with her green card. I accepted that, and from what I saw of the white girls in Dundee Middle School and Dundee High I didn't really care. None of them seemed worth a shit in any case.

What had happened that Sunday afternoon seemed to be something completely unique, almost like I had seen a flying saucer land on the town square and aliens descend to check out a library book. I desperately wanted to follow up on it, but I was completely at sea and terrified that it was a once-off thing and I'd blow it. I didn't know what to do, and there was no one around to tell me, since Dad was pretty much at rock bottom now, unemployed for two years and lying drunk 24/7, and my brothers were both in the army. The thought of talking to Mom about a girl simply never occurred to me, even when she was sober. I mean, it wasn't like she was an actual woman, she was my Mom.

Then one night in January, about six o'clock in the evening, I was walking home from a shitjob I had at the time, pushing a broom and cleaning the grease trap at the Burger Doodle on Harrison Avenue. I gave most of my pay to Dad for booze, because I knew if he didn't buy rotgut vodka in the liquor store then he'd end up drinking Sterno or paint thinner or something worse, and I kind of figured I owed him for the Bobby Fernandez thing. I had the job

through the Student Work Program at Vocational Ed class at school.

This was a program run through the Washington state public schools to give local businesses access to teenaged labor at below minimum wage, for which the school system got a kickback. Or somebody got a kickback, anyway. To be fair, it was just about the only way poor white kids could compete with the Mexicans and get any work experience at all. I hoped to graduate to actually flipping the burgers alongside the Mexicans once I turned sixteen, if I could get my Spanish grades up and if I could persuade the boss to keep me on, and if that happened I'd actually go up to minimum wage. (He wanted to hire me on permanently, because I always showed up on time and I was sober and straight, but the head office in Seattle let me go and got another fifteen year-old from the high school to work another year at four dollars an hour.)

It was winter, already dark, and a light cold Northwest half-rain was hanging in the air. A pickup truck pulled up beside me as I trudged up First Street towards the bus stop that would take me back to the trailer park. To my left I heard this hard Southern voice say to me "Reckon you'd be Shane Ryan." I looked over. The pickup's driver had his overhead light on, and I saw a kind of skinny, hard-looking middle-aged Elvis face with swept-back hair leaning over and looking at me through the passenger side window of the truck.

"Yeah," I said. "Who are you?"

"Name's Carter Wingfield. I'm Rooney's father. My daughter tells me you like to march to the sound of the guns, Shane."

"When I can hear 'em," I said with a shrug. That sounded very clever, but actually it meant nothing. It was just a snappy answer that occurred to me. I was nothing but a punk kid and I didn't think anything of it, but it passed muster.

Carter Wingfield opened the door of the pickup truck. "Get in," he said. I thought quickly. I realized that I had nothing better to do. Not then, most likely not ever, so far as I could see. So what the hell? I got in.

* * *

The kids at school called the Wingfields trailer trash, but they didn't live in a trailer. In the dark of that winter night so long ago, Carter Wingfield pulled up outside a large ramshackle house on the edge of town. It was one of those two-story 1920s fixer-uppers like my own family lived in until fifth grade, although Carter and the boys hadn't done much fixing up, at least on the outside. Oh, they'd done everything that counted, re-wired the place and fixed the roof and put in all new plumbing, but from the street I have to admit the place looked pretty seedy, complete with motor vehicles in various stages of disassembly in the yard, and of course there were the obligatory dogs. Two, to be precise, a big Doberman Pinscher bitch with the odd name of Caprice, and a weird beagle-labrador looking beast called Porterfoy.

That first night Caprice came over from the porch as I got out of the truck and gave me a good sniff all over. I guess she liked what she smelled, because after that I was in with the in crowd as far as she was concerned. Which was a good thing, because when Caprice put her mind to it her bite was much worse than her bark, as some white and black crackheads from Olympia found out one day when they tried to break into the Wingfield's barn in the back and steal auto parts. Caprice literally tore the arm off one of those poor bastards and then Porterfoy tried to tear out and eat their guts.

But that night Porterfoy was lying on the floor in front of the radiator just inside the door, and he just ignored me. Porterfoy was a coon-hunting dog from South Carolina. And I do mean coon dog. Remind me to tell you that story when we get to my telling you about after 10/22 and the revolt.

When I arrived at the Wingfield house that night I had no idea what to expect. I walked into the living room, where two big look-alike guys with reddish buzz cuts whom I recognized from school as Rooney's elder brothers were sitting on battered plastic upholstered armchairs sipping from plastic jugs of diet soda and watching TV. I noticed there were some pictures on the wall and also a big flag, like the French or Italian or Irish flags, in three colored vertical bands, blue and white and green. "This is Shane,"

Carter told them by way of introduction. "He's the young man who didn't walk away on Rooney the other day. Shane, these are my twin boys, John Hunt Wingfield and John Bell Wingfield. Reckon you've seen

‘em on the football field.”

“Yeah, I have,” I replied. I hadn’t, actually, because I never bothered to go to football games. Like there was anything going on at Dundee High School, sports or anything else, that mattered a single flying fornication to me? But it didn’t seem politic to mention that. “Hi, guys. Uh, you’re both named John?”

“We’re named after two of the greatest generals during the war,” said one of them, not even looking at me.

“I’m John Hunt Morgan Wingfield and he’s John Bell Hood Wingfield.”

“Oh, yeah,” I said, and here my voluminous Confederate reading down through the years stood me in good stead. “John Hunt Morgan, former slave trader out of Kentucky, either the second best or third best cavalry commander in the Confederate army, depending on how big a fan you are of Jeb Stuart.

Everybody pretty much agrees that Nathan Bedford Forrest was number one.”

“Including Robert E. Lee,” replied John Hunt. “He told some reporter after the war that Forrest was the best the South had.”

“There was Scott Mosby,” put in Carter.

“Mosby doesn’t count,” I said without thinking. “He turned carpetbagger after the war. He wouldn’t back the Klan and he wouldn’t help the South resist Reconstruction.”

“So I’ve heard,” said Rooney’s dad with a chuckle. I didn’t know it, but I had passed another test. People who could conduct an informed discussion on obscure issues of Confederate history were in short supply in Dundee. Or anywhere else, for that matter.

“John Bell Hood has gotten a bad historical rep because of Franklin and because he lost Atlanta, but he did what he could with what he had to work with, and his men always swore by him,” I went on.

“He led from the front,” said John Bell. “Okay, being a general and all, maybe he should have got up on the hill behind the lines and taken a look at what was going on with the big picture every now and then.

Sometimes you can’t see or understand everything that’s going on from right down in front, not if you’re a general, but he felt so for his men that he couldn’t bear to send them to their death unless he himself was right there at their head. He was a man of the greatest personal honor and courage, and I got no problem carrying his name.”

“Reckon the girls are in the kitchen,” said Carter, leading me on through. I learned that Carter and the boys had knocked out the dry wall to the dining room to make the kitchen much bigger, because to their way of thinking the kitchen was the most important room in the house, the heart of the home so to speak.

Rooney and a younger girl were there, doing their homework on the table.

“Hi, Shane,” Rooney said as I walked in. Just that. She didn’t even look up. It was as if we’d never kissed.

It was like we’d known one another all our lives and me walking into her kitchen was totally normal, and somehow to me that was even better than some kind of flirtation would have been. A small birdlike woman in blue jeans was standing at the kitchen stove stirring huge pots of bubbling stuff. (Married women could wear pants in the Wingfields’ interpretation of the Bible.) She looked like a medieval alchemist seeking the Philosopher’s Stone. “This is Shane,” said Carter to his wife. “Shane, this is my wife, Racine.”

“Please to meet you, Mrs. Wingfield,” I said. The thought hit me that when I was ten years old and faking my ridiculous child’s Southern accent because I so badly wanted to be anyone on earth but who I was and anywhere else but Dundee, Washington, these people had been living it for real.

“You’re the boy who didn’t turn away from my child. We’re all much obliged, Shane,” said Ma, wrestling with something in one of the pots. She looked over at me. “You need some feeding up, Shane. Don’t your Mama

feed you?" I just shrugged. My Mama didn't actually feed me much at all, but it wouldn't have been respectful for me to say anything, so I didn't, and that won me a point or two with Ma Wingfield, who needless to say already knew my whole story before I set foot in her house. My Mom might have been a brown-bag lush, but for me to say so would have been wrong. I didn't, and they respected that. Completely unbeknownst to me, I was making all the right moves. Carter pointed at the girl across the table from Rooney. "That's our youngest girl, China," said Carter. "She's in seventh grade. We got another boy, Adam, he's our eldest. Just got out of the army a few months back. They chucked him out early for not being sufficiently diverse. He had to finish a re-bore down at the shop but he'll be in directly."

"Hey, Shane," said China, looking up at me. She was a demure-looking little girl with darker honey blonde than Rooney. She wore a white blouse with hand-sewn lace and the same long skirt as her older sister. Her eyes were brown, and she was a bit shy.

"Hey," I said to China. First word I ever spoke to her. The Wingfields had a quirk, what they called among themselves the long and the short of it. They were either undersized or oversized, no in between. Carter, Ma, and China were the short of it, small and strong and wiry and all muscle. Rooney, John Hunt, John Bell, and Adam were the long of it, tall and broad-shouldered and all muscle. I should mention that as big as John Bell and John Hunt were, Adam could lift both of them, one in each hand. They called him Hoss.

Wonder why? Adam came in a bit later, reeking of grease and sweat, and when he had showered and changed we sat down to eat. The house shook when Adam sat down in his seat. I learned later that in the army he had been rejected for both armor and the paratroops because he was too big to fit into a tank and they were worried the standard military parachute wouldn't carry him. He was the only man I ever knew who really *needed* to drive one of those big huge SUVs the auto industry peddled.

Carter offered grace. "Lord, we thank Thee for what we are about to receive and we thank Thee for helping our family walk in Thy ways. We also thank Thee for Shane Ryan who didn't walk away from his sister in her time of need, present among us tonight to share Thy bounty. Now let's chomp."

Supper that night consisted of pretty much what it always was around the Wingfields' house: plain food, deliciously cooked, and mountains of it heaped high on platters. Enough to feed a small army with leftovers that then went into everyone's lunch boxes or into the fridge which was liable to open raiding at any hour by anyone who had invite into the Wingfield home, which as you will hear included by no means just me, but a wide cast of characters indeed. Ma would get seriously offended if various sealed plastic dishes of vittles didn't disappear from her refrigerator after a few days. Sometimes I would be out in the yard helping the boys with something or in the schoolroom in the barn, and I would hear her yelling "Is there something wrong with this turkey mulligan?" (Or this lasagna or this meat loaf or this tuna casserole or this Brunswick stew.)

"No, Ma," someone would shout back.

"Then why in tarnation is it still sitting here in the ice box taking up space?" she'd rant. "Are every single one of you jackanapes too lazy to heat up a pot on the stove? Then just chuck the whole bowl in the derved microwave! What do you think we got it for?"

That first evening at the Wingfields' I caught a break. It was pork chop night, and Ma Wingfield's pork chops were an offering fit for the gods, sliced thick, breaded and spiced with black pepper and fried just a little bit crisp on the outside yet still moist and tender at the center. How she got them like that was her secret. Other than her, Rooney, and China, I never knew anyone who could make pork chops like that.

There were two monster wooden bowls of green salad with lettuce, tomatoes, onions, peppers, anchovies, diced cheddar cheese and cruets of ranch and Italian and French dressing you could help yourself to.

There were no separate salad bowls. Once grace was finished you just went at it. You dug into whatever you wanted, in the full awareness that no one was passing judgment on how much or what you ate, and there would be enough for everyone and to spare. You heaped the salad onto your plate along with the chops and the rice and gravy. Oh, yeah, Ma had that one ability that only certain Southern women seem to have, of making rice that doesn't stick together into a kind of mush. Rice where you can actually feel each grain as it

goes down your throat. Rooney and China both learned that from her as well. In addition there were corn bread muffins that tasted almost as sweet as honey buns but which the Wingfield women always swore to me never had a drop of either sugar or honey in them. There was a big crock of bacon-baked beans which of itself could have fed a platoon, there were huge steaming plates of corn on the cob with tubs of actual butter, and to top it all off there was pumpkin pie piled high with whipped cream. Not one hint of low-fat anything, not a grain of granola or a tad of tofu. A true feat of culinary political incorrectness. I should also mention something which, in my opinion, places Racine Wingfield and her daughters head and shoulders above every chef, cook, or housewife of the Southern school of cuisine, of any generation. Southern cooking has always had one serious weakness, but it was one the Wingfield girls recognized and corrected. Unique among Southern cooks, past or present, Racine actually *knew what garlic was*. She used it in fifty different ways, from thin slices in the salad to the breading of her pork chops and her fried chicken. (That chicken was a gastronomic experience to which I am incapable of doing justice, and so I won't even try.) Do you have *any* idea how good Southern cooking can be once you throw in some garlic?

This kind of abundance was a new experience for me. Groceries were always a secondary expense at our house (very secondary) and consisted mostly of fast food takeouts which I usually had to go get myself with whatever money Mom had left in her purse or Dad in his wallet, or else supper was an inedible mess out of cans that Mom or Dad would scorch in a saucepan or a skillet in the belief that this constituted cooking, which pots and pans aforesaid would then lie in the sink for three weeks until somebody, usually me, mustered enough energy to do a wash with a steel wool scouring pad and some detergent. (Our last washing machine went when I was ten.) I had never experienced anything like this, but all of a sudden about halfway through the meal I realized that I had actually been *hungry* in the literal, physical sense for most of my life and that it was possible to put an end to this condition, at least for a while. The huge meal was washed down with large clear glasses of tea and cola with ice, which I found odd in the middle of winter. "Southern people put ice in all their drinks, even in wintertime," explained Rooney when I asked.

“It’s a habit we brought with us from the old country.”

I noticed something else that, to me, was odd. No one was drinking alcohol, not even beer. I had never been in a non-alcoholic home before. In fact, I had been in very few homes of any kind other than mine before. My folks weren’t exactly the sociable kind and down on Dead Dog Road we didn’t get many invitations to fashionable country club soirées. Although I knew intellectually that individuals and whole families existed who lived without booze, still it was a bit of a shock actually to run into one. Here was a whole group of people who didn’t get drunk every night. How was such a thing possible? How did they triumph over the horror of the world we lived in without that whole-grain crutch?

In order to save time, I’ll go ahead and run down what I eventually learned about the family. They arrived in Washington from South Carolina, but Carter Wingfield was originally from Florida. Although I didn’t know it at the time, Florida rednecks are considered to be just about the best of the breed. In that same interview where General Robert E. Lee was once asked by a reporter who in his opinion had been South’s best general and he named Forrest, he was also asked who had been the toughest, hardiest, and most dangerous troops the Confederacy had, and Lee replied, “The men from Florida,” which surprised me as I might add it has surprised generations of chagrined Texans.

Carter Wingfield was born in a place called Mariana, on the Florida panhandle near the Alabama state line. In March of 1865 a large American force comprised of many thousands of blue-coated negro freedmen troops of the United States Army marched inland from the newly captured city of Pensacola.

Mariana had no military value. When the Federals came Mariana had nothing at all. All the blacks had run away, and the women were doing almost all of the work in the home and in the fields. The town was destitute and barren of any man between fifteen and fifty, all of whom were in what was left of the Confederate army scattered from Virginia to the banks of the Mississippi. There was no seed for planting, there was no corn for bread, there was no money, no medicine, no nothing. There wasn’t even a single healthy horse or mule left in town; the local people had to run physically from home to home

and farm to farm to sound the alarm that the Yankees were coming. But sound the alarm they did, and when the blacks in blue marched into Mariana they were met with barricaded streets and they found themselves looking down the barrel of every Southern rifle and shotgun remaining in the district. Every white male in the area who could make it had come with some kind of gun, even if he had no ammunition. There were almost two hundred rebels, teenaged boys and elderly men. The only exceptions were a few wounded Confederate soldiers who were home on leave. The youngest of the town's Confederate defenders was eleven years old. The oldest was eighty-one, a veteran who fought under Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. From this the defenders of Mariana, Florida gained the name "The Cradle and The Grave".

They were commanded by a Major Armitage who did so from a chair, because he'd caught a cannon ball at Gettysburg and both his legs had been amputated above the knee.

With nothing at all to fight with, outnumbered almost ten to one, the people of Mariana still held off the Americans for *two days*, fighting house to house until all but eighteen of them were dead or dying and the whole town was burned to the ground. Armitage died in his chair on the porch of his burning home, the boards around him littered with empty pistols and rifles and on the street before him a mound of blue-clad negro corpses. This was the Wingfield family's heritage.

I know that Carter did some time in prison as a young man, and he had some tattoos that even then I recognized as home-made prison tats. This included one on the fleshy part of his right hand between his thumb and forefinger, with a diamond and the letters AB, which I learned stood for Aryan Brotherhood. I never asked Carter about his prison time and he never volunteered any information, with one possible exception when he once told me, "You ever feel like you just have to commit a crime, Shane, kill somebody. Don't steal. Stealing from poor people like ourselves is disgraceful, and stealing from the rich is too dangerous. In this world the god Mammon reigns right alongside the god Judah. Money is power, and The Beast is jealous of its power. The Beast doesn't really care about killing so long as you don't kill any of its own pets or servants, but if you try to lay

your hands on money, the very source of its power, The Beast will crush you.”

Whatever the prison beef had been, when it was over Carter and Ma and the family moved up to the South Carolina Low Country to be near her people for a while. At some point along the line, I never knew exactly when or how, the Wingfields had come across Commander Rockwell’s *White Power*, and it had taken immediate place after the Bible as the second Book in their lives. Right on the heels of that they had bought their first personal computer and discovered the Northwest Migration movement on the internet, and with their Biblical orientation it seemed right and proper that like the children of Israel they should go forth into the wilderness seeking the Promised Land. They headed for Idaho, but when they got to Hayden Lake one of the Christian Identity pastors there convinced them that they would do better acting as missionaries in a new and untried province, so to speak. He persuaded Carter that western Washington was the place they needed to settle. Maybe that pastor honestly thought that, and then again maybe he decided he didn’t want any competition from more alpha males in his congregation.

Whatever the reason, the Wingfields arrived in Dundee with one ancient Oldsmobile, one pickup truck, a Ryder van containing all their worldly goods and very few dollars in their pockets. As you may have gathered, the economy wasn’t too hot in the Northwest back then. Hell, the economy was bad everywhere.

It never really recovered after September 11th, 2001. It was rough at first for them, like it was for many new Northwest settlers, but at least the Wingfields had a trade. Ma could cook short order at a diner with the same expertise she gave her own family, and the men were demon mechanics on any kind of engine.

When the Wingfields first arrived in Dundee, Carter went the rounds of the local garages and truck lines looking for work. He was invariably asked by the hiring manager, who for some reason always seemed to be female (that was a standard ZOG social engineering practice, as part of the policy of humiliating the white male) “Uh, Mr. Wingfield, no offense but you sound kind of, ah, Southern, and we got a memo from the home office in Seattle that we’re supposed to be careful about hiring new people who don’t have a,

ah, local track record. You're not one of these out of state racists who are moving into the Northwest from all over the country, are you?"

"No, no, not at all, child!" Carter chirped with a big Elvis grin on his face. "I just love niggers to *death!*"

Needless to say, no gainful employment there. After a few days of this, Carter drove out to the nearest truck stop on I-5 and asked around in the coffee shop to see who was having some trouble. He fixed an electrical problem on a trucker's rig for fifty dollars, which the trucker was glad to pay out of his own pocket, since taking the vehicle into his line's shop in Fresno would cost him at least a week off the road, plus the Mexican and Chinese mechanics would probably have screwed up the works worse than they were. Carter then passed out his home number on business cards that the ten year-old Rooney had hand-printed out for him. By the time he got back to Dundee that night he already had two messages on his answering machine. For the next year, Carter got up at five in the morning and drove down and hung out at the truck stop coffee shop with a small CB handset so he could natter to incoming eighteen-wheelers. Word got around that you could get almost everything up to and including a full engine re-build from Carter and his boys, and for cash you could get it at least a third cheaper than anywhere else on the west coast. After a year they had enough to open their own place just off the same exit. For independent owner-operators, sometimes Wingfield High Performance was all that kept them on the road. By the time I met them, Carter had maintenance contracts from four or five major trucking lines and was employing almost twenty people. Ma kept the books so creatively that they never paid the IRS a penny and did so legally. Carter also used his extensive teamster and Teamster contacts to spread Party propaganda nationwide. You couldn't go into a single men's room stall or coffee shop or motel at any truck stop in the country without finding some literature with a Tricolor on it.

After dinner that night I wandered into the living room and took a closer look at the décor. In addition to the flag, hanging on the wall was a poster-sized broadsheet or proclamation on pale yellow paper. They were the Principles, which of course are now world famous and something every schoolchild in the Republic has to memorize. But at the time I had heard only very vaguely

of the Party, and I had never read a single piece of literature or had any personal contact with the independence movement at all. I read over the poster:

Fundamental Principles of Northwest Migration

I. The White race in North America is in danger of literal, physical extinction. If current destructive demographic trends continue, White people will be a minority in the United States and Canada by the year 2050, and we will have vanished completely from North America by 2100. The real point of no return, however, is far closer. Within a very short time, the median age of the White population of North America will have become so high that we will no longer be capable of reproducing ourselves in sufficient numbers to overcome the tide of mud-colored Third World immigration.

II. We as a people have wasted the past century on pointless, futile and impotent right-wing and kosher conservative organizations and strategies. The majority of these past organizations and movements refused to recognize the vital central importance of *race* in all issues, and they refused to recognize the urgent need for state power in order to preserve the existence of our race. The few attempts which have been made to resist racial extinction by groups and personalities of an openly National Socialist or racialist nature have been led by men who were stupid, incompetent, dishonest, or some combination of all three. The result of the past hundred years of right-wing failure and impotence is that we are now out of time.

III. There is only one strategy remaining to us which may be able to secure the existence of our people and a future for White children. Our last remaining hope to stave off extinction is the establishment of a sovereign and independent nation on the continent of North America for White people only.

IV. Considerations of demographics and economics, as well as a history of commitment and martyrdom in the persons of Bob Matthews, Sam and Vicky Weaver, and Richard Butler dictate that the territory for this sovereign Aryan republic must lie in the Pacific Northwest.

V. The first step toward the establishment of the Northwest American Republic is a mass migration of the existing racially aware White community

to the states of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. It is a matter of the utmost urgency to make this vitally important commitment to the future of our people, that you do so now, and that you come to the Homeland with only the minimum delay necessary to raise sufficient funds and put your affairs in order.

“What’s all this?” I asked Rooney, pointing at the poster.

“White people have to get our own country,” she told me matter-of-factly. “If we don’t get free of the United States, the niggers and Jews and Mexicans are going to kill us all off because they hate us so bad, and there won’t be any more White people in the world. Our new country’s gone be here in the Northwest, and that’s why we came here.”

“Where did you come from?” I asked.

“Roper’s Crossroads. I was born there. That’s a little bump in the road back in Florence County, South Carolina. We took the gap about five years ago.”

“Took the gap?” I asked, puzzled, never having heard the term before.

“We Came Home, here to the Northwest, which is where God appointed the Homeland of all Aryan nations to be,” she explained.

“Oh, you mean you’re spuckies!” I said, sudden enlightenment dawning. I had a very vague idea what spuckies were. Every now and then the TV would complain about racist whites moving to the Northwest, and they’d show film clips of really geeky looking skinheads and weirdos with tattoos wearing strange costumes and trying to goose-step and give Nazi salutes.

“Well, yeah, but we don’t like being called that,” said Rooney primly. “We prefer to call ourselves settlers or Incomers.”

“Uh, aren’t you guys all supposed to be out in the woods in Idaho living in compounds or something?” I asked.

“No, silly, the entire Northwest is our Homeland, and we hope when the time comes we can take Alaska and Montana and a big chunk of Canada too.

That's our flag." She pointed to the Tricolor on the wall. I recalled seeing weird graffiti spray-painted on walls and highway underpasses around the county. Three vertical stripes, like three lines or tick marks, blue, white, and green. All of a sudden I had this vision of Rooney out spray-painting at night and I could believe it.

"What do the colors mean?" I asked.

"Blue for the sky above, green for the land below, and white for the people in between," said Rooney. "I think they originally wanted the colors running top to bottom, but the kaffirs in Sierra Leone already had that for their flag, so we ran the three colors European-style, left to right."

"Pretty simple symbolism," I said.

"Yeah, the movement adopted that pattern because we want to keep it deliberately simple. Some folks, like us, wouldn't mind seeing a Celtic cross or something Christian in that white field, and the NS people want a swastika, of course, and the Odinists want a raven or a Thor's hammer or something, but our new country has to be for all white people everywhere regardless of their religious belief, or else it won't serve its purpose of bringing all the Aryan nations together so that all can survive. Also, once the revolution starts you can take apart a Tricolor real quick and all of a sudden it's no longer an act of treason, it's just three pieces of cloth."

"Uh, okay, so when does the revolution start?" I asked.

"It already started before we were even born," she said. "Did you ever hear of Bob Matthews?"

"Uh, no," I admitted. "I don't know much about all this racial stuff."

"Then it's time you learned," spoke up Carter from behind us. "Shane, you know Mr. Morehouse from your high school?"

"The biology teacher?" I asked.

"That's him," said Carter. "Well, he doesn't just teach biology, he teaches

history. The right kind of history.”

“Huh? I never heard anything about him teaching history,” I said curiously.

“Not at Dundee High,” said Rooney. “We got a group of students from Dundee and Centralia who meet after school, here and in different people’s houses, and sometimes when the weather’s nice we get together for field days up in Millersylvania Park. We have classes, with a blackboard and everything. We even get homework.”

“You’re telling me you get together after school just to get more homework?” I asked skeptically.

“This homework washes out the taste of the other kind. It’s fun. We use books that the public schools don’t use any more because they’re politically incorrect. We study about the real history of our race and our civilization, and we learn the things that the ZOG government doesn’t want us to know. We also have Mrs. Barrett from Chehalis High who comes in and teaches us real English literature, not that PC crap we get dished out from that yenta Ms. Abramowitz in our own school. We’re reading Kipling’s suppressed racial poems now, and for a novel we’ve got some copies of Arthur Conan Doyle’s *The White Company* we’re passing around. Once everybody has read it we’ll be doing an essay on the Aryan values portrayed in the book.”

“I’ve read it,” I said with some pride. “It’s the second Sir Nigel Loring novel.”

“Then you can help us analyze it in discussion group,” she said. “This is kind of an unofficial way of getting us an education in spite of the public school system. Our class is meeting tomorrow night. You want to come?”

“Sure,” I agreed. If it had meant getting to see her again I would have come to an appendectomy. I had no idea at the time how important that night was to prove in my life, but I had just been introduced to the Party and to the Northwest independence movement.

My childhood was over, and about damned time. It really sucked.

The Rising of the Moon

“O then tell me, Sean O’Farrell, where the gathering is to be?”

“In the old spot by the river right well known to you and me.

One word more: for signal token, whistle up the marching tune,

For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon!”

-Traditional

I’ve seen a lot of movies and televids that are supposedly about the early days before the revolution. They show people getting sworn into the Party at the stroke of midnight in some secret hideout, along with some dramatic Mafia-style blood oath ceremony, with candles and Tricolors and swastika banners and pictures of the Führer all over. Hey, maybe it actually happened like that in some places. But not in Dundee, Washington. In Dundee we just had our own crowd who accepted the Principles and wanted our own country with jobs and medical care and no Mexicans and no Leon Sorels beating on people. Out of that grew little teams and affinity groups of people we trusted. That was the Party in Dundee, and when time and place served we became the local NVA.

Besides, by the time I came along the Party had abolished formal membership anyway, because the government kept trying to make it into a criminal conspiracy case. I understand that in the old days before Northwest Migration, and even for a little while after the Migration got started, there were so-called white racist groups that would let any Tom, Dick, and Harry fill out a membership application and send it in by *mail*, of all the insane things, and so long as you also sent in your ten dollars for your first month’s dues you would get a membership card, sight unseen. Some even would let you apply online and use your Visa or Mastercard to become a real live white supremacist extremist. Hell, with some of those ripoffs if you sent in enough box tops you got a secret decoder ring as well. I mean, Jesus, how stupid is that? What kind of revolutionary movement takes Visa and Mastercard? I

always wondered why white people in those days couldn't tell that all those little Fearless Leader types weren't really serious. Or why no one seemed to care.

The first thing you need to understand about the Party in those days was that it wasn't ever a democratic political party, in the sense of running candidates in elections like the Republicans and Democrats. Don't be fooled by the fact that we occasionally contested a few local elections across the Northwest, and even won a few. Those were carefully selected and planned exercises in propaganda and psychological warfare, and their purpose was to let us take advantage of the severely limited legal status it gave us, at least for the duration of the campaign. After the votes were in ZOG always came after everybody involved, investigating and arresting and prosecuting them if they could for any little pissant election law violation they found, so we didn't even bother to run for town council very often. We were never under any illusion that we would vote our way into power anyway, and despite what you hear about the alleged debate within the Party between the revolutionaries and the kosher conservatives, I don't recall ever meeting anybody who was dumb enough to think we could win at the ballot box. That so-called debate was pretty much over by the time I got involved. We all understood that the whole system we lived under was deliberately constructed to make sure that ordinary people like us never got anywhere near state power and never got into any position where we might actually get our fingers into the cookie jar. State power was for the rich only, for lawyers, Jews, and white men without souls in expensive business suits. Period, end of story. All of the instruments of law and government in the United States, the news media, the right to speak and have your voice heard, the right to be treated with respect and not be kicked like a dog and used as a teat to be milked for money, all that was for the rich, the one percent of the population that controlled ninety-nine percent of the world's wealth and all of its people. Po' white boys need not apply.

At one point we had a local sympathizer named Max Morton who decided to run for mayor of Dundee on a Party platform against the incumbent, Ole Stolen, which I always thought was a really appropriate name for that crook. Before the campaign got really started, Max's campaign manager was arrested and charged with tax evasion, petty stuff but big headlines in the

Advertiser of course. Max started getting anonymous phone and e-mail threats that shook him; Red Morehouse told us confidentially he didn't think our candidate was going to stand up. Then one night Leon Sorels and a couple of other Dundee cops pulled Max over and beat him almost to death with their nightsticks. When Morton got out of the hospital he was a broken man in every sense of the word. He fled the area, we never heard from him again, and after that we never bothered with elections in Dundee. There is no point in playing against a stacked deck, and I'm somewhat surprised that Morton ever thought there was.

Red Morehouse taught us early on that there was never any such thing in America as democracy, at least not since the time of Andrew Jackson. After 1861 when Lincoln called up the military to kill other Americans for exercising their Constitutional right to say no, there was no more Constitution in any sense that men like Jefferson or Franklin would have understood. After 1913 when the Federal Reserve was created and the American money supply handed over to the Jews, there was no more free enterprise. After Roosevelt seized power in 1933, control of the apparatus of state passed out of the hands of the original racial stock who created America and into the hands of an evil alien race who had no business being here in the first place. After the Gulf of Tonkin resolution in 1965, which made the President of the United States a military Caesar with the power to invade other countries at will, there was for all practical purposes no more legislative branch of government. From that point on Congress was just a revolting ball of soft, squishy, yea-saying leeches, bloated from feeding off the blood of America. After Roe versus Wade in 1972 there was no more right to life itself. Babies could be murdered because they were inconvenient, and after that precedent was set anyone could be murdered because they were inconvenient. After Bush Two staged a coup d'état in 2000 and had himself appointed president by the Supreme Court, there was no longer any pretense of election. Presidents were made or broken in the corporate boardrooms, and except for a few really nasty cases like Hillary Clinton they were just figureheads for the corporations anyway. After the Patriot Act there was no longer even the pretense of personal freedom, and after that came the Dees Act, the Schumer Act, the Senior Citizens' Quality of Life Act that let that kike doctor murder my father, so forth and so on. And of course the draft that dragged hundreds of thousands of young white boys out into the deserts of Arabia to die for all

our wonderful freedom, which was in essence a reintroduced form of slavery. As far as human political development went, America from 1861

on actually traveled backwards.

The Party was an army of political soldiers, and our goal was not to elect our own crowd to some public office under a system that we despised, but to destroy that system completely and replace it with our own form of government. It's called revolution, and every society needs one every few generations to weed the garden. Liberal democracy was a playpen set up by and for the rich and the Jewish, and we no longer intended to play in it. Although we did use the existing political system as far as we could by adapting it to our own purposes, our entire goal in life was to prepare for the day when the revolution would start, and we never forgot that fact. Power comes out of the barrel of a gun, all law is based on armed force, and when one wants to remove the people who hold power and change the system that makes and enforces law the *only* way is through force of arms, because *nobody* surrenders power except at the point of the sword. The Party understood this and as a result, we were actually half-assed prepared when the balloon finally did go up. We had at least some kind of basic organization, we had built a base in the community as shaky as it was, and we had a rudimentary revolutionary structure set up of people with weapons, safe houses, transport and money. If we hadn't been ready, then there wouldn't be any white people left in North America today.

While we're on the subject of the pre-10/22 period, a question I've often heard asked is whether or not the Incomers were really necessary? Would not the white people of the Northwest have revolted against the United States on their own, without all those racially conscious white people from all over America and all over the world taking the gap to the Homeland before the Coeur d'Alene uprising? I can tell you the answer to that one right now. No. Revolution needs a kind of critical mass, and without the racial settlers we natives would never have reached it on our own. There simply weren't enough of us and, before we got that transfusion of racially aware blood, we were all just as pig-ignorant about racial reality as the white population of the rest of the empire was. The Aryan Incomers were the people who made the revolution possible, and even though some of them were arrogant SOBs who

called us woodchucks and Daryl and his other brother Daryl, we owe them our freedom. If the Wingfields hadn't made the pioneer trek from South Carolina and settled in Dundee, then there is every chance I would have drifted into booze like my parents, or drifted into drugs and crime like my one brother, or drifted into evil like my other brother who became a lawyer. Or just plain drifted. Either way, my life would never have amounted to anything, and I would have died years ago like my father in some wretched so-called nursing home, when some overworked so-called medical professional decided I was a nuisance and gave me the hot shot, or maybe I just would have been smothered with a pillow for fun by some hopped-up, grinning Jamaican

“caregiver.”

The Zionist power structure was feeble and incompetent and senile, but they knew what was going on with the Party and they retaliated. Not to downgrade the importance of what happened in Coeur d'Alene on that one glorious day, or the shooting war that came after, but I have always felt that a lot of our historians either don't recall or else have never understood just how rough and violent and dangerous things were for us *before* 10/22. That was in the days when we couldn't strike back, at least not officially.

Oh, no, we didn't always roll over and play dead. Things went on in the dark of night. ZOG knew that we could be proactive if we had to, and in a strange sort of way I think that saved us. I think there were still a few halfway intelligent people in the United States government who understood that there was potential for a major league disaster, from their point of view, and who tried to work out some kind of compromise that would at least allow us low level entrée into the political process. Throw the white boys a few crumbs from the table, in a manner of speaking. But these few voices of sanity and reason within the power structure were ignored and shouted down. The Jews never did have sense enough to try the carrot instead of the stick, so deep and abiding was their hatred for anyone who challenged their authority and their right to rule our lives.

We were at first ignored. Then when we could be ignored no longer we were harassed by low-level local thugs and Zionist bullies like Leon Sorels. When we could not be run out of town or beaten into submission, ZOG tried to shut

us down on a state level with laws that seldom said so outright but were quite clearly aimed at us. Whatever the Party did, the state legislature would try to ban it, sometimes rushing into special session to change the constitution, like that time the Old Man won the Republican lieutenant governor's primary and drove the whole Judeo-liberal establishment batshit. But the Zionist government was hampered by a need to preserve the appearance of freedom of expression and political liberty, while denying white people the substance, if you get my meaning. They tried to create a situation where technically speaking, the Party could *exist*, but we couldn't *function*. Under the old 1787 United States Constitution, in theory we had the right to freedom of speech. But if we passed out a leaflet or put up a sticker that caused some godforsaken little minority "mental anguish" then it was a felony hatecrime.

Or at least felony littering. Yeah, they actually came up with felony littering statutes; five years in the pen for tossing a leaflet or a newspaper on someone's lawn.

When all else failed there was always "civil rights violation," which meant whatever the U. S. Attorney General and the Federal courts said it meant. They once charged some white kids in Idaho with civil rights violation for throwing a dead snake on a nigger's porch; all three of them were sentenced to life in prison.

The Beast didn't just plain ban us until after 10/22, when the Party was declared to be a criminal organization, but we were treated like a criminal organization long before that. Well, we returned the favor a few years later when we declared the government of the United States to be a criminal organization.

We were a legal movement that had to act as if we were an illegal one in order to survive. Even in our allegedly open and lawful days, the Party was structured on a paramilitary basis. Nothing fancy, just a lean and mean org table based on the two best working models of the time, the Provisional I.R.A. and Cosa Nostra. In fact, that's where Echo Company originally began. It was very loose, very simple and stripped down, but the basic structure of a revolutionary army was there. No state headquarters, just local units or groups that reported to a single individual, or at most a team of two or three superiors for purposes of coordination and efficiency. Above that

level there was General Headquarters, which towards the end of the

“legal” phase changed locations so often they never even bothered to rent a post office box and communicated only by phone and e-mail and through a few web sites.

At one stage GHQ was operating out of an eighteen-wheeler rigged to look like a frozen chicken refrigeration truck, with the Old Man and a couple of other guys sleeping in hammocks and pulling in at state parks and truck stops to take showers and do laundry. The idea was that if ever the local units were cut off from communication with GHQ, most likely when the hammer dropped and we had to go completely covert, then every small team could and would function independently. Everyone knew the ultimate goal, independence, and everyone struggled toward that goal. As Robert Miles said, the Party was designed for us all to march separately but strike together.

When I say we were political soldiers I do mean political soldiers. Each Party unit or group was ram-rodged by a company commander, who was called the unit coordinator or sometimes group leader, on the rare occasions when he was called anything at all. These crews were small enough so everybody knew who was who, and when you said “George” or “the guy downtown,” everybody knew who you were talking about. The unit boss set up small teams of three and four people with a designated lead, and with rare exceptions the team leads were the only ones who dealt with the unit lead, and then only one at a time, lest anyone conspire. Get-togethers of Party people on anything larger than a team basis for a specific activity were rare, with one exception

I’ll talk about in a bit. The days of the big Aryan Nations-style gatherings, come one come all, any Tom Dick or Harry with a pale skin and two legs can waltz right in and welcome, mass rallies where sometimes the undercover agents and undercover media reporters outnumbered the genuine white racists—those days were long gone. Some of the larger Party groups that later morphed into NVA brigades had political officers or “information officers” who ran a special propaganda team of printers, writers, computer techies, media wonks, etc. to produce local propaganda aimed specifically at their area; most future NVA Political Officers got their start in underground propaganda or teaching. Some groups had an operations officer who acted as

the group lead's stand-in and chief head-knocker, and sometimes there was a quartermaster slot filled by someone who supplied necessary premises and plant, but this only occurred where those guys were actually needed.

The Party very early on adopted a policy that *form* would follow *function*, meaning many Indians and very few chiefs. We were always very short on uniforms and fancy titles. None of this nonsense about Fearless Leaders dressing up in Napoleonic hussar's uniforms for the television cameras and proclaiming themselves Emperor of the North with some janitor in Beaverton as Crown Prince of Portland or whatever. For a while we adopted the fedora hat as a kind of unofficial badge almost like gang colors, and I have to admit that it felt good striding down the street in a bunch with our shlapas on, but even that got to be more trouble and risk and attention-drawing than it was worth, the more serious we became. The Old Man was officially General Secretary of the Party, but no one ever called him that. Even this brief description I just gave you makes the Party sound a hell of a lot more organized than it was. Getting things done was a matter of "I know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy who can help." You knew and trusted a few people in a small group of comrades and by consensus or natural selection, one or two of those comrades called the shots. If you had special skills other teams would borrow your services, or if you had to relocate elsewhere in the Northwest you were given one or two contacts in your new area, and you either jelled with them or you recruited your own team. Each Party unit had a loosely defined operational area, and some whole groups had special functions like propaganda, technical, fund-raising, the acquisition of plant, etc. It wasn't all just us peasantry; there were Party cells to be found in Seattle boardrooms and police stations and military bases and even in a few television stations and newsrooms.

Some of the early psywar ops were fun and funny, like trying to provoke or fabricate some politician or liberal big knob to say nigger and make sure they got caught by the media. I once helped plant some literature and other stuff in a key place that got our Congressman from Dundee in a lot of hot water as an alleged closet racist, not to mention a gent of extremely odd sexual tastes that got him in a *lot* of trouble with our small but very loud local feminist clique. The Party especially loved using deception, media manipulation, and razzle-dazzle scamming to stir up friction and trouble between the various minority

groups and power factions, blacks against feminists, Mexicans against gays, liberals against Jews, Christians against Jews, blacks against Jews—hell, *anybody* against Jews. The more time the enemies of our race spent at each other's throats, sometimes literally, the less time they had to wonder what the Party was doing.

The purpose of the Party was threefold: to *educate* the white population through propaganda and thus prepare them for independence; to *recruit* quality white people who could be of immediate and practical use to the revolution; and to *prepare* for the armed struggle against ZOG we all knew would come, without which everyone knew there would never be change. Everything we did was required to serve one or more of those three objectives.

Our small Party crew in Dundee was pretty typical. It consisted of myself, the Wingfield family, a quiet middle-aged guy named John Pilafski who managed the only remaining white-owned convenience store in Dundee until the wogs finally ran him out of business, and the members of Red Morehouse's after-hours history and literature class, which we called the Chowder Society.

Most of us were young. Red and Carter did most of the recruiting, including the careful background checking and look-over everyone got before we approached anyone. You did not join the Party. The Party joined *you*, and that eliminated a lot of potential informers as well as drunks and nuts and other undesirables of the kind who befouled the pre-Northwest Migration white resistance movement, such as it was. You don't leave the door to your house wide open and let any clown just walk in off the street, right?

You choose who to invite in. I later learned that before Carter approached me that rainy night on First Street, he had run a full check on me and my parents through his business, Rooney had stolen my school records out of the filing cabinet at Dundee High and copied them illegally, Ma Wingfield had gone into the laundromat and struck up a brief and unpleasant but informative acquaintance with my mother, and Carter himself cruised my trailer park and the local hangouts and found out what little else there was to know about me and my parents.

As far as preparing for the coming revolution, that was pretty much Carter and Adam's job. Adam had made good use of his time in the army and the two twins were planning on making good use of theirs when they went in. The rest of us were your basic litterbug, computer spam and spray-paint unit. At least two nights a week we went out and did all kinds of hateful and horrible things, and we had a great time doing it. We moved and distributed leaflets, pamphlets, and other printed material in a hundred different ways, from slipping leaflets into newspapers in racks to be sold to sliding business cards with a Tricolor on one side and a slogan on the other into junk food containers in the grocery stores. We got into the high school computer lab and sent out tens of thousands of e-mails all over our district through various dummy accounts and anonymous servers located offshore, everything from complete copies of *White Power* to nasty little one-liners impugning Leon Sorels' ancestry.

Our crew of teenaged Jerry Rebs did one psychological warfare attack against the local power structure that to this very day I still think is an absolute hoot. It was Rooney's idea; she could be charmingly malicious. It took us two weeks of covert labor after hours, wearing surgical gloves so as not to leave fingerprints. We mailed out two thousand form letters to the upper echelons of the town of Dundee and Lewis County, written on a purloined copy of Ole Stolen's letterhead, printed on a high school computer, copied on the school copier and stamped on the school's postage meter. In this carefully composed fake, Hizzoner our beloved mayor rambled disjointedly on and on for two pages like he was drunk or on crack, and finally declared his adulterous passion for a very prim and PC married civics teacher at Dundee High, a really arrogant and obnoxious feminist we all hated. He even included a little love poem for her:

Who is it that hath burst the door,

Unclosed the heart that shut before,

And set her queen-like on its throne,

And made its homage all her own?...My Birdie!

The ridiculous poem was my idea. In my self-chosen course of eclectic and

eccentric historical reading I always liked true crime stories, and it came from the Adelaide Bartlett murder case in 1886, written by a Church of England minister who fell for a slut who poisoned her husband with chloroform. The damned thing reads just as awful and puerile today as it did in Victorian times.

When it was read out in open court at the trial, the Reverend Mr. Dyson was laughed out of his pulpit by the whole country and had to emigrate. The little jingle stuck in my mind and I thought it was so funny that I started looking around for something contemporary and devilish to do with it. So far as we knew, the mayor and Ms. Constanza had never even met, much less had an affair, and no one ever called her Birdie. But you'd better believe she was Birdie from that point on.

You see the essence of psychological warfare as opposed to the shooting kind? You destroy the target's mind and his will to continue instead of his body. There are times when it's better to make a public fool out of an enemy than to kill him and make him a martyr, and risk him maybe being replaced by someone who's more competent and more dangerous. That whole letter was bogus from beginning to end, a practical joke by teenagers, and yet it completely ruined Stolen and caused the liberal bitch to have a nervous breakdown. Stolen spent the next month yelling and hollering in the newspapers and on local TV and radio about how it was a hoax and his enemies were out to get him, but no one in Dundee ever quite took him seriously again. Ms. Constanza tried to ignore the whole thing, but all the while everybody in town was snickering behind their backs, making little bird calls and flapping their hands like bird wings, leaving Big Bird toys and birdwatchers' books on their desks for them to find, playing "Bird Is The Word" over the school intercom, you get the picture. Ms. Constanza had no sense of humor at all to begin with, and it drove her totally nuts. The flap led to so much recrimination and confusion and investigations and hoo-ha that she left at the end of that term, and Stolen's credibility as a civic leader was severely shaken as well as his self confidence, which was a plus for the NVA when we started shooting up the town and making things go boom in the night. Revolution is bloody and deadly, but it can also be more laughs than a barrel of monkeys if you play it right.

Above all, the Party encouraged flag actions. One flag is worth a thousand words, once you can be sure that everyone in your community knows what that flag stands for. Once they know, people need to see it everywhere. We had hundreds of Tricolors made up out of everything from crepe paper to plastic to silk, and we stuck them up everywhere, sometimes running full-size Tricolors up the flagpole at the post office and other buildings and steel-strapping the lanyards to make sure the flag stayed up for at least a couple of hours of daylight. We had Tricolor stickers, with or without slogans, some just on gummed paper, some in vinyl with a kind of super-glue that Carter made up in his workshop that had to be sandblasted off wherever we slapped them up.

We made sure that blue, white, and green color scheme was imprinted in everybody's mind: we had Tricolor stickers, business cards, leaflets and of course many cans of spray paint. Lest all this sound like kid stuff, you need to remember the times. The things we did were good practice for future NVA operations, because they were plenty dangerous. Slip up on a sticker raid and you end up in the same prison along with the comrade who shoots a spic and with almost as much time on your sentence. In the eighteen months prior to 10/22, over two hundred people in the Northwest received prison sentences ranging from five to twenty years for various hatecrime counts ranging from Federal felony littering to Federal felony vandalism to Federal felony criminal mischief, and of course anything that was done on a school or university ground or a place of employment, whether you were employed there or not, was covered by the Dees Act. During that time six comrades were shot dead by the police in the act of distributing unlawful literature or spray-painting. The youngest was twelve years old. Their names are on the Wall of the Martyrs on the Capitol Mall in Olympia.

ZOG also tried to get us on anti-tagging laws originally brought in to try and stop Mexican and nigger gangs from spray-painting their gang symbols and art work all over public transport, then when that wasn't strong enough it became "criminal conspiracy" to cause mental anguish to our poor little dusky brethren. The hell of it was, we really didn't do all that much racial slurring, for psychological reasons. We understood that spray-painting nigger on walls didn't really resonate with ordinary people. It looked petty and childish. Most of the impromptu redecorating of the landscape we did was the

standard blue, white, and green stripes and something like “Mexicans Out, Whites Back To Work”, “White Freedom” or

“A Northwest Nation” as a slogan.

All that having been said, these nocturnal escapades were some of the best fun I ever had. Not to mention the fact that they served as dates with Rooney. Our relationship had developed on lines which were very odd for the time, when adolescent boys and girls viewed one another as targets, competitors, trophies, or sex objects. You couldn't really call it platonic, because the illegal political activity created a kind of intensity that merged with normal teenage sexual tension was a real high, but I was perfectly happy to be a comrade-in-arms, and she always gave me to understand without a word that I was someone special to her, that I had been chosen, and that one day it would be time. I was so sure of this that I was never in any way jealous of any of the other guys my age who were involved in our Party unit. But nothing was ever said. How can I explain this? You just didn't *talk* about things like that with Rooney. There was always so much more important and much more interesting stuff going on. In one way this was very good for me.

Most teenaged boys back then, and today as well I suppose, spend most of their time pre-occupied with their dicks. That part of my life was taken care of by my initiation into the Wingfields' extended family, and so I exercised my mind instead, which is a very lucky thing for a young man to have occur in his life.

I don't think that during my entire high school period Rooney and I ever actually went out with each other, alone, on any occasion that was purely social and not racial in some way. I have to admit, I was really disappointed not to be able to take her to the senior prom, but not only did the Wingfields frown on dancing for religious reasons and because it made white kids act like niggers, but Rooney scoffed at the idea herself. “Lord, Shane, can you see me tryin' to *dance!*” she cackled in good-humored derision. “I'd look like an oil derrick in a tornado.” So on prom night I brought Rooney a corsage anyway, and Ma pinned it on her denim jacket—she was allowed to wear jeans when we were out on a tickle—and she wore it all that night while we tossed Party newspapers on lawns and in driveways all over Chehalis and then sprayed a huge Tricolor onto the wall of the Shelton fire station while

the hook and ladder crew were out on a call. We sat on the sea wall and watched the dawn come up over the mountains behind us and light up Dundee harbor together, and I got another kiss. That was our prom.

I remember saying something as we watched the sea about how beautiful our Homeland was. “It will be even more beautiful when we’re free,” she replied. Then it was back to littering and vandalizing for a while. But by this time the rich men in Lewis County were getting seriously worried about all the blue, white and green graffiti on the local hoardings and underpasses. Especially all that “Mex Out, Jobs In”

stuff. The pale peasants seemed to be getting ideas above their station. Frightening words like “living wage” loomed in the rich mens’ nightmares. Well, comparatively rich, anyway, although our county’s business upper crud was pretty small potatoes by Seattle or national standards. Profits at the sawmill, the cannery, and the paper mill seedling plantations might even be threatened if Hispanic labor somehow got the idea it was unwelcome in nice, friendly, liberal and diversity-celebrating Lewis County. This blue, white and green motif was starting to upset their *braceros* and *madrugadores*, and the rich folks’

housemaids and nannies were becoming scared to go home at night for fear of the evil gringo racists they saw hiding behind every tree. The pale-skinned natives were restless and must be sternly chastised, taught respect both for their betters and their betters’ dark-skinned pets.

So they called in a special FBI Civil Rights Task Force with cart blanche to cleanse all of Lewis County of horrible, wicked racism, and that is how I had the unedifying experience of meeting Special Agent Bruce Goldberg for the first time. But maybe before I talk about that I should tell you about how I met Red Morehouse. Yeah, I know, I’m jumping around, but you said you wanted stream of consciousness. The Goldberg story isn’t important. A Jew is nothing, just a Jew. But Red? Now there was aman.

* * *

One of the things the Party did very early on was to encourage our best people to go into certain professions which might prove to be of use at a later

stage of the revolutionary struggle for Northwest independence. High on the list among those professions was teaching, and since teachers were paid some of the crappiest wages in state government for one of the highest stress and highest bullshit jobs going, there were never enough to go around and even in a devastated economy, jobs in education were plentiful.

Especially in more rural areas of the state, where the pay was far lower than Seattle or even Dundee, but where the students were still largely of a certain pale complexion. Exactly the places we liked to recruit.

Even in an economy that was on an iron lung, teachers could be sure of a job if they were willing to keep quiet during school hours, live on a peon's pay, and put up with several tons of politically correct crap per day in order to get at a few good and receptive young white minds with the racial message.

Martin "Red" Morehouse had set up an unofficial after-hours school for those of us white kids at Dundee High and also some from the middle school like China Wingfield, who were interested in actually learning something, in finding out about the true history of our race and the way things really worked in society.

We called it the Chowder Society, Red having asked us to avoid any specifically Aryan or subversive names for it. We would meet in the homes of various Party supporters, but especially often we'd get together in the Wingfields' back building, a corrugated iron structure that was kind of half barn and half garage. It had an upper floor where Carter had set up an actual schoolroom with desks and a blackboard and a stash of forbidden books carefully hidden in a specially built, concealed locker in the event of a raid. There was no curriculum as such for the Chowder Society. We would talk about current events or some piece of anti-white, politically correct crap we'd just gotten in school from the official history teacher, and then Red would pull out one of his books, or sometimes a copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica 1925 edition he'd found somewhere, and he'd tell us the straight dope.

There were about a dozen white kids from Dundee involved in the Chowder Society at any one time, and on a good night maybe seven or eight of us would show. This was that one exception I mentioned before to the small

team rule. For many years, Chowder classes were the largest white gatherings or meetings I ever attended. I never served in a Flying Column, so I reckon it wasn't up until the newly-formed Northwest Defense Force was massing for the attack on Portland that I ever saw more than a hundred of us in the same place. Even my cell block at Auburn FDC only had about fifty Volunteers in it. Sometimes the Chowder class no-shows had to work, as happened when I myself was pushing broom at Burger Doodle, but in some cases the kids' parents found out what was going on and got scared and made their sons or daughters stop coming for a while. Odd when you think about it. They would rather Kevin or Jennifer hung out in the park with the skateboarding dweebs chugging on malt-liquor forties and smoking dope than attend unauthorized and politically suspect educational events where they risked learning unpalatable truth and might end up using their heads for something besides a hat rack. Better a trashed-out dooper or a pregnant slut than an evil racist Nazi. No kidding, there were parents who actually held that attitude.

I'm sure the school administration knew what was going on, but they were puzzled as to how to deal with it. If they made an issue out of Mr. Morehouse's little hobby and tried to fire him, that would mean bad publicity and a descent on the Dundee public schools by the news media and by heavy liberal bureaucrats and psych mooks from Olympia to denazify everybody in sight, with all the accompanying sound and fury.

Those paper-pushers had experienced quite enough of that during my little set-to on the playground with Bobby Fernandez, thank you. Even worse, Mr. Morehouse might hire a lawyer and sue. He was a member of something called the American Association of Scholastic Inquiry, which was pretty much a Party front group for our teachers that for some reason didn't seem to have branches anywhere but in the Pacific Northwest. At that time the AASI was considered legitimate if politically suspect, and it was believed that the Association might have enough money to hire a shark. Incorrectly believed. No one had any money in those days, the Party least of all, but the very sight of an attorney's letterhead sent people screaming into the night in terror. Lawyers were a contamination who destroyed lives and laid waste to whatever they touched.

Technically speaking, there was nothing outright illegal about people simply

meeting in someone's house and having a private discussion about history or literature, but it got the liberal administrators' sensitive antennae quivering. They were pretty sure that this wasn't kosher in any sense of the word. Information and ideas were being exchanged between people who weren't supposed to be interested in ideas, and that makes any tyranny nervous. All communication in the United States was supposed to flow from the top down through the authorized media, that we might know the will of our lords and masters as to what we should think and believe. Occasionally the flow might be from the bottom up in the form of market research in order that the corporations might make money, but *never* from side to side where the establishment had no control over the content and was unable to set the parameters of acceptable discussion. Hence the millions of dollars spent and the hundreds of Feds employed in monitoring web sites and private conversations in internet chat rooms, although after the infamous Matt Hale case in 2004 no one in his right mind used them for anything politically incorrect. This monitoring of private intercommunication was one of the more or less publicly admitted reasons for the inclusion in the Dees Act of the section that prohibited the "creation of a hostile work environment through the exclusion of minorities and women and gay persons from social interaction in the workplace." Amurrica didn't even want its white wage slaves gathering in corners in the break room or the smoke hole and muttering to one another unless there was minority informer present.

In the end the school board handled it in typical bureaucratic fashion. They pretended it wasn't happening, sent each other memos to cover their asses if it blew up, and prayed that if that happened it would be on someone else's watch. Red Morehouse was another first for me, the first live American National Socialist I ever met, although it took me a while to figure that out. He didn't go around in a brown shirt, he didn't goose-step or wear a Hitler moustache, his hair was of normal length and neatly trimmed, he had no tattoos, and he didn't click his heels and yell "Heil Hitler!" all the time. Red was an innocuous-looking older man with horn-rimmed glasses who more often than not wore a Mr. Rogers-style cardigan, but he managed to look scholarly as opposed to geeky in an epoch that didn't recognize any difference between the two. Over the next couple of years I discovered that he knew the Old Man personally as well as most of the top echelon people in the Party, including names that would later become household words, like

Winston Wayne and Corby Morgan and Tom Murdock. But I learned these things through casual second-hand conversation. Red didn't name-drop. He didn't preach or try to argue anyone into his particular NS point of view. Red believed in planting seeds and letting them grow gradually.

If you don't mind my getting a bit ahead of myself, Captain Morehouse later became our Political Officer for the South Sound Brigade of the NVA, which meant that the Party trusted him with what amounted to our spiritual welfare. The PO was the guy who took the political and military policy that came down from the Political Bureau and the Army Council and interpreted it for us and explained to us, if ever we had any questions, just *why* we were doing what we were doing at any given time. Which meant he had to understand it himself, so sometimes he had to move very light on his dialectic feet and be able to read the tea leaves. The PO had a veto on any operation a crew might be considering, if he felt the proposed tickle was in some way against Party policy or counterproductive to the war goals. He always outranked the actual unit commander in case it ever became necessary for him to pull rank, but with good political officers and good field commanders that didn't happen, and we had a pretty good crop of both in Lewis County. Red and Tank Thompson always got along well, which was a good thing. I know some outfits had problems with personality conflicts and political rivalries between the CO and the PO.

Morehouse very seldom talked about himself at all. He was a single father with a small son and daughter who were the only other things in his life besides the Northwest movement. His wife was never mentioned, and it was some time before I learned that she had become a drug addict back in Houston and run off with her Vietnamese pusher, who put her to peddling her ass on the street in exchange for crack.

Then one day she actually took Red to court in Dundee to try and get custody of the children on the grounds that he was an evil racist. She really wanted to sell them to It Takes A Village for a cut of the adoption bond. That kind of thing happened a lot. The way I found out what was going on was that Red asked me to come along the night some of the boys went and had a quiet word of prayer with the wife's attorney, which I was proud and honored to do. That was the first full-fledged NVA tickle I ever went on, and this was

even before there was an NVA, before 10/22 when we were supposed to stay legal, or at least be discreet. The hell of it was, Red's ex *still* almost got custody even when her lawyer never showed up in court, and she might have done it if she herself hadn't been stoned on coke and vomited on the judge in chambers. Then she kicked a bailiff.

The attorney? Still at the bottom of the Puget Sound off Budd's Point somewhere, so far as I know. Yes, ma'am, I guess come to think of it, that was the first time I participated in killing a man, but lawyers don't count.

Red didn't mind getting personal when it came to making a political or racial point, though. One cold nasty winter's day I asked him how he'd felt about leaving the *warm* place he was born to come to this rat's nest (as I thought of it then) up here in the Northwest. "Shane, I was born and raised in the Texas hill country, in a town originally settled by German immigrants called New Braunfels," he told me. "I grew up not just with ten gallon hats and cowboy boots but sausage and sauerkraut and Saturday nights in the Hofbrau beer garden. If I had my way I would have lived out my life in Texas and died there, and if I'd ever gone anywhere else it would have been to Germany, although the only Germany I'd want to live in hasn't existed for a long time. Leaving that place where four generations of my ancestors lie buried, and knowing that I wouldn't be coming back, was one of the hardest things I ever had to do in my life. But it's by no means the first time our race has done such a thing, starting thousands of years ago when the first Goth packed up his wife and his kids and his dogs into an ox cart and headed over the hill. All those forefathers of mine buried in New Braunfels came from somewhere else. Long ago I recognized that I was born into one of those times when my life was not mine to live as I pleased. With any luck my grandchildren might have that luxury. We don't, not in this generation. God not only gave us life, He made us white. He did that for a reason, and it wasn't so we can just run off into the woods and fields and dance and sing and rollerblade and get stoned and have fun. Life is duty. You were born here in this wonderful land, and I envy you. I had to come here by conscious decision, and it was a long hard road. But it was the right decision for me, and I will never regret it."

Red was the first guy who was able to sit down and talk to me about the Jews. For the Wingfields it was simple: Jews were creatures of Satan and that

was that. Before I met Red I knew only what I had read in books or seen on TV about the Third Reich. I could read between the lines, I remembered what Mandelbaum had tried to do to me, and I knew that I didn't like the hose-nosed bastards because they were against Adolf Hitler and Adolf Hitler was my main man, but frankly I would have had a very difficult time justifying any of it with logic or facts. Not that it bothered me. Sometimes what's right isn't susceptible to logic. You just know it in your soul. I remember asking Red once whether or not we really had a chance to win this thing, in view of the terrible odds stacked against us. "Actually, I think we've got a better chance now that we've ever had since 1945," Red told me with assurance. "You see, Shane, history proves one thing, time and again. The Jew will *always* overreach himself. No matter how smart and subtle and patient and organized they may be, eventually Jews *always* push their host peoples too far and then it's pogrom time again. Always. They are nowhere near as smart as they think they are. Clever yes, but theirs is not a creative intelligence. They can beg, borrow, steal and adapt almost anything in their host cultures for their own purposes, but they've never really invented anything. They didn't even invent monotheism; the Pharaoh Akhenaton beat them to that and the authors of the Bible even cribbed a lot of the Psalms and Proverbs from Egyptian hymns to the sun. Jews will achieve effective control of a society through years, sometimes centuries of incredibly patient plotting and planning and skullduggery, but once they do they are never content to keep on exercising that control quietly and from behind the scenes. The funny little man with the big nose can never quite bring himself to stay behind the curtain permanently.

Instead, in his moment of triumph Yehudi always lets the mask slip and lets the world see the arrogance and Talmudic hatred and hubris beneath it. Winston Churchill, of all people, once made a very revealing comment about the Jews. He said the Jew was always either at your feet or at your throat. Interesting, eh?

It shows that he knew exactly who he was betraying his people and his country to, the brandy-soaked son of a bitch."

I had read *Mein Kampf*, or tried to, when I was about ten, before it had been pulled off the library shelves, but I had understood very little of it. I

mentioned this to Red and he said, “Hmm, yes, MK is a kind of tough sledding for a ten year-old, especially if you get hold of a bad translation. Let’s start you out on the short catechism, so to speak.”

The next time we met in the Wingfields’ classroom Red handed me one of his illegal copies of Commander Rockwell’s *White Power*, which by then was banned from distribution under the Dees Act through the infamous civil liability clause. In one of their many end runs around the First Amendment, the Federal courts had really gone to town on the old dodge of using the civil law to punish people for things that weren’t technically criminal and were even supposed to be constitutional rights, like thinking forbidden thoughts and reading forbidden literature. The tyrants in the black robes ruled that books on the Attorney General’s list were controlled material like guns or drugs because of their unspecified potential to “do harm” and were therefore subject to registration and licensing. You had to be over twenty-one, and then you could possess *one copy only* of certain books in your private collection if you could grandfather them and show you possessed them prior to the passage of the law, which of course meant registering your books with the government within a set period of time and thus identifying yourself as a dissident. But you could not post books which were on the Attorney General’s Index of Controlled Literary Properties to the internet or give such books to anyone else, without possible (read damned near certain if you got caught) civil liability for a “human rights violation,” and “inflicting mental anguish.” Meaning that any non-white or bugger boy who found out you gave something politically incorrect to someone else could file a civil lawsuit for violating his rights, even though you gave the book to a completely unrelated third party and the plaintiff never read a word of it or even saw the book in the third party’s possession.

Hearsay was enough for a million-dollar civil lawsuit that would gobble up every penny you owned in legal fees and destroy your life before it was dismissed three years down the road on a technicality. I.e. more damned lawyers draining everybody like leeches. Technically speaking, my parents could have sued Morehouse and stripped him to his underwear, because I was underage and he was poisoning my youthful mind with all that hate. I very carefully concealed my new unorthodox reading habits from my Mom.

White Power simply blew me away. I read it in a single weekend and I was back for more on Monday. Red loaded me up with all kinds of wonderful hate. There were short *hors d'oeuvres* like Britton's *Behind Communism*, Grimstad's *Anti-Zion*, Harwood's *Did Six Million Really Die?*, *The Talmud Unmasked*, Hoffman's *Judaism's Strange Gods*, and of course Sergei Nilius's translation of *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, which under the Dees Act was in a category all its own. You couldn't even own a single legally grandfathered copy of the *Protocols*, and after 10/22 possession got you ten years' Federal time instead of the usual nickel. Our Party copies were printed off an internet server in Singapore that would publish anything if the money was right. At one point ZOG actually sent a Green Beret commando team into Singapore to destroy that server.

Next out of Red Morehouse's illicit cache of quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore came the longer, heavier tomes: Yockey's *Imperium*, Simpson's *Which Way Western Man?*, Codreanu's *For My Legionaries*, Arthur Butz's *Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, Commander Rockwell's *This Time The World*, and the banned history books of David Irving. Finally, in my junior year in high school, I felt ready to tackle *Mein Kampf* again. And this time, I finally understood what the Führer had been saying to me all those years ago.

All these books were part of an underground reading course put together by the Party that taught so many of my generation what was what. Red's little private lending library contained several copies each of these and other works, and the only time he ever got even slightly aggravated with any of his Chowder Society kids was when they wouldn't return borrowed books. There was always a waiting list for everything. I was given one book at a time and strictly cautioned against showing it to anyone else, because the open possession of racial literature was starting to get much more dangerous than even civil lawsuits. We had to worry about informers to the Human Rights Hotline, brainwashed or just vicious nasty kids of all races, little damned sneaks who were told in diversity class what particularly evil titles to look for in their friends' homes and lockers and bedrooms. In addition, the books themselves were becoming harder and harder to obtain. There were still some old pre-Dees Act copies from various semi-legitimate publishers, and there was more than one crude underground hand-press in the Party that could print

and bind books in small numbers, but in many cases we had to make do with *samisdat* photocopies in binders disguised as computer manuals or college crib notes or whatever. The loss of a book was a hit to our unit in and of itself, but it also drew heat from the authorities.

The U. S. Marshalls' office were responsible for enforcing Federal court orders, and they were always trying to trace any copies of just about every racial book on our covert list and seize them under various injunctions and judgments from the malicious civil lawsuits the Jews and their allies were always filing against white people. When copies of banned books were found, they were burned. If a number of copies were seized in what the media called a hate cache, they were burned in a big bonfire in front of the television cameras. People found in possession of multiple copies of books on the Index with intent to distribute received crushing prison sentences for contempt of court, with maximum publicity, so all us white boys would know to keep our minds squeaky clean and don't go reading things we hadn't oughta.

At the same time we were reading these banned books surreptitiously under the bedcovers at night with a flashlight, literally so sometimes in my case, we were reading and discussing perfectly legal but unauthorized books in our perfectly legal but highly unauthorized and suspect little seminars after school.

This is a good example of the odd way things sometimes worked back then.

Red was always sure to curtail any discussion or even mention of any book on the Index in Chowder class, because that might conceivably render it a "conspiracy." Within the parameters of what remained of white dissent's quasi-legal but persecuted status, the Feds could not actually make a criminal case of hatecrime out of our little after-hours circle if we were discussing, say, Nathaniel Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, Waltari's *The Dark Angel*, or Conan Doyle's sci-fi and historicals. (I will be eternally grateful to Red for introducing me to Professor Challenger and Brigadier Gerard.) Ironically enough, they might have done had we been reading *Huckleberry Finn*, because of the infamous N word, but since that was actually a pro-nigger book the Chowder Society didn't waste time on it.

History was a little more dangerous, but Red had a genius for using texts and sources that were kosher in themselves while imparting valid and heretical knowledge. A good example of this was the couple of weeks we spent analyzing Barbara Tuchman's *A Distant Mirror*. Since Tuchman was New York Jewish and female, we could hardly be accused of partaking of Dead White European Males, and yet once you disregarded her whining about the poor persecuted Jews of the Crusades, her book was a damned informative analysis of the Middle Ages in almost every respect. You can learn a lot even from officially authorized sources once you have acquired the vital revolutionary awareness of what to ignore. Another good one was Albert Speer's *Inside The Third Reich*, which reads very schizoid when you first try it on.

But Red went through our four copies and very carefully blacked out about a quarter of the book, removing all the anti-Nazi crap that Speer had been required by West German law to put in, in order to have his memoirs published at all. The result looked a little like one of those FBI files you used to get under the Freedom of Information Act with everything important hidden by nasty ugly black bars, but once we got used to reading around the excisions then all of a sudden the book hung together and *made sense*, and we were able to get an awe-inspiring glimpse of the Reich in all its glory. Which I suspect was what the canny Speer intended all along.

At one point, one of the Party's computer geeks in Portland named Wally Haupt scanned *Inside the Third Reich* onto a word-processing program, deleted all the same anti-NS parts Red had blacked out, and produced our own shortened, de-kosherized version which we then read on diskette or printed out. He was caught by the FBI, arrested on a charge of felony copyright violation, and in the hullabaloo after 10/22 Wally simply disappeared into the Federal GULAG under the Patriot Act. The Republic didn't find out Wally Haupt was still alive until almost ten years after Longview, and we traded some American sanctions spies for him, but when we finally brought him Home his mind was gone, and I do mean the man's mind was gone.

They'd lobotomized him.

Red Morehouse had a couple of educational fortes. One was economics and

the other was the Middle Ages, which is one reason he didn't mind using a Jew like Barbara Tuchman as a source if the historical fact was straight up. "A very neglected period in our history," he told us once in Chowder class. "Political Correctness has never quite figured out a way to twist that part of our past to fit into their world view, and so the academic establishment tends to ignore anything from the fall of the Roman empire up until the Renaissance as much as possible. It's kind of a historical black hole, except for occasional pieces of PC

crap like trying to claim Hildegard Von Bingen was a lesbian, which is completely untrue and which makes me want to strangle somebody. There are some interesting philosophical lessons from that time for us today, you know. Some years ago I was reading a scholarly volume on the Middle Ages when I came across a translation of a textbook or primer used to teach children of the nobility to read, kind of a fourteenth-century See Dick And Jane kind of thing. The book described all the various people who existed in the medieval world and their functions. The king rules by divine right, the baron gives justice and protection to his people, the knight does deeds of valor for his lady love, the priest intercedes with God for the souls of men, the merchant brings goodies from foreign lands. It continued on down to the tradesmen such as the weavers, the butchers and bakers and so forth, you get the picture. Anyway, at the very end was a single sentence thrown in almost as an afterthought which described people who in those days were at least 90% of the entire population. It was a phrase which has stuck in my mind from that day to this: 'And the peasant toils so that all may eat.'

"That's like white people today," said John Bell.

"You got it!" said Red with a smile. "I can't think of any better way to describe the role of the white man today, and many white women as well, once you exclude the artificial affirmative action-created female managerial class. We are high-class peasants. Our function in this society is simple. The peasant toils so that all may eat. Mexicans may heft and tote, but white men have to tell them what to heft and where to tote it. White men build and drive the trucks that deliver the consumer goods, manufacture and package the junk food, maintain the power plants that keep the air conditioners and televisions running, cut down the trees and make the paper which keeps the bureaucracy

going. White police and soldiers loyally carry the guns and pull the triggers for ZOG, in the Middle East and everywhere in the world. Above all, white men pay the overwhelming bulk of the taxes which keep the whole rotten system we live under afloat. We sow, but never do we reap. We are serfs on the great worldwide consumer plantation, producing the wealth and keeping everything going while our multifarious masters sit on the veranda eating and drinking the products of our labor, and spinning their pointless little intrigues. Like all peasants, we have no place in the political process. Our role is to toil so that all may eat. Our place is to accept with gratitude such consumer goodies as our betters see fit to fill our bowls with, to shuffle and tap dance and tug the forelock, to vote the way we are told to vote by our natural superiors the liberals and the Jews, and to apply our lips in the prescribed manner to whatever *derrières* are presented to us. Finally, we must keep our minds squeaky clean of any impure doubt or racist thought.”

“But what can we *do*, Mr. Morehouse?” asked someone else. “I mean, I love going out at night and dropping paper and spray-painting for the Party, but that’s petty stuff. It’s not going to bring down this rotten system.”

“Oh, peasants have been known to revolt, Jason,” Red assured us. “Think guillotine, guys, with a pile of heads on the capitol steps higher than Tamerlane’s tower of skulls. Think of a big gallows like a wedding cake, with layers and rows of dangling bodies in thousand-dollar suits with pedicured toes turning slowly in the wind. The French did it in 1789. The Russians did it in 1917, even if it was for an evil cause. The Irish did it in 1921, the Italians did it in 1922, the Germans did it in 1933. Even the Iraqis and Iranians did it, and it looks like the Palestinians are going to pull it off as well. So will we.”

Red made us understand economics in a way we’d never done before. I know economics is called the dismal science, but Red Morehouse knew that money was the source of all our enemies’ power, and in order to fight and win we had to have at least some kind of understanding of the way money worked, how it was created and used, and what the Jews had done to us with it. One night he asked us, “Okay, guys, how many of you know what usury is?”

“Charging interest on loaned money,” replied Rooney promptly.

“That’s right, but it’s not just the act of charging interest. Usury is an entire economic system,” he told us.

“I’m reading a book on Renaissance Italy at the moment, and it’s inspired me with a concrete example from the past to show how our present economic order developed. Greatly oversimplified, of course, but it will help you understand one aspect of just how the hell our European people have arrived at our present mess. First off, you need to understand that although Karl Marx was full of sheep dip in most things, he did recognize and articulate certain correct and vitally important truths about the nature of capitalism.

Capitalism is utterly dependent on the exploitation of human beings for their labor, and in order to function capitalism must reinvent Man as a commodity, an economic unit of production and consumption. This dehumanizing concept has proven one of the most destructive aspects of the Jewish incursion into Western civilization. Secondly, capitalism is dependent for the generation of its capital not only on profit, but on the highly cost effective form of profit known as usury.”

I know all this sounds really dull, and you probably think I’m exaggerating about this guy getting a bunch of teenagers to sit still and listen to a long spiel on economics and the mechanics of the capitalist system.

Under most circumstances, yeah, we would have been bored out of our minds. But bear in mind we weren’t sitting in a stuffy classroom surrounded by photos of Malcolm X and Mahatma Gandhi and other reminders that we were second-class citizens in our own land, while an official of the state tried to jam horse manure down our throat with a spoon. We were meeting secretly in a basement, to which we had come surreptitiously and in some cases lying to our parents about where we were going. We knew that if we were detected we’d be in trouble and be punished, and anything the establishment hated and feared enough to punish was of automatic worth in our eyes. We knew that whatever Mr. Morehouse told us was something that the people with power who made our lives miserable did not want us to know. That made all the difference in the world. Nothing like forbidden knowledge to perk up your interest in a subject.

Red was off. “Usury is the collection of interest on loaned money, true, but it

is much more. It is also the ultimate tool of Jewish power. Usury was forbidden for centuries to Christians, which used to be pretty much the same thing as saying Aryans. Only Jews were allowed to practice it, and any Aryan found charging interest was subject to a variety of penalties ranging from fines to the public removal of bits and pieces of the offender's anatomy. Modern day banks and credit card companies would have you believe that the economy is entirely dependent on the charging of interest, but that's bullsh*t."

"Tell that to my Dad who was just denied his Chapter Seven by that goddamned Judge Kaplowitz," said one of the guys, George Douglas. "We're gonna lose our house because of the 29% interest on my mother's operation last year," he told us bitterly. "We had to put it on our last Visas and Mastercards because we didn't have any cash at all."

"Good example of how usury is grinding white people into the dust today," agreed Red. "By the way, George, see me after class tonight. I need to talk to you about that sitch. Yes, China?"

"Mr. Morehouse, how did white people make profits without interest, before the Jews came?" said China, who had raised her hand. I figured she had a good idea already, since China was smart as a whip and to my surprise already the best read and most politically astute of the Wingfields. Rooney was all heart; China was just about all brain. She'd read Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* at age thirteen and I still have heavy going myself on that one. My guess was she was deliberately helping Morehouse out.

"Good question. The generation of non-production related profit through interest is actually a fairly recent development in man's economic history. So how did the economy work in the days before usury? Okay: let's say we're in Venice, a great trading city, about the year 1396. Usury is forbidden to everyone except the Jews, and their interest rates are as high as 50%, so no one but a drunk or a madman deals with them.

They exist on interest mostly off the very poor, as pawnbrokers, and the Church has even established a series of interest-free co-op religious pawn shops to try and protect the poor from the bloodsuckers. But if you're a

merchant, you still have to finance your trading ventures. So how do you do it? Let's say you want to send a ship to Constantinople full of Italian goodies, cloth and worked metal goods and glassware, wool, so forth and so on. You want to bring back the same ship full of Asia Minor goodies like spices, mahogany, Turkish rugs, etc. We will assign an arbitrary cost to this venture of 10,000 gold florins." The basement had a blackboard—well, a greenboard—and Red wrote *10,000 florins cost* on it in white chalk.

"You believe that the profit from the sale of your goods in Constantinople and the resale of their goods in Venice will yield 20,000 florins, which for the sake of argument we'll accept as accurate." He wrote *20,000 florins gross*. "Where do you get the money?" Red asked rhetorically. "You can put up the entire ten grand yourself if you're filthy rich, and many of the wealthiest merchant adventurers did so, as well as putting up their lives. These guys are not just businessmen, they're sea captains and explorers and occasional pirates, and they command their own vessels. They can opt to take all the risk, including the risk of the ship sinking or getting captured by Arab corsairs, and take all the profit. Or they can look for investors to share the risk. Since our hypothetical merchant adventurer is a good Christian who doesn't want to deal with hebes, and a good businessman who doesn't want to pay half his profit literally to a Shylock, he goes to one or more of the great Lombard banking houses, most likely several of them because they will be more likely to back him if their individual exposure is less. The Bardi, the Pazzi, the Strozzi, the Albizzi, or the up-and-coming Medici." He wrote the names on the board. "These banks are centered mostly in Florence or Siena, but they have branches all over Europe in a day when the first Rothschilds are still haggling with peasants over the pawn of their wooden shoes for a few pennies. Our friend explains his venture, shows them the ship so they know it's a stout seaworthy vessel, lets them know he'll be captaining the voyage himself, and points out that he's got a good track record of a dozen prosperous expeditions prior to this. He looks good to the Lombards, and so they lend him the dough.

"The total outlay for this project is ten grand in gold florins. The merchant himself will put up 4,000

florins, or 40%. The Bardi, the Strozzi, and the Medici banks will put up

2,000 each.” All this went up on the board. “They know they will have to wait one year for the ship’s return to find out how they did. This is the origin of the old expression ‘when my ship comes in’. If everything goes according to plan, the venture will bring 20,000 gold florins, thus recouping everyone’s initial investment and leaving ten grand profit.

The merchant will take his expenses of four grand plus four grand of the surplus and the three banks four grand each, which recoups their loan and gives them a 100% return on their investment. Good business—

and something comes of it. There is benefit to the community when consumers get a nice Persian rug or some pepper to put on Aunt Maria’s lasagna, which in the days before refrigeration disguises the taste of the half-putrefied sausage she uses in her recipe. And don’t even get me into medieval sanitation.” We all laughed. “Of course it was all a lot more complicated than that,” he went on. “For instance, in many cases the ship’s captain, if he was not the owner, would have a substantial share and the crew would be paid not only a minimum wage but a small share each as well, plus there was taxes and overhead just like today — but you get the idea. A rich merchant might send out ten ships a year under this system. Three would be lost, but seven of them would return, leaving an overall profit and Venetian society wealthier thereby. Do you note the difference between this system and Jewish usury?”

“No interest,” I pointed out. “Profit comes from productivity.”

“Bingo, Shane!” said Mr. Morehouse, beaming. “The Lombard banking system was based on production or acquisition of something tangible. Surplus value was to be created by buying actual things of value low and selling high, by making something or building something or undertaking risks to obtain something material and tangible. If the voyage didn’t succeed, the investors were out their money, and this risk element led to a high degree of caution, canniness, and ability to assess risk as well as encouraging daring and enterprise for higher profits. Another variation on this system was public works, for example the bridges over the river Arno in Florence, many of which were built by the bankers who were then allowed to collect tolls until they had recovered the expense of construction and a set profit, after which the bridges became free. There are endless variations. Money was lent for agriculture, to build a factory or a workshop, to build a road, whatever, but

always something you could touch, feel, taste, use or consume.

Money did not magically produce money out of nothing as it does with usury. The merchant princes of Renaissance Italy may have had a taste for luxurious living, intrigue, and poisoning one another, but they never threw money away like present-day governments and multinationals on loan interest. They had worked and sweated and bled and killed too long and hard to get it.

“Whereas the Jewish usury system is a shell game where money multiplies by itself without relation to anything in the real world. So-called value is created by the manipulation of numbers on a piece of paper as in, say, today’s Stock Exchange or commodities market where there is only the most tenuous connection, if any, between the arbitrary value of the paper and any real or valuable object or commodity.

Of course, from the point of view of the lender, usury has one advantage over the productivity or venture-based system: it eliminates risk, for the lender, anyway. But it increases risk many fold for the borrower who not only puts his business and his own capital on the line but sometimes everything he possesses.

The borrower signs a bond or contract borrowing ten thousand florins and promising to pay back fifteen come what may, and as collateral he gives the lender the right to seize certain property if he is unable to pay by the stated date. The Lombard banking system was essentially a tool for the production of new wealth, while usury is a system for transferring existing wealth into a smaller number of hands, usually Jewish.”

“So how did the kikes eventually move in on the system?” asked Rooney.

“When did usury get its first foothold in the Western economy? Basically, when the Aryan ruling élite of that time, like their counterparts of the twentieth century, lost sight of their principles in the scramble for wealth, became deracinated, and started acting like Jews. Unfortunately, the first big capitalist usurers in modern history were these same Lombard bankers in their later stages. The Jews then slid in on the coattails of the regrettably accurate claim that ‘everybody is doing it’, and within a short time were running the whole game. Always remember: you offer the Jew a fingertip and

he'll take the whole hand.

Essentially two things happened. First, a lot of the Lombard banks crashed down through the years when they inevitably made too many bad decisions, creating fewer and bigger banks handling more money led by more unscrupulous men as the Renaissance advanced. Late Renaissance bankers and financial tycoons were often converted Jews, many of whom continued to practice Judaism in secret and openly favored their own people at the expense of their host nations. Additionally, the Church became corrupt and quit enforcing the anti-usury statutes, and the secular princes and dukes and whatnot got into debt to the banks and overlooked the fact that they had begun to charge interest just like the Jews.”

“Just like the damned credit card companies now all operate out of South Dakota or Delaware, so they can charge twenty-nine per cent,” said George Douglas angrily.

“You got it,” said Red with a nod. “Usury crept into our economy in stages, and it was still frowned upon even as late as the nineteenth century. A character in a Sherlock Holmes story, for example, a ruined gambling nobleman who has mortgaged everything he owns and is about to lose it all, is referred to as being *in the hands of the Jews* by author Arthur Conan Doyle, an expression one could still get away with using as late as the 1890s. Now, of course, we're all in the hands of the Jews. We've got credit cards operating out of states like South Dakota with no banking laws to speak of, that charge twenty-nine percent revolving interest. It's actually cheaper to borrow money from the Mob. Organized crime's traditional “vigorish” or interest rate being six for five or about eighteen percent.”

Red had the true teacher's gift of being able to make history come alive. He was full of really interesting little bits and pieces of historical trivia, and yet he always used them to illustrate larger points. One night we were talking about the Second World War and the mission of Rudolf Hess, who flew to Britain in 1940

in an attempt to reach a negotiated settlement and was imprisoned for the rest of his life for his trouble.

“It shows just how desperate Adolf Hitler was not to fight Britain that he allowed Hess to make his peace flight,” said Morehouse. “You see, Hitler already pretty much knew that the British would never accept any peace that allowed National Socialist Germany to remain intact. How many of you have ever heard of the Venlo incident?” None of us had. I hadn’t, and I was fairly well read in things Third Reich-ish.

“Venlo is a small town in Holland, right on the border with Germany,” Red explained. “The German *Sicherheitsdienst* or security service ended up kidnapping a couple of British spooks from there in the early months of the war. In the winter of 1939 Europe was in the grip of what they called the *sitzkrieg*, the phony war. The Führer knew that it was only a matter of time before the final showdown between National Socialism and Bolshevism, and he was desperately anxious to avoid a war on two fronts and make peace with the West while there was still time. Even before Hess, Hitler tried to make peace with Britain. This was just after Churchill had taken over from Neville Chamberlain as prime minister, and Hitler wanted to know if there was any possibility at all that Churchill might see reason and stop the war.

“So he had his SD chief, Walther Schellenberg, set up a sting on British MI6 or whatever foreign intelligence was called at the time. Schellenberg had one of his officers, who came from an old Prussian Junker family, contact two British agents in Holland. This was before Holland fell in the blitz, remember.

This man told the Brits that he represented a cabal of disaffected German officers and industrialists and government officials who weren’t happy about taking orders from an Austrian housepainter, etcetera and were allegedly contemplating a coup against Hitler, but they wanted to know ahead of time what kind of peace terms Churchill would be willing to offer. I can’t recall all the various maneuvers; they went on for some months, but eventually the Brits were taken in and the proposal was laid before Churchill. Now, do you know what Britain’s terms for peace with Germany and an end to the Second World War before it had even begun were? Churchill laid down only two conditions. First, the death of Adolf Hitler and the dismantling of the National Socialist state. Second—and this is what gives the whole game away as to what that war was about—the second condition Churchill made

was the return of Germany to the international gold standard.”

“Uh, I don’t get it,” I told him.

“Meaning that forty million human beings died because the Jews simply would not be denied their cut.

You see the way the economy worked under finance capital, and the way it still works even today, is based on usury. Let’s suppose you’ve got German tractors needed in Brazil and Brazilian coffee needed in Germany. The old fashioned capitalist way of exchanging those two commodities is that the Germans go to a Jewish bank in Frankfort and borrow the money to buy the Brazilian coffee beans, at a handsome rate of interest, and the Brazilians go to another Jewish bank in Rio and borrow money to buy the German tractors, again at interest. This way the Jews get their cut on both ends of the transaction, for providing nothing that is really essential either to growing and brewing coffee or manufacturing tractors. This is how these people have gotten over for thousands of years. But then under the Third Reich a financial genius named Hjalmar Schacht figured out a breathtakingly simple way to accomplish the same transaction much more efficiently, much less expensively, and above all eliminating the banker as middleman and eliminating the undeserved accrual of interest for doing nothing. Schacht established a German trade bank that issued a kind of Monopoly money called trade credits, which could be used for German goods.

When the Brazilians needed German tractors, they sent a big freighter full of Brazilian coffee to Hamburg and in exchange got X number of trade credits, which they used to purchase German tractors. The big advantage to using this kind of system was that in order to get Western goods, the developing countries could in essence use barter of their own natural resources instead of having to come up with huge amounts of cash money which they could only raise by borrowing. If Nazi Germany had won the war and imposed their system in the place of usury, the entire International Monetary Fund would never have come into being and the international banks wouldn’t have the entire world by the throat.”

“Uh, Mr. Morehouse, what exactly *is* the gold standard?” asked Adam Wingfield, who was sitting in that night, still oily from his job. “I know a lot

of kosher conservative types are all starry-eyed about a metal-based money system. Didn't National Socialist Germany do it?"

"Good question," said Red. We all knew he was about to go off on his favorite hobby horse again, but we didn't mind. Red was a real teacher; he liked to talk and others liked to listen to him talk. "Let's back up a bit. Money was first invented thousands of years ago as a substitute for barter. For millennia money consisted only of gold, silver, and occasionally copper or bronze coinage. Why? Because these metals were rare and valued. Money only has value if everyone plays the game and believes it does, and accepts it as legal tender. Otherwise that dollar in your wallet is just a green piece of paper. Ancient Pharaohs sometimes paid the wages of the artisans who built their pyramids and temples in garlic, you know. But in ancient times, men decided they valued gold and silver, and so they still do. Doesn't make much sense.

Gold is so soft you can't make tools or weapons out of it, and silver tarnishes like the devil, but that's just one of those inscrutable givens of human civilization. Value is quantifiable in gold and silver. Now, coins are fine if you're just buying a jug of wine or a goat or whatever, but cities and empires and economies grew, and for major financial transactions involving what we call capital sums, using a purely specie-based monetary unit can get pretty ponderous. Eventually as commerce expanded, it became too cumbersome and dangerous to go on a trading expedition lugging long mule trains loaded with gold coin, so with the establishment of the first medieval banks the paper bank draft was invented, allowing a merchant in London to travel to Paris carrying only a document instead of heavy bags of money so tempting to bandits, do his business, deposit his profits in the Paris branch of the Bardi or whoever, and then draw them out again from the London branch when he got home. This was the first paper money, and it was specific, like a check made out to only one person. But it set the precedent of money in paper form being exchangeable for precious metals.

"Eventually the Lombard and later Jewish banks began to issue what today we would call negotiable securities or debentures, bank drafts for X amount of money with no name on them, which could be used as legal tender to buy, sell, pay, and lend. The practice of individual banks issuing their own paper

money continued up until the beginning of the twentieth century; you can see all kinds of examples in museums.

In the flourishing and expanding economy of a dynamic young America, private banks, states, cities, even railroads issued their own paper money. But these paper notes or bills were always gold or sometimes silver certificates. That is, if you had a ten dollar bill from the First National Bank of Philadelphia and you took it in to that bank, you had the right to get a ten dollar gold piece for it. Paper money was originally intended as a convenience, not as a substitute for precious metals. Redeemability in gold or silver had one big advantage: it kept the money supply under control and pretty much eliminated the curse of inflation and insane interest rates. When there is only so much money in existence, circulating over and over again, then wages and prices stay steady. Remember, arbitrary as it is, mankind has decided to accord gold and silver the status of having value, and you can't start up a printing press and run off gold doubloons. If your paper money supply has to match the amount of gold and silver available to redeem it, and if accordingly the amount of paper money in circulation stays reasonably steady, then so do prices and wages. Economic stability leads to social stability and social stability usually means that ordinary people like us have decent lives. In a secure and stable society a man can plan for the future, build a home, raise a family. Almost all the inflationary spirals in the past, aside from the odd catastrophe like the Black Death which created a humongous labor shortage, have had to do with the uncontrolled issue of paper money, i.e. the Continental Congress period, Confederate money, the Weimar period in Germany, etc.”

“I see what you mean, sir,” spoke up China, “But you say Hitler took Germany *off* the gold standard and Churchill and the Jews wanted them back on it?”

“Yes, Hitler and Schacht did that because by the early part of the twentieth century all the gold was in the wrong hands. National Socialism was just as anti-capitalist as it was anti-communist. NS Germany kicked over the table and created a controlled, planned economy based on the massive productivity of the German worker, while simultaneously taking the bankers out of the loop. The Anglo-Zionist international bankers wanted Germany back on the

gold standard at least temporarily, so they could control the amount of German money available and above all stop that international trade bank credit arrangement that was costing international bankers untold millions in loans and interest. Not that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. Oh no, not at all. In 1913, this country did something so stupid that it defies rational analysis even today. We handed control of our money over to the Jews in the form of a private corporation, the Federal Reserve, every head and important official of which from 1913 to this day has been Jewish. There is no such thing as U. S. currency, only Federal Reserve currency which is by law the only authorized form of legal tender. It took the Jews twenty years to take us off the gold standard and free themselves of the obligation to back up their green paper with gold or silver, but they managed it, and from 1934 onward the Jews have literally had a license to print money hand over fist. The United States still has the big gold reserves at Fort Knox, but why? What do we need it for? All that gold isn't redeemable for anything. You can't walk up to Fort Knox with a ten dollar Federal Reserve note and get ten dollars' worth of gold. After 1933 it was actually made *illegal* by the Roosevelt regime to possess gold or silver certificates that were redeemable in precious metal, and about fifty years ago the silver was physically removed from American coins so we couldn't even hold any in our hands in the form of a dime."

"But what advantage do the Jews and the international bankers get out of printing money like mad and creating inflation?" asked one of the kids.

"They don't give a damn about inflation. The men who make these decisions are always wealthy enough so it never affects them personally and we're just peasants whose welfare doesn't count," replied Red sourly.

"The ultimate goal of the usury system, ladies and gents, is for Yehudi finally to get his hands on all the marbles. They plan to do this through the collection of interest. The more paper money there is in circulation, the higher interest rates are charged. Eventually a situation will be reached where ninety-nine percent of the world's population will owe one percent of the world's population an interest debt so colossal that it is equivalent to all the money in existence. True world domination, guys."

"But what do we *do* about it?" wailed Rooney in rage and frustration.

“Oh, that’s easy,” replied Red with a grin. “We use another kind of economics based on a metallic substance. We shoot the bastards!”

* * *

So we come to my first little run-in with the FBI.

In the last couple of months of my senior year in high school, like most of my class I was just running out the clock and waiting for the hideous main event of life as we knew it to begin. Graduating classes all across the country were really depressing in those days. Every spring the media would be full of stories about seniors, white kids who committed suicide rather than be dragged into the empire’s army or shoved out into the world we had to live in.

By that time my fate in life was pretty much decided as far as the land of the free and the home of the brave was concerned. There had never been any question of college for a trailer trash kid like me, at least not one with my grades. Oh, I suppose if I’d gotten onto the nerd track about sixth grade and brought in nothing but straight A’s from that point on, I might have qualified for some kind of scholarship to Evergreen College, or maybe even the University of Washington. ZOG could always use techies to keep their toys running. There were still a few places for white boys once all the blacks and spics and gooks and Jews and Indians and left-handed Eskimo lesbians and every other little minority under the sun had gotten their piece of the quota pie, and UW did have a small reserved quota for Washington state residents of any race.

Yeah, I might have gotten in. Certainly I might have made something of myself under ZOG if I had established from a very young age that was what I wanted. If I had raised my voice in songs of praise to diversity and trained my lips to pucker in the presence of every black, brown, yellow, and kosher ass I came across, yeah, our lords and masters might have graciously granted me the privilege of having some kind of life serving them. Most of us who ended up in the NVA could have done that if we had wanted to. It’s the ancient decision faced by everyone raised under tyranny, and people usually make it at a very early age. Do you just submit and keep a low profile and hope the bastards will never notice that you exist? Do you join in the fun and

games as an enthusiastic participant and try to work your way into the tyrant's good graces so you can get your cut of the pie? Do you flee, which didn't really apply in my case since there was nowhere to flee to, nowhere on earth willing to offer a home to racially aware white people? Although there is now, of course. Or did you defy and die? That last year of my high school days was also the last legal year of the Party before 10/22, the last year that the choice of at least some degree of defiance without destruction was available to us.

Most of the non-affluent boys in my graduating class were going right into the army, and a lot of the girls as well, because it was the only job available unless you wanted to try for something at minimum wage the Mexicans hadn't taken. I had done the pre-registration screening for the draft at age seventeen, like I was supposed to, and I expected to be classified 4-F not only because of the Bobby Fernandez incident in third grade, but also because by then the various informers and other surveillance around the school would certainly have picked up on the fact that I was politically incorrect and associating with undesirable Elvis lookalikes and white chicks in long skirts. The FBI had a file on me like it had on pretty much everybody.

In fact, I had received the form letter only the day before informing me that my country would not be requiring my services as a warrior for civilization and Christendom in whatever phase the Ninth Crusade was in. If memory serves, the Americans had finally pulled out of Afghanistan after a whole generation of savage guerrilla warfare, and so that would make it the year before that they were chased out of Chechnya, so that was two hellholes I would have missed if I'd gone into the American military. But they'd just invaded somewhere else—Malaysia, Indonesia? Some tropical place with a lot of Muslims who killed some Israeli tourists, which of course required an immediate full court press on the part of whatever empty suit was in the White House. I can't even remember that after all these years. No, it wasn't Bush Four. It was one of the Clinton bitches, either the last year of that godawful hag Hillary or the first year of that brainless bimbo Chelsea. Never mind.

The important thing was I was officially deemed unfit for service owing to Article Blah Blah Section Ishkabibble i.e. I was "lacking in moral fiber." Or

was it moral character I was lacking in? I can't remember that either, but whatever it took to be a good Crusader and slaughter Muslims, evidently I didn't have it. Well, they were right. I didn't. But slaughtering Jews? Ah, now that was another story.

John Bell and John Hunt Wingfield apparently had the necessary moral fiber despite the fact that Adam had been booted out for fighting with his dusky fellow soldiers, which was bad, and beating them, which was worse. Rooney's twin brothers had gone into the army a couple of years earlier when they graduated.

John Bell went right into the motor pool after basic. He ended up getting sent to some base in Saudi Arabia where they quickly discovered that he was an ace HVAC mechanic. In that perpetual hundred and ten degree heat you'd better believe those officers wanted their air conditioners kept up and running, so John Bell very quickly made Spec Five and established himself as indispensable. They actually offered him double bonus to re-enlist.

He pretty much had the run of the place, and so long as he kept things cool in every sense of the word he had a lot of time to play with the company's computers. Time he used to send Rooney virtually every item of military software, documentation, and technical material he could get hold of, which she passed on to Carter and Carter passed on up the line. John Bell even got caught once or twice, but he got away with it by pulling a Jethro Beaudine act. "Gaw-lee, Cap'n, ah shorely didn't know all that stuff was classified. My sister is real interested in the military and she's even better with motors than I am. She's thinking about comin' in when she grad-jee-yates and I was hopin' to get her out here to do Gawd's work civilizin' these ragheads." Oddly enough for a Christian fundamentalist teetotaler, with an eye to the main chance John Bell had also become the base bootlegger, and he was great at getting that odd case of scotch or vintage cognac for the officer's mess. That's two useful skills he demonstrated in a bone dry oven-like Muslim country, so useful that he was able to talk his way out of any suspicious security issues that arose. After 10/22 John B. was able to finagle his way home on leave, and then he deserted and joined the NVA. He ended up with Echo Company for a while and then with the Corvallis Flying Column.

His brother John Hunt was more adventurous. John Hunt became a Ranger

and fought in Grozny against the Chechens, and against Afghans in the retreat from Kandahar. When 10/22 happened he was deep in Lebanon where the United States was desperately trying in one last spasm to save Israel's bacon. It was a while before John Hunt was able to get back to the States. When he did he deserted as well, and brought over forty men from his Ranger company to the NVA with him. He finally retired about thirty years ago as a major general in the SS.

But the army was not a problem I had to worry about. This was good in one way and bad in another. It was good because I would not be leaving town for three years and risking my life and limb for a government and a society and an alien race that I despised. It was bad because that meant that somehow I had to find a way to make my way in the world and get some money from somewhere. At least the military was a job, and by then jobs were almost impossible for a white boy without contacts to get.

Actually, by that time ZOG was getting so desperate for cannon fodder, or bullet magnets as the expression was back then, that if I'd tried I probably could have gotten into the army. I would have had to do a lot of shuffling and tap dancing and tugging of the forelock and kissing black and brown ass, but I could have at least gotten a steady paycheck and medical benefits at one of the last places in America where a white boy could get those things. My guidance counselor told me as much. I know she had a kickback with the local army recruiter for every warm body she could conjure up for the imperial war machine, but somewhat to my own surprise I told her, "No thanks. If I do any killing it's going to be for myself and my own people." I'm sure that remark must have gone into my file.

The school wasn't completely without resources for poor white kids. There was a kind of state scholarship available to technical school if I wanted to become a computer tech or an electrician or some other kind of manual skill that the system needed to keep important machinery going, and I was going to try for one of those and hope whatever was in my political file wasn't bad enough to debar me from that. There was also a kind of state workfare program that new graduates could get into. It provided minimum wage manual labor to local businesses, although you still had to compete with Mexicans and if you didn't speak Spanish you'd have a problem because you

probably couldn't understand the foreman. Even the Zionist authorities of the time, as uncaring as they were, realized that it wasn't a good idea to have a lot of unemployed, resentful young people of any race hanging around on street corners. They'd kept the blacks more or less quiet and non-riotous for a couple of generations by bribing them with government handouts, and I'm sure if there'd been any money left that wasn't being pissed into the Iraqi desert, there would have been more goodies available for us honkies. Like I've said before, there were a few people left in the corridors of power who had sense enough to be nervous about what was happening in the Northwest.

The Homeland was peculiar in that way because we still had enough young white people left for that to be a potential problem. In most other parts of North America the remaining whites were all wealthy or at least sufficiently affluent to buy their way into college. Poor whites were so outnumbered and marginalized that ZOG figured they didn't have to bother with them. Once the courts adopted affirmative action quotas for the prison system, meaning that there had to be "racial balance reflecting society at large" in the prison population, then a huge number of poor white kids in the rest of America were simply given \$50,000 fines for parking tickets which they of course couldn't pay, and in lieu ten year prison sentences. Prison was the only place that had a quota for white people. They were turned into slaves working for the privatized prison industries at fifteen cents an hour. Once more, Anglo-Zionist capitalism had found another source of cheap labor. At one stage an estimated 21% of the population of the United States was either in prison, under court ordered supervision involving some kind of slave labor, or else worked in the prison system as guards and administrators and support. Even at the height of the Red Terror of the 1930s, it was never that bad in the Soviet Union under Stalin.

In fact, one of the few jobs that were open was the Department of Corrections, with desperate recruiters prowling the high school campuses and the state government's Youth Job Fairs trying to offer us the moon and the stars if we would come work for them. They had a family medical plan, and at that point it was pretty obvious my Dad wasn't going to make it if we didn't get some kind of insurance and get that whiskey-rotted liver of his replaced. I was actually considering applying to the DOC, after one them assured me that my racial baggage from the third grade and my present

political opinions would be no problem so long as I kept them to myself. They were that desperate for bodies to keep the lid on. I felt bad about it, especially because I knew Carter had done time in prison and might do again. Hell, we might all of us have ended up on the inside, including the women, if we got caught littering or re-decorating one night. But Carter surprised me by telling me as far as he was concerned it was cool. “In the first place, Shane, a man’s got to do what a man’s got to do. Your father is sick and this seems to be the only way you might get him any help. There is nobody in this house who will fault you for that. In the second place, you would be amazed how many people the Party has in the correctional system, and I mean on both sides of the wire. You will have access to weapons and supplies and information that we may need, and you may also be in a position to help white prisoners in general and our prisoners in particular. It will be damned rough and soul-destroying work. You have to be pretty fucked up or pretty desperate to deliberately go to prison every day. But if this is what you feel you have to do, go for it. Anybody in the Party gives you any grief, send them to me.”

But that opportunity went out the window after my interview with Special Agent Bruce Goldberg. That was when I sealed my fate on any future I might ever have had with ZOG. I committed what was, at that time, quite possibly the only worse crime a white man could commit besides saying the N word out loud. I refused to become an informer.

I was lounging at my desk in home room one morning in April—in fact it was about a week after Rooney and me had spent our prom night spray-painting the Tricolor on the fire station in Shelton—when I heard my name announced over the loudspeaker.

“Shane Ryan, please report to the Guidance Counselor’s office.”

“You need guidance, Ryan,” said one of the guys.

“I figure Mrs. Dorfman is going to have another stab at getting me into the army,” I said. “I really do hate to miss out on doing my patriotic duty with the rest of you dudes.”

“Kill Ay-rabs! U-S-A! U-S-A!” bawled Bruce Boyd, one of our jocks. He

probably meant it. He was too dumb for irony.

“Hey Ryan, if you get into the army maybe they’ll send you to Africa to kill black Muslims,” snickered somebody else. It was generally known that I was 4-F and why. You can’t really keep much in the way of secrets in a high school. In fact, over the past year we’d gotten a bunch of senior guys coming around to me or Rooney or some of the other known subversives in the Chowder Society, looking to get involved with the Party just enough to get a draft deferment. Some of them even worked out long term. I winked at Rooney and sauntered down the hall to the office.

Mrs. Dorfman was behind her desk and looked up at me kind of funny, like she’d just bit down on a lemon. She just said “Shane, please step into conference room number one. There are some people who want to speak with you.”

I opened the door and walked into the conference room, which was just another office with a round formica table and a couple of plastic chairs, a small counter with a coffee machine on it and a little fridge under the counter that had a few soft drinks and Mrs. Dorfman’s lunch in it. Behind the table sat a small and rather dapper man in his mid-thirties with neatly barbered black, curly hair and a clean blue-chinned shave. His nose wasn’t all that prominent for a Jew, and he wasn’t too bad-looking or threatening. He didn’t radiate that greasy and unctuous feel like I remembered coming off Mandelbaum. He had nice friendly collie-dog eyes and he was smiling, and it didn’t seem to be a put-on. You got the impression this character was really glad to see me, that meeting me was going to be the high point of his day and he was looking forward to it. He was wearing a trim blue silk suit, and when I glanced under the table I saw the gleam of patent leather shoes. The guy reeked of Fed.

“Hello, Shane!” he chirped in a cheerful voice. “Have a seat, have a seat!” I sat down, very warily, and waited silently for him to speak. “I’m Special Agent Bruce Goldberg from the Federal Bureau of Investigation” He flashed me his badge and his ticket, and I actually looked at it. Yep, he was an FBI agent all right. Not that he’d had to introduce himself. I recognized a cop when I saw one. I especially recognized the cop standing behind the FBI man with his huge arms folded.

Leon Sorels.

At that time Sorels had just transferred from the Dundee town police department to the Washington State Patrol, and he'd been given nice gleaming new gold sergeant's stripes to go on his new uniform. Not to mention a good heavy new-model nightstick, Bakelite with a lead core and encased in hard rubber for maximum bone-cracking power with minimum bruising. I know I've mentioned Dummy-Dummy Sorels before, even described him, but you need to understand the kind of personal presence he had.

He radiated bad and menacing vibes, especially in an enclosed space like that little office where you couldn't give him a wide berth like we'd all learned to do since childhood. Sorels was a *big* man, the only guy I ever knew who could have given Adam Wingfield a good tussle. He must have stood at least six foot six, he was over three hundred pounds, well over, and there wasn't an ounce of fat on him anywhere.

Dummy-Dummy was built like the strong man in a circus, muscle-bound and out of all proportion, with massive rock-hard shoulders as broad as a mack truck, huge bulging biceps that seemed almost to split the short sleeves of his uniform shirt, bulging pecs that strained against the cloth, and gnarled fists with scarred knuckles that were amazingly small for the size of his Popeye forearms. All of this tapered down to a hard but tiny waist; I swear I think his trousers must have been about a size 30, and so he looked kind of like a child's spinning top or some kind of cartoon character, triangular from the neck down. Although I shouldn't say neck, because Sorels didn't seem to have one. His head was god-awful.

It was pretty well known that Sorels was a steroid user. When he wasn't on duty, Dummy-Dummy lived in the police station weight room. Among other side effects, steroid abuse makes the user lose his hair, and Sorels had started losing his at a very early age. To compensate he had shaved his entire head, and I swear to you before God that his head was actually pear-shaped, with a point on it. We speculated that he must have been injured in some way at birth, that his skull was compressed or something. Maybe that accident at birth caused him some kind of brain damage that accounted for his distorted and evil personality as well.

He either shaved his eyebrows or else he didn't have any, and it didn't help that he was as ugly as homemade sin to begin with, with a face like a Neanderthal. The overall result was grotesque and fearful. The man looked like a gargoyle. Then there were the other charming side effects of steroid use. The psychotic rages, for one. Also, according to gossip the steroids had apparently shrunk Sorels' testicles to the size of pencil erasers and he was completely impotent as well as insane. He tried to make up for that with women through various perversions I won't get into, and when the prostitutes out at the truck stop or up in Seattle didn't serve his turn, he took it where he found it. It had gotten so bad we learned later that under a sealed court order, as part of a civil settlement in a lawsuit against the city, Sorels was forbidden to arrest female suspects on his own or be alone with a female prisoner. I imagine the Dundee cops were glad to dump him onto the Patrol.

So why did even ZOG employ a psychopath? Because he was a loyal and reliable psychopath. Because a psychopath was what ZOG needed to keep the peasants in line and no one in authority cared any more how it was done. Leon Sorels was a man absolutely without conscience, without scruple, without a God, without the slightest twitch of human compassion. His loyalty was to whoever signed his paycheck and as far as he was concerned, that paycheck bought whatever service his employers wanted performed. If that included beating someone to a pulp, if that included torture, if that included murder, then Sorels would do the job and do it well, and clean up his own mess behind him. In other words, Sorels was a typical American cop. Right now his Neanderthal face was expressionless, but his little piggy black eyes were glaring at me.

I refused the offer of a soft drink with a shake of my head, and said nothing. First rule in confronting an interrogation: never open the conversation. "I'll tell you why I've asked you to stop by," said Goldberg, leaning forward over the table, his hands clasped, speaking with a sincere and concerned smile. "Shane, I suspect you have good reason to be aware of the fact that the FBI now has a special civil rights task force assigned to Lewis County to investigate a number of acts of domestic terrorism which have taken place here in recent months. It's a very bad and potentially explosive situation. Hateful racist literature directed against minorities is being distributed to householders. There's been a lot of vandalism and racist graffiti being daubed

onto both public and private property, which is not just vandalism but felony hatecrime, because that's how the United States criminal code classifies any crime which is motivated by hatred directed against any person due to their race, color, religion, ethnicity, gender, or sexual orientation.

Society has come to realize that unacceptable thoughts and motivations have to be punished just as well as illegal acts, sometimes more severely than the act itself."

For the first time I resisted the temptation to argue and ask him just who the hell determined what thought were acceptable. Like I didn't know. Goldberg leaned forward and looked me in the eye, trying to drill me. I responded like Carter had taught us. You don't look the son of a bitch right in the eye. You look *between* his eyes, right at the bridge of his nose between his eyebrows. That way it looks to him like you're staring him back even Steven, but you're not and you can hold that stare all day long if need be.

"Hate stickers bearing a so-called flag of some country that doesn't exist and never will exist have been stuck up in public places, in violation of both local and Federal law. People of color, especially Hispanics, are being subjected to an atmosphere of ethnic intimidation that causes them to feel apprehensive, and creating such an atmosphere constitutes a violation of their civil rights and as such is also a very serious Federal offense. But I won't go on. I think you know what I'm talking about, Shane. You're young and perhaps you don't understand that this kind of behavior is not only illegal, it's just plain *wrong*, a betrayal of every principle the U.S.A. stands for. Right now American soldiers are giving their lives for this country all across the world in order to preserve our American freedoms, and for anyone to abuse that freedom in order to give aid and comfort to terrorism and to undermine public policy is disgraceful. It's not going to be tolerated, Shane, really it's not." He paused expectantly.

I wasn't too worried at that point. I knew that if they actually had anything on me or Rooney or China Wingfield, who was in Dundee High by that time, then none of us would have been called in for a chat. We would have simply been hauled away in shackles. Carter had drummed the Five Words into us all long ago, the *only* five words that you ever, *ever* say to the ZOG police or any other kind of interrogator. No name, rank, and serial number, no chit-

chat, no mouthing off, no attempt to lie or play games. Nada, zip, zilch, sweet Fanny Adams. Just the Five Words and the Five Words only. “I have nothing to say,” I said.

It didn’t throw Special Agent Goldberg, who had obviously heard it before, although Sorels made a growling mutter under his breath. Goldberg actually laughed merrily. “Oh, dear, dear me. You have no idea how very weary I am getting of that imbecilic response. Your ridiculous so-called Five Words. Some of you people chant them like a mantra. You actually believe they will protect you, but they won’t. If only you knew how little you know. Oh, dear me, no no no no. You’ll have plenty to say, young man. They always do. White racists are the weakest kind of criminal we have to deal with. Shane, do you know I can kill you right now if I want? All I have to do is to toss you into the Federal holding cell up in Olympia with a few very large homeboys, Shane, and for a carton of cigarettes you’re dead as a piece of dog shit on the road. Or if I prefer, you will find yourself with a very bad case of hemorrhoids and a few interesting diseases. One night in my house, Shane, and you would have more to say than you can even think of now.

Fortunately for you, young man, I am in a good mood today and I am inclined to interest myself in your future.”

“I have nothing to say,” I replied, deadpan.

Goldberg ignored it and drove on. “Shane, I think you can help us with our present line of inquiry, and if you wisely decide to cooperate, then the Bureau is prepared to help you out in return. I believe in the philosophy of one hand washing the other. Now, I didn’t just call you in here because I pulled your name out of a hat. I’ve investigated your background, and despite that little slip-up in the third grade with the Fernandez kid, I don’t think you belong with these people. I think you’re a good American at heart who just fell in with the wrong crowd. Hey, it happens. I think basically you’re a good kid who’s caught some bad breaks, not the least of which are a white trash mother and father who never met a bottle they didn’t like, but those bad breaks don’t need to become permanent. You’re still young enough to turn your life around and I think you’re smart enough as well. If you can come to understand where your duty to your country lies, then you’ll find that also happens to be the side your bread is buttered on. The Bureau can be very

generous and supportive to those who help us out, son. Now, as I have said, we've checked you out and I know you've got some problems at home. Your father has some health issues and he needs treatment, expensive treatment. We can make that treatment happen, Shane. And while your Dad is getting well, we can get you into a good technical school and even one of several good universities this fall.

Your grades and SATs are not of the first rank, to be sure, but with the FBI greasing your wheels all kinds of doors that you might have thought closed to you can slide open. If your assistance here with our task force turns out to be of value and you agree to help us further wherever we think you might be of use, then you can get as good an education or better than you would have gotten under the GI bill, and you won't even have to do three years in the service to get it.

"But first, we need to know all about this nasty little racist club of yours," Goldberg went on. "We know it's organized by an ex-convict named Carter Wingfield and a teacher at this school named Morehouse, two men who came to Washington from out of state along with a number of others with the specific intention of causing racial trouble here, which I think is contemptible. We have known about this so-called Northwest migration for years, and I'm glad to say that the government has finally decided to put a stop to it. In order to do that, we need someone who can act as a kind of secret agent on the inside." I wondered if he was going to offer me a secret decoder ring as well. "You see, we don't just want to get Wingfield and his racist clan, or should I say Klan with a K? The goal of the task force is to take these shocking events here in Lewis County and build a major Federal conspiracy case that goes all the way up to the top, so we can shut down this whole rotten shebang and put all these white supremacists in prison where they belong." I was about to remind him that the Party was not white supremacist but white separatist, but I kept my trap shut. "That means that we have to find one little thread, the right one, and pull hard enough on it for the whole thing to unravel. I want you to be that thread. If you play your cards right and give us a demonstration of good faith by giving us this Wingfield gang, then it doesn't have to stop there. You can be made a full time asset and moved into other areas around the Northwest, while you get that college education I mentioned and even afterwards. You can be our own Donnie

Brasco in the white racist underground. You'll have an exciting and sometimes dangerous but fulfilling career, and above all, if you deliver the goods to Uncle Sam on these ignorant bastards, you can make money. A *lot* of money, Shane.

Some of our top intelligence assets in the field of counterterrorism make over a hundred thousand dollars a year, plus expenses and perks. Of course, they're good producers and they work hard." *Yeah*, I thought to myself, *so hard if they can't find anything illegal to hang on a white boy they just make something up.*

I had already met a few guys who were now in jail due to testimony from these hard-working professional ZOG stool pigeons. "But they prove that it is possible to bring home some serious shekels for undercover work. In a very short time you can overcome your present handicaps and get yourself set up for life." I noticed that throughout the entire proceeding, Goldberg never once used the word "informer."

"I have nothing to say," I responded.

"Now, didn't I tell you that wasn't true?" chided Goldberg with a sudden grin that made him look demented. "I think you may know Sergeant Sorels here? The lad here says he has nothing to say. Do you think he has nothing to say, Sergeant?"

"I think he's got plenty to say," boomed Sorels.

Okay, this was a dumb thing to do, but I was a punk kid and hey, a punk kid just has to mouth off sometime. "Hey Sorels," I said, "I heard something about you, and I'm wondering. Is it true your dick is the size of a felt-tipped pen?" Sorels said and did nothing, which if I'd had a lick of sense I would have recognized as a terrible danger signal and made a break for the door.

Goldberg sighed. "That was a very silly and childish thing to say, Shane. You are being disrespectful to Sergeant Sorels, which is stupid, but you're being disrespectful to me as well, which verges on the suicidal.

Leon is a muscle, and I tell him when to flex. Flex, Leon."

Sorels may have been muscle-bound but it didn't slow him down any. The ape was on me as fast as a striking rattlesnake and all of a sudden I was hanging upside down in the air. Sorels lifted me up with one hand like a doctor lifts a newborn baby, he was so strong, and I thought he was going to pile-drive my skull into the floor. Instead he turned me around facing away from him while I clawed at the air, grabbing at the table and chairs, and a moment later I felt the first crashing blow of the nightstick into the small of my back. My back and hips seemed to be exploding as if the muscles were tearing themselves apart in spasms of fire. I lost control of my bladder and pissed in my pants, but since I was hanging upside down it didn't run down my leg but down the front of my belly and chest, under my shirt, and over my chin and ears. Sorels continued to hold me upside down by the ankles with one hand, and with the other he beat me like a rug with his nightstick.

"Not in the kidneys again," ordered Goldberg. "No permanent injury. Not today, anyway."

So what followed were a series of forceful, controlled taps on my elbows, my kneecaps, my belly, my balls, my ankles, and the soles of my feet which seemed to shiver my legs into splinters, even through my shoes.

Then he dropped me onto the floor in a crumpled heap and gave me a bit of the boot. His spit-shined shoes had steel toes. It hurt worse than anything that had ever happened to me; I was convinced my bones were breaking and he was going to beat me to death. I howled like an animal. Needless to say, no one came to help me or even to investigate screams of agony coming out of a school administrator's office. So what else is new, white boy? By then everyone in America had internalized one of the primary lessons of living in a police state: see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

There was obviously no point in proceeding further with our little tête-a-tête, so Goldberg and Sorels left me lying on the floor soaked in my own urine and a surprisingly small amount of blood. The FBI man stuffed his card into my shirt pocket as I lay stunned and broken on the carpet. "Like I said, I'm in a good mood today, so you can thank your lucky stars I am going to give you some time to think about things. I've written a cell phone number on the back of this card," he said. "Call me within 48 hours, Shane, and we'll make a date for you to come into the Federal building in Olympia. Then you're going to

have something to say. Oh, yes, you're going to have so much to say! Don't try to run. If you make me chase you I am going to be very pissed off, and when I'm pissed off then the Sarge here is pissed off. You don't want to get the Sarge pissed off. No, no no."

"You don't want to get me pissed off, punk," rumbled Sorels.

Goldberg slapped me gently in the face. "Don't try to disappear and you *make that call, boy!* Because if I don't hear from you within two days, I'm going to come looking."

I lay on the floor in the conference room in a daze, passing in and out of consciousness and in a fog of agony, for many hours. I vomited my breakfast and some blood, but fortunately I didn't choke on it. No one came into the conference room during the whole day. By the time I staggered to my hands and knees and crawled out the door I saw by the clock in the guidance counselor's office it was four o'clock in the afternoon. I had missed a day of school and no one had even bothered to check on me. By then my brain was functioning again and I had belatedly realized that Rooney was in danger. No one was in the office. I used the phone on Mrs. Dorfman's desk to call Carter on his cell phone, which actually wasn't all that good an idea—they could have been monitoring the call—but I was dazed and still a little new at revolutionary life skills, so to speak. Carter answered and I gabbled out what had happened.

"Are Rooney and China okay?" I muttered through swollen lips.

"They're fine," said Carter. "China spied blue in the hall and she told Rooney and they both cut out after homeroom, and they're in a safe place. We'll figure out what's going on. Now get out front of the school.

I'm too far away to pick you up, so I'm calling 9 1 1 and I'll get you an ambulance."

I managed to stagger out of the building and meet the paramedics on the front steps of the school. "What the hell happened to you, kid?" demanded the driver.

“Sorels,” I moaned. They didn’t say anything else, but loaded me onto their gurney and headed out to the ER at Providence Hospital where I was born. I heard the driver on his radio calling in that he had a Sorels Special. Now, I will give the steroid-sucking son of a bitch this: he was damned good at what he did and as the administrator myself of more than one punishment beating as part of my duty to the Republic, I have to recognize and acknowledge a master craftsman when I meet one. In the emergency room I discovered to my amazement and that of the staff that nothing was broken or seriously injured. No bones, no internal organs bleeding, nothing. Just bruises and incredible pain. Sorels was an expert and as bad as it had been, I had to admit that all I had gotten was a taste.

Somebody had called the police when I was admitted and told them they had a serious assault case, and a couple of uniformed Dundee cops showed up while I was being bandaged. “Jeez, they really worked you over, huh?” said the lead cop. “Who did it to you, Shane?”

“Your former colleague Sergeant Leon Sorels,” I told him in disgust. “And don’t pretend you’re gonna do a damned thing about it. You assholes never do anything about Sorels.”

The cop sighed. “Leon’s hanging out with that FBI task force now, isn’t he?” he asked me.

“Yeah. It was Sorels and some FBI agent named Goldberg,” I replied. I almost said Jew FBI agent, but my PC filter was up. The two of them looked at one another and the older cop closed his notebook and put it back in his pocket.

“I’m sorry son,” he said quietly. “Truly, I am.” Then they turned and walked out the door, but the lead cop turned and said, “There’s something else. I feel ashamed. Ashamed to be wearing this uniform and ashamed of this piece of red, white, and blue embroidery on my shoulder.”

I didn’t see him again until a couple of years later, when he and I were both Volunteers and we spent a night together waiting for a tickle to go down. There was never any legal follow-up of any kind on the assault against me.

The nurse looked after them and made a face. “That’s Baxter and Wallace. They’re not too bad, but that SOB Sorels sends us a lot of business and they can’t do anything about it.” (I met her too later on. Betsy Lamm, one of the best medics the NVA ever had.) The ER doctor was a Pakistani who wanted to admit me after wrapping my ribs and giving me a painkiller shot that made me really woozy. (I did not meet him later on in the NVA.) “You may have a concussion, oh yes,” says Apu, and he might have been right, of course. “We need to keep you here overnight for observation. What is your insurance, please?”

But just as they were loading me on the gurney to take me upstairs I heard Carter Wingfield’s distant voice outside saying “We’ll take him home.” The Paki tried to argue but Carter cut him off. “No, we’re not relatives, but we’re the only people who give a damn about the boy. He doesn’t have any insurance,” and that settled that.

Adam Wingfield loomed into the little cubicle, filling it like some giant bearded medieval ogre in greasy overalls. He gave me a grim smile. “Hey there, old hoss,” he said. “Looks like you done busted your revolutionary cherry. Your first beating from the law. Sorels?”

“Yeah,” I said. Adam’s eyes gleamed, and not in a kindly way.

“Yeah, I figured. I seen it before. I’m getting tard of this mess. One of these days me and Mr. Sorels gone have a quiet word of prayer together,” he said in a cold voice. Adam lifted me into a wheelchair like I was a doll, and as I was wheeled past the desk I saw Carter pulling out a roll of bills and paying the cashier the several hundred dollars in tab I had already run up just for the ambulance ride and the ER. A few minutes later I was lying in the Wingfields’ darkened living room on the sofa with Ma slapping ice bags and slabs of raw steak onto my bruises and Rooney holding a glass of iced tea to my lips.

“You don’t understand,” I told Carter. “The Feds are after you! Never mind me, you guys gotta get outta here! You gotta get the girls out of here, Carter!”

“The Feds ain’t anywhere near ready to move on us yet,” Carter assured me. “If they were they wouldn’t have been leaning on you.”

“How do you know?” I gasped.

“We know, Shane. They’ve been watching us, yeah, but we been watching them too, and I don’t mean just the people you know. There’s more of us Party boys around and about than you know. Don’t sweat it. Now tell me what happened, from the beginning.”

I did. After I’d finished Carter went off to make some calls and Ma went off to fix me a big plate of everything in the refrigerator. Rooney was left sitting on the coffee table by the sofa. She looked at me, and turned my head to face her.

“That day on the square, that day you didn’t walk away from me when I was in trouble, that was the first time you stood up for me, Shane,” she said softly. “This is the second time.” Rooney leaned over and I got my third kiss on my battered lips, which brought my average up to one kiss per year of our acquaintance, and every one of them worth a king’s ransom. More, because no king could ever have commanded what she gave me freely.

Later that night after I had been stuffed with enough food to feed a pack of wolves, there was a knock on the door and some muffled conversation. Carter came in and asked me, “Shane, some of our people have come down from Olympia to talk to you about what happened to you at school today. They’re from the Third Section.”

I knew the Third Section was the Party’s counterintelligence wing. Yes ma’am, I’ve seen the *Threesec* movies and the televid series on TV as well. One of my long-standing favorites. Even back then there was already a kind of legend developing about the Third Section, a reputation for style and panache and making bad things happen to bad people. After Longview Third Section morphed into BOSS and the WPB.

“You feel like talking to them?”

“Sure,” I said. The Third Section team turned out to be not secret agents with trenchcoats but an elderly man with a Southern accent who wore a casual windbreaker and the Party fedora, and with him was his tall, equally senior but still attractive and elegantly dressed wife. I saw the butt of a big .357

Magnum in a shoulder holster sticking out of the man's jacket. They didn't give me any names and I didn't ask for any.

With Three Section more so than the rest of the Party, you didn't ask. They sat down and cheerfully accepted iced tea from Ma while I painfully sat up in one of the Wingfields' armchairs. The man quickly and skillfully ran me through the whole episode, once, then again. He took no notes, but somehow I understood he didn't need to.

Then he turned to Wingfield and said, "I don't think you have anything to worry about, Carter, but best to keep this young feller out of the way for a bit, and your girls as well. I have been known to be wrong."

"Nothing to worry about?" I demanded. "They're after us all!"

"They've been after us all for years, Shane," said the Third Section op. "I know that to you this is probably the worst thing that ever happened to you, but the fact is that Goldberg has probably already forgotten your name, as hard as that is to believe. He does about five of these gigs per week. That's his style. He gets some local thug like Sorels and he beats or bribes people until somebody cracks. This is Goldberg's standard operating procedure. Hell, it's the FBI's standard operating procedure. He goes into an area and draws up a list of anyone he thinks might be potentially useful as an informer, then he offers them money and beats the crap out of them. He probably would have had Sorels rough you up even if you'd taken his offer of cash, because he likes to use both the carrot *and* the stick. By beating and coercing as many people as possible he inevitably finds some who are weak enough to break, and every now and then one of them actually has something to tell him. Shane, despite almost a century of hype, the Federal Bureau of Investigation are the most completely incompetent secret police in history. The FBI couldn't find the men's room without a wiretap or an informant, and even then they'd have to offer him full immunity and the Witness Protection Program. They are politicized from top to bottom and so overloaded with affirmative action female and minority employees, so top-heavy with managerial chiefs and fewer and fewer Indians, that they can barely function. Goldberg was telling you the truth about wanting to build a conspiracy case that can bring down the whole Party. He's ambitious. But he is chained to a legal and political system that is archaic, complex to the point of

incomprehensibility, overextended, underfinanced, confused and quavering with senility. The courts are so backed up that it takes years for even the simplest of cases to come to trial. Do you know why we haven't all been rounded up, arrested and charged under the Patriot Act of 2001, Shane? It's because they *can't afford it*. Every last penny the empire brings in has to go into maintaining America's occupation armies in the Middle East in order to stave off the destruction of Israel for one more year, and every Patriot Act case costs a minimum of twelve million dollars per arrestee. That means Goldberg's bark is way, way worse than his bite."

"His bite ain't too shabby," I muttered, feeling my tender ribs.

The old man nodded grimly. "Yes, I know this is very hard for you to wrap your mind around in view of the fact that you're sitting there with Leon Sorels' bruises on your body and feeling the pain, but what happened to you is the lashing out of a dying Beast, Shane. You gave Goldberg nothing but the Five Words, which was exactly the right thing to do. In fact, it's probably all he expected. He knows you won't break without more effort than he's probably willing to put in, and he'll go in search of easier prey. If he had been serious about flipping you as an informer, then he would have used a lot more finesse. They do have informers of course, and they could probably round up every Party person in Lewis County right now, sure, but they no longer have the necessary resources to follow through if they did. Goldberg and the United States Attorney in Olympia have a set budget approved by the FBI and the Attorney General for this so-called civil rights task force. Our information is that budget was as thin as a strand of spaghetti to begin with, and it's now exhausted. I doubt there will be any indictments at all for the horrific hatecrime of spray-painting Tricolors on walls. The whole so-called civil rights task force was just window dressing, some sound and fury to satisfy the local Chamber of Commerce types that the government won't allow their cheap Mexican labor supply to be interfered with. ZOG simply has too many fingers in the dike, Shane, and everywhere they turn around, another leak springs forth."

"So what do I do about this demand to call him in 48 hours?" I asked.

"Stay low for a week or so in case I'm wrong," the old guy advised me. "The same for your girls, Carter."

Then just go back to school like nothing happened. My guess is nothing *will* happen. Goldberg will simply write you off as too tough a nut to crack and move on. He does that whenever he meets resistance. As with all bullies, the best way to deal with him is to stand up to him. I doubt he has even made any official record of your so-called interrogation, since failure doesn't look good on his sheet. If you guys don't want to trust my guess then I can dig it, no offense taken. The Party can arrange for you to be taken in somewhere else, Idaho or Oregon or Montana. But I honestly don't think it's necessary."

The woman suddenly spoke up. "Shane," she said gently, "Please don't take offense, but I would like to ask you something."

"Yes ma'am?"

"When Goldberg offered you medical treatment for your sick father, were you at all tempted to take him up on it? Knowing that your father may well die if he doesn't get some financial help for his medical expenses, and soon?" I didn't ask the woman how she knew that.

"The Bible says we have to honor our parents," I told her carefully, knowing that Ma was listening. "I have a duty to my father, and if there was any way I could help him without betraying anyone else, I would. But the Wingfields are my friends, and one of them...well, they're my friends, and I won't save my Dad at the cost of betraying them. My Dad is my past, as horrible and disrespectful as that sounds. This family here is my present and my future, and I have to live in the present and look to my future and make my choice on that basis. I know you probably won't understand that."

"We understand more than you think, Shane," said the woman sadly. "We have a daughter, and many years ago she had to make such a choice."

The man spoke, ruminating. "Not a *bad* choice so much as a strange choice." His wife looked at him.

"Well, she made a strange choice. Life can be very strange, sometimes. Never mind, I'm blathering. Keep your head down for a few days and let's see how it plays out."

It turned out that the man from Third Section was right. I hung around in the back room of Johnny Pill's convenience store for a couple of days until I finally got bored and said to hell with it and went back to Dundee High to enjoy what was left of my school days. I ended up walking across the stage in my gown and mortarboard that June with the rest of my class, and getting my sheepskin. I think I've still got it around here someplace. I didn't see Goldberg again for a long time. Sorels was another story, but I'll get into that in due course.

One thing I should mention. After the old couple from the Third Section had each consumed a large slice of Ma's pecan pie with whipped cream and then left to go back to Olympia, I said to Carter with reference to the battle of Mariana, "Looks like those two Third Section operatives are more grave than cradle."

Carter grinned at me and said, "Yeah, well, remember this night, young feller."

"Why?" I asked.

"You just met Matt and Heather Redmond."

* * *

When I graduated from high school, I had a stroke of luck in the gainful employment department. The Party had managed to get a couple of hiring managers into two of the major temporary agencies in Olympia. Temp agencies were one of the biggest curses of the job market in those days, along with affirmative action and the Dees Act and Third World immigrant labor. They were one of the umpteen different ways that big corporations avoided what little was left of the country's already gutted labor laws.

The multinationals who for one reason or another chose not to "outsource" their operation to India or Guatemala hired almost all their workers through the temp agencies, and so not only did they not have to provide any medical insurance or other benefits, but they could more often than not write off their labor costs as an expense for the purpose of what little taxes they paid. The temp worker was not legally employed by the place he worked for, but by the

agency. He or she got a minimum or damned near minimum wage paycheck every week and that was it, and God help you if you pissed off your client's contract manager who could cut you off at the knees and kick you out with a single phone call and no recourse. God help you if you didn't get your ticket signed on Friday to slip through the little slot at the agency's office. You were lucky if some Mexican foreman didn't demand a kickback for the signature that would let you collect your minimum wage. There were people in those days, like my father, who worked for years as "temporary" employees. That is, if they were lucky enough to work for an outfit decent enough not to let them go on the very week they were due to get what few remaining benefits were on offer through the temp agency itself. In some respects the slaves on antebellum plantations in the South had more rights.

Temp agencies were also notorious for hiring illegals with only the flimsiest and most obviously forged documentation. Towards the end they didn't even bother with asking for a forged ID, because no one was enforcing the immigration laws any more. The contract managers in the agencies wielded immense power, since they decided who got called up for work and who didn't. It was a more sophisticated version of the old shape-up that crooked waterfront and construction unions used to run, except instead of some mobbed-up straw boss these contract managers were almost all young liberal girls who dressed like Barbie dolls and were given the power of economic life and death over men and women old enough to be their parents or even their grandparents. The ZOG always found such women to be the most malleable and conformist tools for the creation of their new, mindless managerial class. Raised in a society that was completely amoral to begin with, and indoctrinated from birth with feminist ideology and all kinds of subtle social engineering to hate men in general and white men in particular, these girls could usually be relied on to toe the official line.

But one thing ZOG never did quite figure out was that not all white women were dumb broads, and that some of them had sense enough to see through the propaganda, to understand that white men weren't their enemies, and to understand who really *were* their enemies. Some white women even proved it by joining the Party, and we were lucky enough to work two of them into the hiring positions at TopStaff.

What this meant was that as long as it didn't get too blatant, politically incorrect white males had at least some access to bottom rung employment, which is a situation ZOG definitely discouraged. It was essential to the continued operation of the system that any white male who resisted or whose mind was perceived to be incompletely under control be outcast, a pariah, consigned to the homeless shelters and the homeless encampments beneath the underpasses and in the parks and national forests. And eventually to prison, of course, when desperation and hopelessness pushed him over the edge. I don't know what the hell I would have done if I hadn't had Sherry Cahoon at TopStaff, who overlooked the glaring red flag with the "special pre-employment reference to U. S. Attorney General's Human Relations Commission required" that popped on all my computer credit and background checks the agency ran. The Human Relations Commission was the government bureaucracy in charge of maintaining and enforcing the blacklist. Without Sherry I probably would have ended up collecting aluminum cans for recycling all day. She's passed on now, but before that I used to see her at Old NVA Association reunions sometimes.

One of her sons became the first commander of the Landfall colony on Mars, and one of her daughters became a well-known actress who specialized in female NVA Volunteer roles on Northwest TV. The daughter claimed in an interview I read that she used her Mom as a model. She had a good one.

Not that the pickings were all that great even with Sherry as a fairy godmother in my corner. The American economy had been mismanaged and looted by the Anglo-Zionists for almost a century, and the bill was finally coming due. The last few years of ZOG there was negative economic growth in America for the first time since the Jamestown colony's first winter, and no one really knew what the real unemployment rate was because the government had classified the information as a national security secret. I do know that the year I graduated it was leaked into the media that non-governmental employers in the United States now employed more foreigners living outside the United States than American citizens. About all Sherry could do for me was place me as a warehouse mule at the Mighty Mart distribution center in Olympia. To be fair, that contract did pay ten dollars an hour, and that was about as good as anyone with my background was going to get under any circumstances.

I started at Mighty Mart the month after my graduation, when most of the guys in my class were rolling into various military installations on buses and getting their buzz cuts and getting kitted out for basic training. The job was simple: hump, hump, hump them trucks, stack them pallets, and do not let the word union so much as pass your lips or you're out on your ear. Unload the trucks and toss that freight onto the conveyor, haul them pallets on a jack hither thither and yon. If you could drive a forklift that was twelve to fourteen bucks an hour, but those jobs were in the hands of the few actual direct Mighty Mart employees who worked in the warehouse. In some cases forklift jobs actually handed down from father to son on the father's retirement. Every forklift had a huge red, white, and blue Masonic dishrag sticker on it, of course.

I did three shifts a week, twelve hours on and twelve hours off, which gave me 36 paid hours per week, four short of the necessary forty hours to give me the coveted full-time status and therefore entitlement to the few anemic benefits which the law required the temp agency to provide after working for them for a year.

In the course of each twelve hour shift I got three ten-minute breaks and one half-hour lunch, the bare minimum required by law, and I had to clock out for them, so I was only paid for the eleven hours I actually humped. The work was hard, repetitive, mind-numbingly boring, and spirit-crushing. The warehouse was murderously hot in the summer when I started, and by the time I left to go on the bounce it was just starting to get bitter cold. Most of the foremen and team leads and most of my co-workers as well were Asian coolies who spoke no English, or else Mexicans who delighted in lording it over the gringos, a few kids like me who for one reason or another were 4-F for the army along with a scattering of broken, middle-aged drunks and sad sacks. Of course everyone was always stabbing each other in the back trying to get hired on permanent with the company, so you could at least get some very rudimentary benefits and a wee bit more job security than us temps had.

There was an upside, of course. The three days on, four days off schedule left me plenty of time for Party activity, and that summer the action was definitely picking up. I think we all understood that things as they were couldn't last and that Amurrica was headed towards some kind of crunch. "I

know that doom-saying right-wing cranks have been predicting imminent disaster since 1950, but I just get the feel that the whole ball of wax may finally be about to come apart,” Red Morehouse told the Chowder Society. “No society can stand the type of stress and strain that the empire has been subjected to for the past two generations. At some point a straw will come along that will break the camel’s back.”

We kept on meeting, and although we’d lost a lot of kids to graduation and the army, we had some newcomers as well from Dundee High and the middle schools. I was still technically living at home, and I kicked in some of my pay to Mom and Dad to keep them in liquor and lower the static level about what was I going to do with my life, and don’t you *dare* go and do anything stupid like getting married to that redneck female whose white-trash family you’re always hanging out with. Yeah, right, they were the ones to talk. Well, that was Mom, mostly. Dad seemed pretty much past caring, he was so sick. But the vibes at home were sufficiently unpleasant so that I actually spent most of my time at the Wingfields’ house, often sleeping on their sofa overnight.

The Party evidently agreed with Red Morehouse’s assessment, or more likely he agreed with the Party’s assessment, because that summer we began to intensify preparation to go completely underground. Red was spending a lot of time up in Olympia and Seattle, and when he came back he gave us regular updates from the Political Bureau briefings he’d sat in on, including a few from the Old Man himself when he was in town, although that was rare since he was doing a lot of moving around in that eighteen-wheeler mobile command post. The thinking was that we would be formally outlawed under the Patriot Act within a year, which turned out to be an overly generous estimate. No one at that time anticipated what would happen on 10/22, but the assumption was that an incident of some kind would be created by ZOG and used as an excuse for the United States Attorney General to ban the Party and a number of our adjuncts and front groups as domestic terrorists or sympathizers thereof, and then conduct a general roundup and ship us all off to the concentration camps at Guantanamo Bay and out in the Nevada desert. The result was that there was a lot less spray-painting and leaflet-littering, and a lot more acquisition of property, vehicles, weapons, ammunition, canned goods, medical supplies, tools, maps and books and specialized computer and electronic gear.

There was also an increase in revolutionary expropriations to pay for all these things, although our bunch in Lewis County was not involved in anything like that. So many people were getting desperate that another few robberies here and there barely made the papers. We were busy setting up safe houses and apartments, establishing codes and E & E procedures, setting up underground printing presses and computer servers, training ourselves in everything from field medic skills to woodcraft, acquiring vehicles and sets of false IDs, and drawing up lists and plans and blueprints on people and things in Lewis County that served ZOG and kept the Zoggish system in power. People and things to make go boom in the night.

I suppose I should also mention, briefly and reluctantly, that certain of our erstwhile “comrades” suddenly stopped coming around, and in some cases disappeared permanently. We had always assumed that we had informers in our midst and acted accordingly, insofar as it was possible to do so and still take care of business, but no revolutionary movement can function in an atmosphere of total paranoia and we simply had to get on with things. An informer *must* behave in a certain way or else they don’t fulfill their function, so with a little calm and rational observation it really wasn’t all that hard to weed them out early on, so long as we didn’t lose our cool and start seeing spies under every bed. The general rule was that unless and until we had some specific and concrete grounds for suspicion we took everyone at face value, and that actually worked pretty well. We didn’t speak about such things and I was never called upon to be involved in anything like that; it was done by specialists from Third Section. Also, to be clear on this, I need to mention that many years afterward I ran into a man who had vanished during that summer and whom I had always assumed was moldering away in a hole somewhere in the mountains. It turned out that the Party had ordered him to another part of the Homeland for a special job and that was where he ended up fighting his war.

Did we get rid of all the government spies and agent provocateurs in our ranks? I regret to say, no. They were always there and they did damage right up to the last, sometimes terrible damage, but when the government that hires the informers is itself corrupt, confused, top-heavy with incompetent managers and quavering with senility, then a strong and vigorous movement of dedicated and disciplined rebels can still triumph.

As we did.

That summer we also assembled and issued our hoarded arsenal of guns and ammunition, appointing reliable quartermasters and getting our weapons cleaned, zeroed, and distributed, which was a dangerous thing to do owing to the Schumer Act and more or less constituted our crossing of the Rubicon even before 10/22. Once we were caught passing out guns and ammunition and explosives that was pretty much all she wrote; the Feds would have had their excuse and we would have had to fight anyway.

Contrary to present day misconceptions, the Schumer Act did not outright ban all private possession of firearms. The Second Amendment to the United States Constitution was never formally revoked, it was just nullified by six decades of legalistic salami-slicer techniques that sliced away Americans' gun rights thin slice by thin slice, and by Federal courts on up to the Supreme Court itself that simply pretended the Second Amendment didn't exist. The Schumer Act hedged private gun ownership around with so many restrictions that if you did have a gun you tripped over your own shoelaces every time you tried to use it or transport it and more often than not you had to turn it in just to insure your own legal safety.

Needless to say, any weapon heavy enough to be actually used in resisting tyranny was banned, including all semi-automatic longarms, called assault weapons, of all the moronic terms. A weapon by definition assaults people. Also any rifle capable of being fitted with a scope. (A "sniper's rifle" they called those, which is almost as absurd. Any long gun a marksman uses is a sniper's rifle. Did these people ever even *think* about some of the imbecilic terminology they used?) Your gun had to be ballistically fingerprinted with a test slug and a paper trail of ownership matched to the fingerprint maintained, which was the back door ZOG finally used to bring in nationwide registration. You couldn't legally own more than twenty rounds of longarm ammunition and before you could buy another box of twenty you had to bring in twenty spent cartridge cases. You could not reload or own reloading equipment due to "safety considerations" in order to "protect the children." (This from a regime that practiced kidnapping of young children for profit.) The gun had to have child safety locks, and in some localities they were electronically monitored so a signal went off at the local copshop if the lock

was opened and so you had to call ahead of time and let the cops know why you were unlocking your gun. Your ammunition (all twenty rounds of it) had to be stored in a stainless steel safe which was sometimes also programmed to alarm the police when it was opened, so forth and so on, blah blah blah ishkabibble. Not to mention the special local property taxes which cities and counties were encouraged to slap onto privately owned guns which made them more expensive to keep than your car. You had to have a written police permit which cost \$25 a time to transport a weapon to and from a shooting range or hunting trip, etc., etc. The whole purpose of all this nonsense was to make gun ownership completely ineffective as a method of home defense, and so annoying and so risky—every year hundreds of white people slipped on some legal banana peel or other and went to prison on gun charges—that it simply wasn't worth the hassle of owning one, so why not sell your guns to the police on a buy-back program and get some badly needed cash to pay those bloodsucking credit cards?

Like all good Southerners the Wingfields were gun lovers, and like millions of others they had been violating the thousands of state and Federal gun control laws since before I was born. So too had a number of native-born residents of Lewis County. We were always big hunters in the Northwest, and resistance to gun control laws was one of the few acts of mass civil disobedience whites ever engaged in.

They didn't have the balls actually to *use* the guns, but at least they kept them hidden away to take out now and then, stroke, and fantasize. It was the same problem that the government experienced when they tried to ban liquor during Prohibition and drugs later on. Guns are *fun*, and if something was fun, White Americans were going to do it. The fact is that despite a few heroic historic examples, during the War of Independence the NVA seldom had to raid police stations or military posts for weapons. Despite the draconian punishments, there were still an amazing number of guns around, as the Federal thugs from It Takes A Village found in Idaho on 10/22. All kinds of people had dozens of guns stashed away or hidden in closets.

The problem with revolution in white America was never any lack of weapons or munitions; it was that white people had the courage of rabbits. The Old Man always said that when we finally put some iron in our hearts,

we'd have no trouble putting some iron in our hands. Nor did we.

Carter and the boys had several places way out in the hills or right down on secluded beaches up and down the coast where they went to shoot. You'd be amazed how well pounding surf can cover gunshots, especially when the local people and even the local cops are gun fanciers themselves and look the other way. I always figured that a lot of the people who heard those shots in the distance had a good idea of who we were, and wished us well. I can't count the happy Saturday afternoons I spent during my high school years down below the cliffs on the sand and the rocky shores, popping away at various floating targets with handguns and picking off seagulls with a .22 rifle, or deep in some misty mountain valley in a blind with Adam or John Hunt waiting to bag a deer that we'd then field-butcher and pack ourselves to take home to Ma. Then Carter would make venison sausage meat and carve the carcass up into steaks and cutlets and roasts and we'd be eating it all through the winter. At those sessions I was taught how to clean, load, handle, and fire everything from a 9-millimeter police-issue Glock automatic pistol to a full-auto M-16 Adam had smuggled back from the army. I was taught how to reload ammunition and gun safety, and I was taught as much of the practical aspects as could be taught under such restricted conditions, fire and maneuver, rifle squad tactics from Adam, etc.

One of the things we did when we went out shooting was to play Little Willie, which is of course the most popular marksmanship game in the Republic nowadays. There's all kinds of variations today, everything from military versions in fighter simulators to the corner shooting gallery for kids where they still use the cartoon characters, but basically they all involve shooting at Little Willie when he peeps out from behind the lawyer's briefcase. Sometimes Little Willie is a yellow dog, sometimes he's a pig, sometimes he's a little white nigger. We had one of the better Little Willie sets of any of the Party units in our area. It was a long mechanical railing with armor-plated figures of a judge with his gavel raised on the shooter's left and a computer monitor on the right. Our Little Willie, the yellow dog version, would not only peep out from behind the lawyer and his briefcase, he would scuttle back and forth to hide either behind the judge or the computer, and the object was to hit him. What this was, of course, was a target selection and fire control training exercise, which later came to be very handy when we

were actually shooting at real live yellow dogs who were trying to hide behind things.

I knew the Wingfields had a fair amount of guns and ammo stashed, most of which I had played with at one time or another, and I never asked where they kept it, until one day in August I went into their barn and saw what must have been four or five hundred weapons and enough ammunition in boxes, crates, and belts to have made a moon crater if it had gone off. There were also cases of dynamite and some OD green ones marked “grenades” Carter gestured me to a bench. “You see that line there?” he said, pointing to a series of longarms propped up along one wall. There were some M-16s and AR-180s, several Ruger Mini-14s, one old GI M-14, a Steyr, a beautiful bolt-action Enfield .303, a sporterized Model 1898 Mauser with a scope, a Remington .243 also with scope, a Fabrique-Nationale 7.62 semi, and a couple of AK-47s and old Chinese SKSes that from the battered condition of their stocks looked like they had been dragged across the Hunan mountains by a whole generation of People’s Liberation Army draftees. On every table were stacked enough handguns to have supplied the Capone mob in Chicago for the entire decade of the 1920s. “I just dug them up. They’re still in cosmoline from storage. We need to get them cleaned and in firing condition. Hop to it.”

For the next two days I rodDED cosmoline out of barrels, cleaned firing pins and bolt assemblies with steel brushes, and then lightly oiled every piece with military-issue LSA which had most likely fallen off the back of a Humvee. We test-fired the weapons with blanks while Rooney and China revved pickup engines in case anyone was skulking around the neighborhood listening, and when the fumes got too bad for us to take, Carter turned up a bluegrass CD on the boom box and we test-fired to the sound of Bill Monroe wailing *Blue Moon of Kentucky*.

At discreet intervals cars and trucks and vans pulled up and people I’d never seen got out. They had a quiet word or two with Carter or Red off in a corner, were given a selection of weapons and some ammo boxes and bags, and left for points unknown. What we were doing was a departure from normal procedure, since the NVA never stockpiled weapons in any quantity, and it let me know we were expecting something big. If you have a big weapons stockpile that means you can lose it all in one fell swoop if someone rats or

slips up. The way to make sure that an insurgent force is always properly armed is to issue the rebels their own weapons and make them responsible for their safe keeping and their serviceability. I later learned that the huge arsenal I'd seen at the barn had come from over fifty separate small hidey-holes and had taken Carter and the boys a week to collect. Carter had been one of the Party's primary quartermasters and armorers, which he had never mentioned to me. But then I had no need to know.

This inventory was a necessary risk. We had to get the guns into the hands of our people and we had to make sure the weapons were operational before we did so. More importantly than any physical preparation, though, we were being prepared mentally and spiritually for the beginning of armed struggle.

You should understand that from the very beginning, the Party had grasped Lenin's dictum that a revolution is not a tea party. In fact, we were just about the first white racial nationalists who *did* understand that since the Reconstruction Klan, unless you want to count the brief and glorious episode of the Order in the 1980s. Before we could know where we were going, we had to know where we had been.

Red Morehouse was absolutely great on Movement history. We would meet in our usual haunts in the Wingfields' barn or living room or in the homes and basements of other Party members, and he ran it all down for us in session after session as he explained to us what was coming, where we had screwed up in the past and why we could not, dare not screw up again. It's impossible for me adequately to describe or explain the tension and the sense of anticipation at these meetings during that long hot summer. We all knew something big was on the way, something that would change our lives forever. I'll give it to you as best I can remember after seventy years.

"Genuine politics is about one thing," Red told us time and again. "It is about the acquisition and exercise of *power*. Everything else is political hobbyism, a luxury which the wealthy landed gentry of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries who created liberal democracy in this country and in England could afford, but which a race like ours which stands on the verge of extinction cannot. We are about to enter the world of *realpolitik*, as the Germans call it. Power, all state power without exception, is in the final analysis founded on one basis: *armed force*. Religion, constitutions, civil laws, propaganda,

custom and all the various social institutions for reinforcing acceptable behavior, i.e. submission to authority, all these things have their place in any state's social structure, but without the ultimate sanction of the bayonet they are meaningless. All state power, *without exception*, is initially acquired through armed force or through the imminent threat of armed force. All modern states, without exception, were originally brought into existence by men who fought for power with weapons in their hands."

"Not leaflets?" interjected someone with a chuckle. "Not tapping on a computer keyboard? No Committees of Correspondence?"

"No, Mike," said Morehouse with a smile. "No Committee of Correspondence is worth a bucket of warm spit without the Minute Man's musket. No committee ever started a revolution except insofar as it concerned itself with the details of carrying out armed struggle. Power becomes accessible to revolutionaries when the existing order loses two vital assets upon which the maintenance of any government depends. The first element is the at least passive and tacit *consent of the governed*, and the second is *credible monopoly of armed force*. When the revolutionary movement has both the will and the capacity to commit acts of armed insurrection against the state, and does so with impunity, i.e., the perpetrators *are not caught or punished*, then the state has lost the credible monopoly of force which is the foundation of all political power. There is then an alternative, a real choice, because persons other than those sanctioned by the state are exercising power over the lives and destinies of others.

"Now don't get me wrong. Propaganda and persuasion are equally necessary. Hearts and minds is not a meaningless catchphrase. Our tactical objective must be for the Party to displace the ZOG apparatus of rule by force as well as by transferring the consent of the governed to itself through persuasion and propaganda. Both persuasion and coercion are necessary in order to carry out a successful revolution.

Neither element alone can succeed without the other. All the propaganda, all the popular support and all the legal activity in the world are useless if the state can always fall back on armed force to maintain itself and physically destroy the opposition when it becomes too uncomfortable. On the other hand, a revolutionary movement without propaganda, without an ideology,

with no purpose other than the pure seizure and exercise of power, are nothing but political gangsters, hoodlums with guns who wave a flag to justify common thuggery. We need to watch that in our own coming struggle, comrades. We don't want to end up like the Provisional I.R.A. on whom we will be modeling so much of our strategy and tactics, and degenerate into mere Mafia-like racketeers preying on our own people. But there are moral as well as political reasons for us to look forward to the coming struggle," he concluded. "Everyone holds us white boys in contempt, and why shouldn't they? We don't kill our enemies, so why should anyone fear becoming our enemy? What kind of race or nation doesn't pick up a weapon to defend their country, their women, their elderly, their children, their very existence on earth? We *deserve* contempt for the way we have behaved since 1945. It's time that white men recovered our self-respect and the respect of those who hate us. And it is a long-standing human truth that respect among men is earned by the shedding of blood."

We had no idea how or when the balloon would actually go up. It's odd that for almost three quarters of a century we used that term, "When the balloon goes up." I think we all envisioned some gigantic apocalyptic event that suddenly changed everything from top to bottom and made all things possible where nothing had been possible before. None of us had any idea how it would happen. A sudden explosion of race war? A total economic collapse with rioting in the streets? Invasion by the Chinese?

Some ecological disaster that created zombies who shambled through the streets moaning for brains?

Flying saucers landing on the White House lawn? No one knew.

And then, by God, it happened.

* * *

On the morning of October 22nd I was just coming off the night shift at Mighty Mart, and I was weary from twelve hours of humping big cardboard cartons of plastic crap made in Hong Kong off trucks and onto conveyer belts. I pulled out of the parking lot at the Olympia distribution center a little after six, heading south to beat the morning rush hour traffic as the sun rose,

and looking forward to my coming four days off. At about the time Gus Singer looked out the window of his house in Coeur d'Alene and saw the body-armored Federal goons of It Takes A Village coming for his children, I was driving down Interstate 5 in the battered old 1999 Toyota Corolla I had bought from Adam Wingfield for a hundred dollars and which we had then rebuilt together. That car looked like crap on the outside but it ran like a top under the hood.

It was a beautiful, crystal clear autumn morning, one of the many that give the lie to the popular legend that western Washington is always gray and rainy. I remember feeling oddly contented and happy, because the night before, while I humped the Jews' trucks and hauled their freight around that big huge freezing cave, I had decided that despite rating only three kisses in three years I was going to grab hold of Rooney Wingfield sometime that day, wrestle her to the ground if need be, and ask her to marry me.

We were both out of school for good and we knew it. White kids like us weren't going any further, so why not get on with life's big ticket items? By now I considered myself a naturalized redneck, and in her culture and her family marriage between two eighteen year-olds was by no means out of the question. In fact, I had heard both Carter and Ma say that people ought to get married young because it kept them out of trouble. I didn't know if that was a hint aimed in my direction, but my thinking matched. Hell, until the revolution came I had nothing else on my plate except humping in Mighty Mart's warehouse, and having Rooney to come home to in a trailer of our own on mornings like this sure would lighten that load. I figured she wouldn't say yes right away, but I was fairly sure where I stood with her. I knew there wasn't anybody else on the horizon, anyway. If there had been she would have let me know. That was another rare thing about Rooney. You could *trust* her, and for a white woman of that time and society, that was unheard of. She never played the kind of stupid head games most white girls played. I figured if I faced her head on and asked her point blank what it would take to make her my wife, she'd tell me straight up, and I was willing to do whatever she told me it took. I didn't fully buy into the Wingfields' religion, nor have I since, but I went to their Sunday morning prayer meetings whenever I could because I knew they liked it and because I liked being with them. It wouldn't be a problem on my end, and if they wanted me to get

dunked in the river and have my sins washed away or whatever, that was jake with me.

I turned the car radio on as I drove back to Dundee on that fine cool morning, but either the morning shock jocks hadn't picked up on the news of the horrible racist doings out of Idaho yet, or else maybe the government was still keeping a lid on. I found a country music station playing oldies and I even remember the song that was playing when I pulled up in the Wingfields' yard. It was John Conley, *The Old School*.

It's about a poor boy who goes steady in high school with some rich Barbie Doll cheerleader type like Jill Malloy, but she dumps him after graduation to go to college and marry rich, and he ends up pushing eighteen wheels.

"I got married to a sweet young girl...and kept driving for the line. "

The cheerleaders had always ignored me and Rooney couldn't exactly be called sweet, but I felt it was on target. As I got out of the car, suddenly I was struck with an idea. Truck drivers still made reasonably good money, and there were a lot of husband and wife driving teams. Maybe that was a future for Rooney and me if we both got our CDL licenses. I was sure Carter could find some way to get us a rig and something to load on it. We could take a long haul to Florida for our honeymoon.

I had my own key to the house. It was seldom locked, yet this morning I had to use it to get in the back door. I yelled as I got into the kitchen but got no answer. It was unusual for no one to be there at this time of the morning, but not unknown. China might have headed out for school early and Rooney might have gone into town on Party or personal business, and Ma still helped out at Wingfield High Performance with the books and taxes and whatnot. One thing I should have noticed at once, and which I *would* have noticed even a few weeks later after a taste of life on the bounce, was that the dogs were gone as well.

Caprice hadn't come up and stuck her cold wet nose into my hand and Porterfoy wasn't lying like a furry lump in front of the fireplace in the living room. I rummaged around in the refrigerator and heaped up a huge plate of bacon, sausage, scrambled eggs and grits which Ma had left for me like she

always did every morning. I slapped the food in the microwave, warmed it up, poured myself a cup of coffee from the pot which was still warm albeit turned off, something else I should have noticed. I sat down at the kitchen table and started eating.

About the third bite, I looked up at the fridge and I saw the note pinned on the door with a Tricolor magnet. It was written on a page that looked torn from one of China's notebooks and written in large red letters with a felt-tip pen. *Shane, it read, Turn on the TV. It's already on CNN. Looks like the balloon just went up. Catch up on Coeur d'Alene QUICK and then get your ass OUT OF HERE. We don't know how fast ZOG will strike back, so don't spend all morning staring at the tube like a dummy. Call the Cookie Monster as soon as you get to a safe phone, not from the house. Take care. - Rooney* Cookie Monster was one of Carter's multiple cell phones we hoped to hell they didn't know about. I later learned that all the Wingfield women and Adam had E & E'd about three minutes before I pulled up in front of the house. Like most Party people at the time, they had an evacuation kit ready. I had a small one that I kept at the house, but they'd taken that one as well. I went into the living room and turned on CNN.

I saw a street full of burning houses and a burning police car. There were fleeting glimpses of people running and ducking down behind things and firing; I couldn't even tell who they were. The camera shifted and I saw a dead man in body armor lying on his stomach, half on and half off the sidewalk, with bright red and orange and gold autumn leaves whirling around him in the wind and black smoke. The back of his jacket said FBI in bright yellow letters. You could see a bloody hole in the back of his Bakelite helmet; the bastard had been running away when what goes around finally came around.

The tag line on the TV screen said *Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Live* in the lower left-hand corner. A Barbie doll talking head in the top right hand of the screen was babbling. I turned up the sound. "Again, Roger, what we have so far is that according to an FBI statement, a team of agents and United States Marshalls acting on behalf of the U. S. Attorney General's Child Protective Services Division have apparently been lured into some kind of terrorist ambush, and the FBI in Washington D. C. has told us that several Federal

agents have been killed and wounded. The Federal law enforcement team was attempting to serve a child protection order issued by a U. S. Circuit Court judge on the family of one Augustus Singer in Coeur d'Alene when they came under heavy gunfire from the surrounding homes in what appears to be a highly disciplined and prepared terrorist attack.”

As history tells us, it was nothing of the kind. It was Gus Singer's neighbors, good Americans all who finally decided they no longer wanted to be Americans, good or otherwise. Ordinary people who said to hell with America. Slaves who in the light of a Northwest dawn pulled their cherished guns out of hiding, and who at long last, for the first time since 1865, fired those guns at the hirelings of the United States.

Ordinary and decent men and women who heard the call to heroism and answered it, who fought and died in an attempt to save the Singer children from being kidnapped and sold as chattels and toys to rich yuppies and perverts. That attempt failed, and the Singers died that their race and nation might live. But at the time I had no idea what the hell was going on. Neither did anyone else. For all we knew, the Party had decided to start the revolution without us. I disobeyed Rooney and stared at the tube for several minutes, trying to wrap my mind around it all, until the phone rang on the side table. I picked it up in a daze.

“Yeah?” I said.

“Hello, darlin’. No names on this phone,” drawled Carter's voice. “Little pitchers have big ears.”

“Is it us? Is it us?” I yelled.

“Don't know. The government says it's us, and that's all that counts. They'll be coming after all of us now.

You need to get out of that house and over to the gym.”

“Got it,” I said. Needless to say, the gym was anything but a gymnasium. One of our people ran a franchise for a major shoe store chain in a local shopping mall, which included a capacious warehouse and storage area in the

back. One of the best places to hide when you're on the bounce is in plain sight, in the middle of as many people as you can find. We had all been provided with employee parking stickers in case of need. Mine was in the glove compartment of the Toyota Corolla.

"Wait, don't hang up," said Carter quickly. "'You know the rapture kits I made for this kind of sitch? My big boy got 'em out of the barn and got 'em mostly ready for you. He didn't do 'em up completely because he knew you'd be coming into the house. They're under the sink. You need to take care of that for me, son."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "It might turn out to be a false alarm. You all might want to come back."

"Dead FBI lying in the street ain't no false alarm, no matter who done it or why," Carter replied grimly.

"We ain't coming back. This thing in Coeur d'Alene may be us, it may be some kind of staged incident like 9/11 to give ZOG an excuse to do us all in, who the hell knows with these people? But either way, our old lives are gone, son. We all knew we'd have to move on someday soon, and we've been trying to prepare everybody for that. I've got some good memories of that home of ours, your home too as we tried to make it, but an old time has ended today and a new one has begun. Do it. I've showed you how."

"You got it," I said, and I hung up.

A major rule of urban guerrilla warfare: when un-assing an area, always booby-trap everything you possibly can. The reason for this is not so much to inflict casualties *per se* as it is psychological warfare.

You want to wrack the nerves of the man who's pursuing you and keep him on edge, never letting him forget that while he's hunting you, you're hunting him as well. A cautious enemy is dangerous. You don't want him calm and cautious and deliberating. You want to take him beyond cautious and way into paranoid. He needs to see you around every corner, behind every bush, never knowing when you will strike or how. Every moment of his day, ZOG's hired lackey needs to be sweating, wondering where Jerry Reb is,

what he is doing. His neck needs to have a permanent itch from those invisible cross-hairs on it.

Booby-trapping everything in sight also has the effect of slowing them down to a crawl while they check out every nook and cranny for any unpleasantries you may have left behind. Time spent calling in the sniffer dogs and sweeping for explosives and manipulating clumsy handling equipment to open a door is time ZOG is *not* chasing you, time you are using to put distance between yourself and your last tickle and prepare for your next, or even grab some much needed shut-eye. Nor need you restrict yourself to pyrotechnics. Booby-trapping is fun and it allows you to get creative as you destroy. With a little practice we learned to open bottled beer, spike it with cyanide or sulfuric acid, and then reseal it so carefully that thirsty cops and Fatties breaking into one of our safe houses would pop the top and go for the gusto, for the last time. (They knew we didn't allow alcohol in the Volunteers. I am amazed the idiots never wondered why there was beer in our fridge and never figured that one out, but it worked more than once.) Then there was the old exploding crapper trick. The famous Dr. James Cord cooked up a little powder we'd sprinkle onto the surface of the water in toilets or urinals which exploded when it came into contact with uric acid. We blew the family jewels off a Marine colonel that way once. My personal favorite was to booby-trap a picture of Adolf Hitler on the wall with a white phosphorus grenade set into a recess behind it. When some red, white, and blue-blooded all-Amurrican boy ripped it down in righteous rage for Mom, God, and apple pie, then he got a truly *Herzliche NS-Grüsse*. Cars were especially dangerous for Uncle Slime. It got to the point where they wouldn't even examine a vehicle they knew the NVA had abandoned.

They'd just back off and shell it with their grenade launchers. Not too good for collecting evidence. But I digress.

I looked under the sink and pulled out the rapture kits, two OD green ammunition boxes, each one of which had a 9-volt battery attached to the side by an aluminum bracket and both of which contained a large shaped block of Semtex high explosive. On both batteries, one red wire from one terminal led directly to a detonator cap inserted into one end of a stick of dynamite, which had in turn been inserted into a hole in the box and which

would act as a larger detonator for the main charge. So did the blue wire lead to another detonator cap at the other end of the dynamite. But the blue lead was really two wires, one attached to the battery terminal and the other to the blasting cap, connected in the middle of the strand by an alligator clip. The jaws of the clip were clamped down on a small patch of lead sheeting about an inch square and the thickness of a dime, and in the head of each lead tab was bored a small hole, through which was run a heavy thread, about eighteen inches long. At the end of the thread was a looped thumbtack. I carefully placed the first ammo box to the left of the front door, out of sight under a raincoat of China's I found, and firmly pushed the thumbtack into the door as low as I could so hopefully any Fed or cop trying to ease the door open wouldn't see it. Then I did the same at the kitchen door in the back.

Anyone kicking open either door would then yank the little lead tab out of the alligator clip, complete the circuit, and fly up into the sky to meet Jesus. Hallelujah, brother!

After I rigged up the rapture boxes I took a last check around the house to see if anything obvious had been missed. The only thing I could see was Chompus, whom I knew to be China's favorite stuffed animal from her childhood that she'd hung onto. Chompus was a threadbare, battered and faded green alligator in a sitting position, wearing a stupid grin and a purple tie that said South Carolina on it. He struck me as an odd thing to be carrying into an armed insurrection against the United States government, but in spite of her father's acute observation about an old time ending and a new one beginning, I figured Chine might want to keep at least that one thing from her past, so I grabbed Chompus off her bed. Then I climbed out a ground floor window, got into my car and left the American part of my life behind forever. I knew whatever happened, I wouldn't be unloading any more trucks of plastic junk for the Mighty Mart.

When I got to the gym, i.e. the shoe store in the mall, I parked off to the side and scouted the place out first to make sure, going into the mall and scanning the few employment ads in the window of the useless Worksource job center. Nothing unusual seemed to be happening in the mall, no police or commotion, and the shoe store looked open for business. There was a crowd in front of Radio Shack silently watching a television in the display which I

ignored. I sauntered into the shoe store like I was a customer and ignored the middle-aged woman at the counter as I walked into the back room. But I was stopped by Tom Burnham, a teacher from Mossy Rock who jammed his pistol barrel in my belly before he recognized me.

“I’m glad to see you came fully prepared to begin our struggle for racial freedom, comrade,” he said somberly, nodding downward.

I looked down and saw Chompus the stuffed alligator in my left hand. So much for my calm, cool and debonair revolutionary insouciance as I cased the lay of the land like a pro. I didn’t even realize I had been doing my first recon while carrying a child’s toy. “There’s secret microfilm jammed up his butt,” I told Tom with a straight face. It was crowded in the back storeroom; there were at least forty people, including all the Wingfield family. Most of the people there I knew, or at least I’d seen around, but some were unfamiliar. They were gathered around a television set in the little backroom office, spilling out into the warehouse section, leaning against metal shelving and sipping on Styrofoam cups of coffee and canned soft drinks from a vending machine. There was a sliding glass window in the office which was open so we could all hear what was on TV. Somebody had hung a Northwest Tricolor flag up along the ceiling beams and the blue, white and green swayed over us, billowing gently in the draft. I felt a cold, wet nose in my free hand and saw that Caprice was there as well. Glancing around I saw Porterfoy lying asleep on a bottom shelf like some big furry bedroom slipper. I went right to Carter. “What the hell is happening?” I asked.

“White people are fighting ZOG in Idaho,” said Carter. “I think it may be our people.” He looked down and saw Chompus, and he said nothing. Not then or ever, but I think he understood, and I rose another notch in his estimation.

I saw China in the press of people, went up to her, and gave the toy to her. “I didn’t know if you wanted him or not,” I told her.

She took the stuffed gator and said quietly, “I was already down the road in the car when I remembered I had forgotten him. Thank you, Shane.”

Rooney appeared by my side. Her face was flushed and her green eyes bright with excitement. “It’s just rumor so far, unconfirmed,” she said, taking my

hand. “But CNN says the Old Man is in Coeur d’Alene!

And Mom and Dad say China and I can *wear jeans* for the duration of the whole revolution!”

“Red is trying to get hold of somebody out there to find out what’s going on,” said Carter. For the next few hours we simply watched, stunned at what we saw on TV. About noon Ma and Adam came in with arms stacked high with pizza boxes, the fruits of Lewis County’s first act of revolutionary expropriation of the War of Independence. One of our guys was a delivery driver for the Pizza Palace, and he absconded with his entire noon lunch run of hot pizzas for the entire town of Dundee and delivered them to the rear loading dock of the shoe store, which gave us about thirty pies of various sizes and toppings, not to mention a number of plastic jugs of rotten sugary soft drinks and baskets of bread sticks and buckets of red sauce, which sustained the insurrectionary forces of the Rebel County for the first hours of the revolution. Fine with me; junk food or not, I liked pizza of any kind that didn’t have pineapple on it.

Dundee’s yuppies went hungry that day, and we ate their lunch while we stared at CNN.

About one o’clock Red Morehouse came out of the corner where he had been dialing cell phone number after number, and he confirmed that the Party was involved in the revolt in Idaho. “It seems to have started when Federal thugs from It Takes A Village tried to grab this guy Singer’s children and the locals reacted by shooting at the Feds. Singer was an Old Believer although not affiliated with us in any formal way, but the Party has done the old *carpe diem* trick,” he told us. “Fortunately we had some men on the scene with some cop-on and some testicular folliculation. The Idaho boys seem to have gotten tired of waiting, so they followed up on what the people in Gus Singer’s neighborhood started. The leader of the insurrection appears to be Comrade Winston Wayne, who as some of you may be aware is one of the Walla Walla 43, the men who broke jail awhile back. The Coeur d’Alene police station and government buildings have been occupied by the Party, and in addition to Party personnel several hundred local people have come in with whatever weapons they could scrounge up and have joined the revolt on our side. By a fortuitous coincidence, the Old Man was in Spokane at the

time along with the whole mobile GHQ entourage. Some of our people jacked a chopper and brought the Old Man in, and the rest of General Headquarters has been relocated to Coeur d'Alene by road. I have established contact with someone who in turn has contact with what's going on in CDA and so there is now a line of communication open between this unit and the center of military operations, and there is now an official chain of command. I have been informed that we should stand by for an important public statement from the General Secretary."

Ma Wingfield alone among us dared to voice our hope: is this the day we become free men again? "Is the Old Man gone proclaim the Northwest Republic?" she asked bluntly.

"I have no idea, ma'am, but I don't think he's going to sing hey nonny-nonny and a hot cha-cha," replied Red. "One more thing. It goes without saying that Winston Wayne and the fighters in Coeur d'Alene need every bit of help they can get, and they are already calling for volunteers from the Party from around the Homeland. Based on my assessment of our present situation here, I am asking for six volunteers who will take two vehicles and the best of our weapons, go to Idaho, and try to get through to CDA."

It was too crowded for anyone to step forward, but in silence every hand in the place went up, including mine and every member of the Wingfield family, including Ma. "Thank you, comrades. I expected nothing less from all of you. Comrade Wingfield and I will make the decision as to who will go based on who has combat experience with the imperial forces in the Middle East or other relevant skills, and also on our own need to begin military and support operations here in Lewis County. Carter, could I see you in private?"

"Just a minute," said Carter. "I need to take care of something." He beckoned to me and I followed him into a small loading dock area stacked with cardboard cartons of shoes and wooden pallets. "Shane, we're going to be here for a while until we can get our ducks in a row and find out where we stand, but I'm a bit nervous at having this many of our people in such a small space. By now the local cops will be on the lookout for those of us they know, and I'm worried they will spot a bunch of our cars in the parking lot here, as big as it is and surrounded by other vehicles as they are. We've got some contacts in the Dundee department and the Lewis County sheriff s

office as well, whom I think we can trust to keep us posted on what's happening on their end, but until we can get dispersed I need sentries. I'm sending the girls out into the mall to hang around the record bar and the Burger Shack and giggle like typical teenagers while they watch that side, but we need someone on the back as well. Keep the roll-up door closed, but you sit out there. Take a chair and sit just behind the dumpster, which will shield you somewhat from view but lets you see both entrances into the back parking lot. It's still kind of exposed, but we've got to have some reliable eyes out here to let us know if any law is coming."

"How will I let you guys know if the cops do try to come in this way?" I asked.

"Slip back inside if you can, but if they come in fast trying to do their dynamic entry shit you're going to have to cover down behind the dumpster here and hold them off as long as you can, make some noise, to give us time to escape and evade." I would also probably be killed, which I forebore to mention because I knew Carter knew it full well.

"Make noise with what?" was all I asked. He opened a drawer in the bottom of a steel shipping and received desk and handed me one of my favorite weapons from his private collection that I'd fired at our little impromptu training sessions at the seaside and up in the hills. It was a Chinese-made Tek-9 machine pistol knockoff, but quite well made and a lot more accurate than some versions of that weapon. It had interchangeable barrels up to ten inches, but Carter had already attached the shortest barrel, the five-inch one. Best of all, it had a selector switch that let me fire it on full automatic. It gobbled ammo like popcorn when I did that and the burst was short, but it was devastating, and with practice I'd gotten some pretty good patterns with it at up to fifty yards. It already had one twenty-round clip of nine-millimeter rounds in the well, and Carter handed me two more magazines that I stuck in the back pocket of my jeans. He jacked a round into the chamber and put it on safety.

"Put it in your belt under your jacket and don't take the safety off unless you see something nasty coming.

I know you're tired after working a full shift, son, but you're going to have to

stay awake and stay alert.”

“I’m not sleepy, believe me,” I said with a chuckle.

“Good. I am not totally out of touch with the cops’ minds here, and I don’t think they really relish tangling asses with us, and not just because they’re yellow like that motherfucker Sorels. Some of them are at least half-way sympathetic and we’ll need to figure out how to play on that. But if the police come in here in force and they attempt to enter this building, with or without weapons drawn, you’re going to have to open fire on them and kill them if you can, because they are enemy soldiers and they will be coming to do harm to your friends and your country and your race. I know you assisted in Red’s little legal problem a while back, Shane, but this won’t be like killing a lawyer. These will be real people, men and maybe a woman of your own race, and they will be shooting back at you. If I didn’t think you could do it, I wouldn’t have called you out here in the first place. But there’s no shame in not being a killer, Shane. Most people aren’t. Nor does it mean you can’t be part of the revolution. Killing is only a small part of what we have to do to get our freedom back. But this is it, son, the real thing is here, and if you already know in your heart that you can’t pull that trigger on a man if you have to, then for God’s sake, tell me now.”

“You know darned well I’d shoot anyone who tried to hurt Rooney in a heartbeat,” I told him with a sullen scowl. “And the rest of you too, of course,” I added hastily.

Carter grinned at me. “I know it,” he said. “But I figured you at least deserved to be asked.”

So I spent the rest of that incredible day, the first day of the revolution, sitting on a padded swivel chair from behind the shipping and receiving desk, looking out over a half-deserted parking lot towards the rising hills of Douglas firs interspersed with golden and silver maples and aspens that whispered in the wind, sipping canned soda and chewing on cold pizza, alone with my thoughts.

I was filled with pride not only in my comrades of Coeur d’Alene, but in the trust Carter had placed in me.

And I don't mean that he relied on me to shoot at a cop if I had to. I think he told the truth when he said he knew quite well I was capable of that. He didn't come out once to check on me, to see if I'd suddenly come to my senses, realized what the hell I was getting involved in and beat feet out of there, jumped in my car and headed for California. He knew I wouldn't do that, and he trusted me with the lives of himself, his family, and all our comrades. That was a greater and better honor than any medal I ever got from the Party.

He trusted me not to walk away.

Around sunset the door opened and Rooney came out into the loading dock. "Hey there, long, tall and evildoing," I said to her with a smile. "Pull up a pew." Rooney pulled up an empty computer shipping box that stood beside the dumpster and she sat down on it. It was reinforced inside with Styrofoam and so it took her weight. "Any news? What's going on in Coeur d'Alene?" I asked her.

"Looks like we ran the ZOG bastards clean out of town. There's Tricolors flying over the downtown and from church steeples. They did make one announcement. We are now officially the Northwest Volunteer Army and we will be commanded by an as yet to be named Army Council and General Officer Commanding, most likely Winston Wayne since he started the ball rolling. The Old Man is supposed to go on TV and lay it all on the waiting world sometime soon. They may not even let us see him or hear what he has to say. Daddy figures ZOG will pull the plug on CNN and all the other media soon and embed all the reporters with the FBI and army or something so they can't report anything they ain't supposed to, and from then on all we'll get is official bullshit, like every time they invade some little country somewhere.

Seen anything out here?" she asked.

"Couple of deer, but they were too far away for me to hit 'em with this Tek-9. What did your Daddy give you?"

"I got the Beretta." Rooney flicked back her sweater; she had on a shoulder holster rig. "China got a .380

auto but no holster, so she's got to carry it in her school bag."

"Have they decided who's going to CDA yet?" I asked casually.

"Adam," she said. "I think Daddy too, although he hasn't said as much. I told Daddy if you went I was coming too. He told me I'm a soldier now, and I'll take orders, but he wasn't mad about it. I think he knows."

"Yeah, he does," I said. She took my hand and I held hers in both of mine against my chest while I looked out over the parking lot, not daring to look at her. "Roon, there's something I need to tell you," I said to her after a while. "I was going to ask you to marry me today, before all this other came up. I know that's not possible now, but I figure you'd like to know."

"I'm glad," she whispered.

"What would your answer have been?" I asked.

"You know what it would have been." There was more silence for a while. "The Bible says it's sinful, but Shane, if this was a better time and place, and we had someplace to go, I'd make love with you now. But it's too crowded in there, and it's too cold out here."

"Dern!" I laughed. "And besides, we're both on duty. But I appreciate the thought, Roon." I held up her hand and kissed it, and she settled her head on my shoulder, and we stayed that way for a bit.

Then the door opened and Carter stuck his head out. "Both of you come inside," he said. "As risky as it is to have no sentries, I don't want you to miss this. The Old Man is coming on TV."

ZOG's hand on the media plug was a bit slow in the pulling, and so the Old Man's speech from the Coeur d'Alene television station slipped out just under the wire before the United States Attorney General in D.C. invoked the Patriot Act and shut down all news coming out of Idaho. There in that darkening, chilly, dusty warehouse, surrounded by cardboard cartons of mostly cheap plastic shoes made in Taiwan and Brazil, littered with half-open pizza boxes containing only crusts and plastic soda jugs with a few fingers of

drink left in the bottom, and with two sleeping dogs, our little band of brothers and sisters heard the declaration of our nationhood before the world.

Since that evening, the Old Man's address has been printed in thousands of books and newspapers and on posters and in pamphlets. It has been carved on walls and monuments and memorized by millions of school children in the Northwest American Republic, so I will not repeat it all here. I can only give you the high points that stick in my memory from that very night itself, over seventy years ago. What was it like to hear those words for the first time, with the cold metal of guns pressing against our hips and weighing down our belts? With me gripping Rooney Wingfield's hand in mine? I cannot begin to explain or describe it. It was something that happens only once in...well, it doesn't happen very often. After the war we all remembered two events more than anything else from that time. The Old Man's declaration of the night of October 22nd, and Cathy Frost raising the Tricolor into the bright afternoon sunshine at Longview, five years to the very day after that. Everything between is kind of one long mass of memory, not much of it good, but it's anchored at both ends by the twenty-second day of October. I'm sorry, ma'am, that's about as much sense as I can make out of it for someone who wasn't there. A lot of us who were there for that first October 22nd weren't there five years later for the second. Including some who stood with me in the warehouse that night.

* * *

"In the name of Almighty God, in the name of a thousand generations past and a thousand more yet to come, the white men and women of America today resume control of our own racial destiny, seizing it back by force of arms from the tyranny of an alien race and their shameful hirelings of a corrupt and wicked government, who have cruelly and viciously abused our people, our laws, our culture, and our civilization. Trusting in divine aid and in the truth and justice of our cause, we proclaim the lands of the Pacific Northwest to be no longer subject to the authority or rule of the government of the United States. We declare that henceforth these lands shall be a sovereign and independent Aryan Republic, a Homeland and a refuge for all of the Aryan peoples of the earth, wherein all of the Children of the Sun, from every one of our scattered nations across the globe, shall live in peace and

prosperity and dignity, free of all oppression and contamination of both the body and the spirit. In these lands we shall at long last secure the existence of our people and a future for white children...

“To our fellow white men and women, many of whom shall hate us and persecute us because you have been so cruelly deceived, we open our arms in love and forgiveness. Brothers and sisters, I implore you, in this wonderful moment let the scales at last fall from your eyes and let yourselves see the truth to which you have been so long blinded. It is for you that we fight, it is for your children and your posterity that we soldiers of the Northwest Republic will lay down our very lives without a moment’s hesitation or regret. In even the most degraded and weakened among you, you will find that the ancient fire of our racial spirit burns, however low the spark. Open your minds, open your hearts, open your very souls and let that spark of ancient pride and glory burn bright once again, as for countless centuries it burned so bright that it illuminated all the world.

“To the white soldiers and police of the American military forces who will be sent to crush us by the frightened, weak and corrupt beings who rule in Washington D. C., we say: there is more to life than a signed paycheck. There is more to honor. There is more to justice. Look into your hearts and you will know what is right. Many of you know already, but it is not enough merely to know what is right. Now you must DO what is right, however hard and terrible that decision will prove. Come to our sides, my brothers in arms, and bring with you the weapons and ammunition that ZOG has given you, that they might be used to redeem not only yourselves but all of our Folk from an unspeakable tyranny...

“To the people of color who now inhabit the Pacific Northwest, we say this: we do not blame you for coming into this land to take what is ours. Time and again, over more than one generation, we demonstrated clearly that we were not willing to fight for our land, nor for the wealth that we created, nor for the homes that we built, nor for the industries and things of beauty that we had made. Why should you not follow Nature’s immutable law and come in your strength to pillage from a nation so weak and supine? In that, you have lived far closer to cosmic truth than we. We do not even blame you for seeking our white daughters, for they are the most beautiful of all God’s

creation, and who would not want them for his own? But that time is over now. Let me put this as bluntly as I can: the boss man has come home. He has been long away, and while he has been away you have gained much from your looting of our land. Take it, be glad of what you were able to get, and leave! Leave now! Leave while the way is still open, before white men with weapons in their hands find you and take vengeance for the evil that you have done to us. There is nothing for you any more in this land. It is time for you to return to the many places whence you came. Leave while you still can...

“To the Jewish people, we say nothing. There is nothing to say. For you there shall be only endless night.

“To the governments and nations of the world, and especially to the government of Canada that borders on our own Northwest Republic, I will tell you flat out that this is a private fight. Do not make the mistake of helping the Americans in any way to oppress us or do harm to the Northwest Republic. If you do, you will be surprised at how long an arm we have...

“To my comrades in arms who now stand at my side, who have brought this day into being and who from tomorrow’s dawn will resume the battle for our people’s freedom, and to all of you who over the coming days will be joining the forces of the Northwest Volunteer army to secure the existence of our people and a future for white children, I say this: the hard part is now over. We have once more found in our hearts the ancient courage and hardihood of our race, and against the soul of the Aryan warrior no mercenary hireling can prevail. The lion has at long last awakened, and the only conceivable outcome to this battle is our total and final victory, and those now hearing my words in Washington D. C. know this. The United States will bluster and bully like it always does, the United States will swagger and boast, the United States will beat and bomb and butcher and torture the helpless, as it always does. But the United States has already lost, and they know it. Our hearts are no longer in chains, and now no evil empire with a hundred times the power of the United States can keep our bodies chained to their rotten, tottering tower of wickedness and corruption.

“Among our ranks there are some who practice the Christian faith, some who follow the old Nordic, gods of our race, some such as myself who believe in the new dispensation of Adolf Hitler and National Socialism which was given

to the world in the middle part of the last century, and some who follow no god or gods at all but who feel in their hearts our people's destiny and role in the universe and will play their part in this struggle purely in the knowledge that it is right. I know that no one among you will take offense if in this historic moment I acknowledge the Christian faith of the Founding Fathers of the true America, and of the brave men of the Southern Confederacy who rose in rebellion in 1861 to defend that true American vision. For all of us, I therefore close my address on this night of nights with lines from the Forty-Sixth Psalm: 'He breaketh the bow; He snappeth the spear in sunder. I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth, for the Lord of Hosts is with us.'

"My friends, my comrades, my soldiers, my brothers and sisters, on this the first night of Northwest freedom, I bid you all good night."

There was no cheering or excitement; the whole warehouse seemed stunned and silent. Rooney's head was on my shoulder again, and she was crying softly. I put my arms around her, and it was a while before I noticed that I was crying too. After a time Red wiped his own eyes, stepped forward and spoke. "All right,"

he said in a normal, conversational tone. "You heard the boss man. Let's get this show on the road."

The Feds were getting their show on the road as well. That night they hit the Wingfield place with a full SWAT raid. They came in screaming and cursing and threatening and waving their weapons in the air like they were real badasses. It was called dynamic entry, and it always worked great on doped-up crack houses and mosques in Baghdad and houses full of women and children who could be terrorized. This time their exit was even more dynamic than their entry. Two FBI sons of bitches were raptured and half a dozen more ended up in a badly dismantled condition. Washington's Rebel County inflicted its first enemy casualties that night.

Last of An Ancient Breed

There is so little glory in a white man's life.

He works hard for his money, and he takes a wife,

But a white man's son can be a hero in the night,

With a heart full of anger and a will to fight.

Seize this moment in your hand! Take it and run!

There is freedom in your mind, and you're loaded like a gun!

Volunteers! Living out the fantasy!

NVA is the best that we can be!

Gonna make our stand, in this Northwest land,

Like the last of an ancient breed...

Like the last of an ancient breed.

- Underground rock song, circa early 21st century

So in an exalted and inspired ecstasy of revolutionary fervor, we all went charging out with guns blazing and brought the mighty United States of America to its knees, right?

Actually, no. In that first confused year while we struggled to survive as a movement, the Army Council picked Lewis County clean of everybody they thought could pull a trigger, shipped them off to various active service units around the Northwest where the action was hotter, and the rest of us were organized as a support unit. We ended up with all of the danger and very little of the fun. War tends to be like that.

There's always a shitty end of the stick and somebody has to grasp it. Later on it heated up for us, of course. Lewis County doesn't get to make that boast about being Washington's Rebel County for nothing.

But at first we were very much a backwater. The action was mostly in Idaho and in the cities, Seattle and Spokane and Portland and Boise, where our actives would strike at ZOG and then melt into the mountainous regions and wilderness which surrounded most Northwest metropolitan areas. That's where we came in.

Lewis County was conveniently placed and it was a very large stretch of turf. It was where active service units fled to after popping off a few rounds at ZOG in Seattle, Olympia, Tacoma, and sometimes Portland.

The first thing Red and Carter did after the Old Man's speech that night was to sort out the six Volunteers who were to go out to Idaho and join the rebellion in CDA. They were Adam Wingfield as team leader along with his wife Leah, a Christian Identity girl he'd married only a few months before. Leah was actually from that part of the world, the daughter of some early Aryan settlers who had come to Hayden Lake under Pastor Butler, and so she knew the Coeur d'Alene area well. Another one selected was a Canadian kid named Danny Bondurant who was supposed to be good with explosives, as well as an older man named Sam Maxwell who was a former police officer from North Carolina and still pretty fit for a geezer, a guy named Bob Parsons who had served in Iraq and gotten a Purple Heart, and another guy named Willis who had been in the Marines but was kicked out for evil racism like Adam had been booted out of the army. Carter Wingfield was to stay behind and help us get organized in Lewis County, which I was very glad to hear. The revolution wouldn't have seemed the same without him, and I knew Rooney and China and Ma were worried they might lose three family members instead of two if it went bad.

The six Volunteers who were to march to the sound of guns were given one longarm each, M-16s and a Ruger Mini-14 and our one Steyr .50-caliber rifle with the armor-piercing bullets, plus their handguns and as much ammunition as they could get into the three vehicles they took, a case of grenades, and most of the money we had on us. I overheard Red and Carter briefing Adam. "On the interstate you could be in CDA by dawn, easy, but stay off the

interstate,” Morehouse told him. “There will be ZOG roadblocks as sure as God made little green apples. Once you get about fifty miles from Spokane, move off the main highways. It will slow you down, but given the general ZOG inefficiency I think you should make it through. This thing appears to be completely spontaneous and it seems to have caught Yehudi with his pants down, and it’s going to take them a couple of days to get their act together, get enough bodies up there and clamp down a blockade on the Coeur d’Alene area. According to what I have been told by our people on that end, the plan is to try and keep old U. S. 95 both north and south out of Coeur d’Alene open, and they recommend you try and swing wide on the cat roads either up towards Sandpoint or else to the south, so that incoming Volunteers will be met by NVA forces, processed in and assigned their units and military duties as quickly as possible.”

The six Volunteers left soon after, Adam giving his family a parting bear hug, including me. My ribs were sore the next day. I suppose before I go any further I need to talk about what happened to our little Lewis County expeditionary force. They made it through to Coeur d’Alene okay, right up to the last twenty miles or so, when they had to shoot their way through an Idaho state police roadblock, but no one was hurt, at least not then. The story of the first Republic and the Sixteen Days has been told countless times before, and I won’t re-tell it here, except that I always thought its greatest significance was that it showed us white boys still had the blood of heroes in our veins. Like the 1916 Easter Rebellion in Ireland, the Sixteen Days in Coeur d’Alene were a glorious failure that inspired us to fight on to eventual victory so as to be worthy of our brothers and sisters who died amid the fallen leaves of orange and gold.

Our guys from Dundee were in the thick of it. Willis was killed in the final assault on the central post office by his former comrades of the U. S. Marines. Sam Maxwell was wounded and captured and spent some time in a Federal detention camp, but he escaped and made it back to Lewis County, and got hooked up with Echo Company again. The other four broke out with Winston Wayne in the fighting retreat and ended up serving with him as part of the Sawtooth Flying Column. Two years later, Leah Wingfield was arrested doing a supply run into Boise. She was sent to Seattle and handed over to the FBI’s Special Counter-Terrorism Task Force, i. e. my old buddy

Bruce Goldberg. For the sake of political correctness Goldberg used some nigger bull dyke as his puncher for female prisoners, who didn't have Leon Sorels'

deft touch. Leah was beaten to death in her cell about a week after her arrest, but Adam never found out until after the Longview treaty. He and the other two spent the rest of the War of Independence with Wayne in Idaho, and he stayed there and got married again. He passed on a few years ago, but I still get Christmas cards every year from his children, and I send birthday gifts to his grandchildren.

After our six disappeared into the night headed for Idaho, the next job was to get us all armed and dispersed out of that shoe store. I ended up on a team with the Wingfields, surprise surprise, and about midnight we moved to a mobile home in the woods outside Winlock which remained our base of operation for the next couple of weeks while things went down. It had a satellite TV which we kept on the news channels all the time as we watched the Sixteen Days unfold. We might have been emotionally devastated through the defeat of the first Republic and the eventual capture of the Old Man, but by then we were too busy fighting ZOG to be depressed. Even if it was only as a support unit.

In the long run the Party and the NVA rejected the original idea of a centralized structure led by one General Officer Commanding—all other problems aside, if such an officer were to be killed or captured, the psychological damage to the cause of Northwest independence would have been unacceptable. The NVA adopted a very loose and informal and highly flexible organization structure that was a kind of combination of the Provisional I.R.A. and Cosa Nostra, the two most applicable models from the previous century. We were never a mass movement like Adolf Hitler had been able to build in Weimar Germany, because the conditions were completely different, although you'd be amazed how long it took some of us to understand that, including the Old Man himself.

Very loosely described, the Volunteer forces during the War of Independence consisted of three kinds of fighters. There were the active service units, the gunmen and guerrillas who actually engaged the Federal forces in combat. Of these the largest and most flamboyant were the Flying Columns of song and

story, although they didn't really get going well until the next summer after 10/22. There were the support personnel of every kind that kept the active service units functioning and fighting by keeping them supplied with food, ammunition, medical supplies, money, accommodation, vehicles, intelligence on enemy movements, propaganda backup, clothing and equipment. Support people also continued on with a lot of the very same low-level propaganda activities that we had done before 10/22; I think I went on as many spray-paint and nocturnal leaflet distribution runs in the year after the Coeur d'Alene uprising as I did in the year before. Only this time tossing leaflets on lawns carried the death penalty and we were carrying guns. The kind of leaflets we were distributing were also of more importance, since most of them were notices from the NVA advising the population of various things the Party and the Army wanted them to know. Historically, there is no question that the majority of people who ended up wearing the Northwest independence medal served in a support capacity as opposed to an active service unit, and quite a few of them never fired a weapon at a cholo or a Feeb during the entire five years, which is no shame at all. We couldn't have won without them. Support cadres took the same chances as the gunmen, sometimes a lot more since they had to live and work within the belly of the beast, and when captured they ended up with the same electrodes wired to their balls and the same cyanide needle stuck in their arm as active service unit shooters with twenty ZOG notches on their guns.

Finally, there was a third kind of NVA activity, mostly run by the appropriately named Third Section set up and run by Matt and Heather Redmond, that old married couple from North Carolina who had interviewed me in Dundee the night Leon Sorels beat the crap out of me in school. Threesec did things that were coordinated on a national level by General Headquarters such as intelligence and counterintelligence, propaganda, computerized warfare, and the political and diplomatic echelons that directed the whole course of the war. A whole James Bond world of shadow warfare conducted all across North America and the world, and those Third Section guys sure as hell *did* get up to some heavy and romantic activity. Some of these definitely tended towards the spectacular and legendary, like the wide-ranging active service units in New York City and Washington D.C. who damned near shut both cities down and inflicted billions of dollars of economic damage on ZOG. The Threesec computer boys and girls pulled off

all kinds of coups from periodically spamming every single e-mail address in the country with NVA propaganda, to computer viruses that destroyed whole government and corporate networks, to running phony government websites, to hack jobs into the most closely guarded Federal databases that gave us vital intelligence such as lists of FBI and FATPO informers among our ranks.

General Headquarters itself was thankful for the excellent practice in nomadic life they'd gotten in the year before the CDA rebellion, trundling around the Homeland with the Old Man stashed in that eighteen-wheeler, because GHQ had to move almost every week. General Headquarters was even located in Lewis County on two occasions, or at least sections of it were. Once the Army Council met for several days in the gingerbread and flower-garden Victorian home of a little old lady in Dundee who sat on her porch doing needlework and babbling like a senile dingbat, while she kept an Uzi on the chair beside her covered with a hand-knitted shawl which I happen to know she was entirely capable of using to deadly effect. The second time was during the last months of the war when the Political Bureau took over the upstairs floor of the public library in Centralia; today there is a little memorial plaque on the outside of the library and the stairway has the original "closed for remodeling" sign that was stretched across it when the last negotiations leading to the Longview conference were being completed on the floor above.

An actual organizational table of the NVA would be almost impossible to assemble with any degree of accuracy, because it changed form and structure and components almost like a lava lamp, through death and arrest and the constant need to make a fast break out of an existing structure and into a new one, one step ahead of ZOG. Very roughly, it went like this: General Headquarters consisted of whatever staff officers and members of the Army Council weren't in jail or out on operations at the time. The Old Man was in prison, but even from his cell he was able to get occasional authenticated messages to the troops in the field, like the directive to strike at the enemy's financial base by halting tax collection and dismantling the Internal Revenue Service. GHQ set overall strategy and policy with a view towards winning the independence of a sovereign Aryan Republic in the Northwest. GHQ then told the active service units what that strategy and policy was through the Political Officers assigned to each unit, who then worked with the unit

commanders in the field to implement it. That's the way it worked in theory.

In practice, it was an unholy mess. In a general way, we had our mission. Get rid of ZOG and anyone who supports ZOG, and that's what we did. We assumed that in the absence of ZOG our political and military strategy would work itself out and the whole of society wouldn't just collapse into chaos, and it turned out we were right. Any kind of hands-on micromanagement from GHQ was simply out of the question: we were the ones sitting in the bushes at night with the guns in our hand waiting for somebody to walk by who needed shooting, and we pretty much made the tactical decisions. There were occasional exceptions, of course, like the Samuel Rothstein hit that came down directly on orders from the Army Council with Pat Brennan sent to take charge, but generally speaking the ASUs were told what the political leadership wanted accomplished, and they accomplished it however they could on the local level. We thought nationally and acted locally. It was kind of like putting together a jigsaw puzzle. GHQ showed us the cover of the box so we knew what the whole picture was supposed to look like, and then we tacked and pounded it together with whatever pieces we could find. If the pieces didn't fit, then we did some trimming.

Communication was very compartmentalized, because it was a weak link, a thread that the Feds could pull on and start things unraveling. I'm already mentioned that you rarely knew a fellow Volunteer's real name or where they laid their heads at night. The only reason I myself knew the names of as many as I've mentioned so far is that I was in the Party and I met them before 10/22. This way, most of us who were arrested by the Feds had very little to tell, which as I myself was later to learn was a vitally important tactical asset for us. The only vertical contact, so to speak, that the combat squads had with GHQ was through the Political Officers, and so a PO was always considered a prize catch by the Feds, with the biggest prices on their heads. At one stage they were offering \$250,000 for Red Morehouse. Carter had \$100,000 on his head. Me and Rooney and China and the boys never rated anything more than the standard \$50,000 DT or "domestic terrorist" bounty. The Feds dreamed for five long years of that one big raid that would wipe out GHQ and cripple the NVA, which wouldn't have happened because GHQ itself was split up into geographically separate teams, but never mind. The only contact most active service units had with other crews besides their own support people

was through the company's executive officer.

In theory, anyway.

I know Tank Thompson had his ways of getting hold of Terry Jackson in Longview and Mike Koltsov in Tacoma directly, and others if he had to. Of course he was also married to E Company's executive officer.

There were in fact cases where ZOG managed to pull on the one thread like Goldberg had described to me and roll up an entire company, but that didn't happen often. Usually by the time they worked their way outward from one Volunteer who broke under torture or was bribed, the company had upped stakes, broken up, changed locations and safe houses, etc.

Within the company, NVA Volunteers were broken down into teams of between three to six people, enough to fit into one vehicle if necessary, although as I have mentioned before, we usually took two cars wherever we went. A team would get an order from the CO or XO to be at a certain place at a certain time and do a specific job, and it was up to the team leader to work out the details. For the first nine months or so, Lewis County didn't even have an active service unit as such until Tank Thompson came up from northern California and was given command of Company E, South Sound Brigade. Adam Wingfield would have made a good CO, but he was in Idaho. We thought that Carter Wingfield should have gotten the CO

slot, but he turned it down on the grounds that he had no actual military experience and he was better at support stuff anyway, gun-running and car stealing and things like that, so he ended up as quartermaster until he moved up and became quartermaster for the whole South Sound Brigade and his slot in E

Company was taken by Smackwater Jack.

Now, about all those swashbuckling adventures we supposedly occupied our time with in the Northwest Volunteer Army. *Bull.shheeeeeet!*

There has been an incredible amount of nonsense written and broadcast about the so-called romance of life on the bounce with the NVA, staying one step

ahead of ZOG all the time, shooting it out in choreographed ballets of flaming gun muzzles and flying cartridge cases, with little mandolins and perhaps a cape, as I remember from somewhere. If you believe some of these movies and lurid books that have been put out since the war, it was all one long joyride of daring commando raids on ZOG, car chases, cloak and dagger skulduggery in smoky dens of iniquity, one-on-one duels with villainous FBI agents in deserted warehouses (with something throwing out steam, of course) and general swashbuckling, with frequent interludes of getting it on in picturesque hideaways with beautiful guerrilla girls wearing bandoliers of bullets, berets, and nothing else. Yeah, well, I had my own guerrilla girl and she'd sure enough made me an offer that once, but we also had one or both of her parents within sight at all times, and if not them her little sister, which combined with the fact that people were hunting us and trying to kill us kind of put a damper on the whoopie. Oh, I suppose it does look romantic and exciting for somebody looking in from the outside who's never had to do it in real life. A lot of history does. I always thought I would have liked to sail with Columbus, but I imagine the smell of those wooden ships alone would have put me off, never mind the food and the sanitation. I can tell you that living history is a different story altogether, a large part of the problem being that you don't know how it's going to end. The people who admire you and who are so fascinated by it all seventy years later know how it all ended, but back then you don't, and you never know when you wake up if you'll ever sleep again or you'll be dead in a day or an hour or a minute. The Chinese used to have a curse against their enemies: "May you live in interesting times." Well, we lived in an interesting time, and the novelty of it wore off fast, believe me.

It was rough even after we had worked out a more or less live and let live arrangement with the local cops, and all we had to worry about was Feds. Life on the run from the law is always a very high-stress existence even for those of us who got an adrenalin rush out of the whole thing. You live on black coffee and whatever crap food you can get hold of out of fast food restaurants and cans. Somebody always has to be on guard duty and you never really sleep, you're so on edge wondering if the door is going to come crashing in and you're going to die in the next few minutes. Every time you step outside your safe house you're inviting a catastrophe, and if you stay holed up you know they'll find you, and they'll shell you with artillery to dig

you out if they have to. Even something simple like doing laundry or grocery shopping becomes a major military maneuver, complete with posted sentries, planned escape routes, code names, false ID and pistols stashed in the dirty socks. We moved around a lot, at night whenever possible, and we seldom stayed in one place for more than a couple of days. We hid and plotted by day and we struck by night, and then we bolted for a new hideout, sometimes leaving the old one booby-trapped for any inquisitive Feebs if we thought they'd tumbled to it.

Fortunately for us, western Washington is a large place and there were huge expanses of territory, especially in the eastern parts of Lewis County, where the population was very sparse and which were ideal for lying doggo. If Sasquatch could hide for generations in those forests then so could we, in any isolated trailer or cabin or house or barn we could find. A lot has been made of the Flying Columns allegedly camping out under the stars, and sometimes they did, but even the Flying Columns were very seldom all out on active service at once. Roughing it is never fun when you *have* to do it. Our comrades from the Columns liked to sleep in a bed with a roof to keep off the rain as much as the rest of us, and they usually found one.

From the very beginning ZOG never had much real control of the Northwest outside the cities and the towns, and towards the end not even there. They simply didn't have enough loyal cops and soldiers to make their presence felt in the huge rural areas of the Northwest, and so we pretty much always had a warm dry roof over our head and some place we could run to. That's one reason that the Northwest had been selected for the Homeland back in the 1970s. There is no way in hell we could have succeeded in establishing our own country for white people if we'd tried it in some little landlocked enclave or in a small area like New England, where ZOG could have concentrated their forces in large numbers.

Mobility, mobility, mobility and hit! hit! hit! Our primary tactic was to keep on the move and keep kicking ZOG in the teeth. "This is more a battle of mind and will than it is of weapons and equipment and people,"

Red told us. "Think in terms of attack, people, never defense or concealment except insofar as these things are necessary so we can attack again! Burn this into your mind: we are the hunters, not the hunted. We are not running from

ZOG. ZOG is running from *us!*”

We were never idle, always planning the next attack or planning to meet the enemy’s counter-sweeps. We never really had time to sit and think about our situation. If we had, common sense would have dictated that we run like hell and never come back, but we never did.

Our main concern was that we never allow ourselves to be pinned down, in a house or a compound, because once we were trapped without any escape route, ZOG could bring its’ crushing, overwhelming force to bear. We had learned the lessons taught to us at Waco and Ruby Ridge in the 1990s. We learned early on never to give the bastards time to track us and a stationary target so they can break out the tanks and the napalm. The first rule of the NVA was to stay light. Live light. Stay mobile. Be ready to re-locate on three minutes’ notice. We knew we were headed for the fires of Waco or burial alive in the GULAG if we let ourselves be trapped. Move fast, hit hard, and then move faster. Avoid any routine or discernible pattern in our travels which might be deduced by a sharp detective or extrapolated by a computer.

Another thing we learned from those small but bloody encounters in the 1990s was that when confronted with determined armed resistance, the Federal government would back off. Not back *down*, but back off and circle around, and look for some way to come in at us to where they wouldn’t get hurt and would live to collect their pensions. When confronted with direct resistance, rather than immediately apply overwhelming force to overcome a challenge to the authority of the state, the power structure pulled back and started waffling, looking for the line of least resistance, developing scenarios, analyzing options, trying to find an easy way out, trying to put a “spin” on things. The mark of a weakening and increasingly confused Beast, a Beast that was fatally indecisive. The Federal forces of repression *could not take casualties*. Its hirelings fought for pay, and when the time came to lock and load they would go to almost any lengths to avoid being hurt. They were real good at shedding the blood of people like the Weaver family and the children at Waco, but to the average FBI agent, his own hide was sacrosanct and he wasn’t going to risk getting it perforated with bullets if he could at all help it. One of the problems inherent in employing a mercenary army is that the mercenaries tend to want to survive to enjoy that monthly salary check, that

affluent lifestyle, and that comfortable retirement.

They are highly reluctant to go the extra mile for their paymasters when that extra mile might get them killed. When we started making things go boom in the Pacific Northwest, all of a sudden ZOG had a lot of problems keeping their goons on the job. It's true that the Feds had all this high tech stuff, but it was amazingly easy to beat with very low-tech tactics, once white people as a race decided that we were going to fight and we were going to put some guts behind it. The main way that we avoided the high-tech crap was to move, move, move and hit, hit, hit!

"Hannibal's first rule of warfare, young Ryan - never fight the enemy on ground of his own choosing," as Tank Thompson told me once. ZOG was not all-powerful and omnipotent, and the Pacific Northwest was a very big stretch of territory. The United States government was damned near on its last legs by the time we rebelled and they simply didn't have the manpower, the money, or the technical expertise to be everywhere at once and bring their full power to bear. You have to bear in mind also that the bulk of the United States military power in those days had been developed with a view towards defeating and occupying Third World nations while the multinational corporations looted their natural resources, i.e.

the Middle East.

Fighting an insurgency in the Homeland, pardon the pun, was something they never figured into their calculations. There were certain things which, as rough as it got, they never dared to do here in North America, like dropping cluster bombs on downtown Seattle. The fact is that the handwriting was on the wall for American power as far back as Vietnam, when B-52s and napalm and millions of tons of bombs couldn't defeat a relative handful of little brown men in black pajamas, each with an AK-47 and a few magazines and a handful of rice. Just as Israel, with all its made-in-America military muscle, never found a way to overcome the Palestinian teenager with the bomb strapped to his body, and America itself never found a way to beat the roadside bomb and the guy with the grenade on the back of a motorcycle in downtown Baghdad.

The fact is that low tech can indeed defeat high tech, *if there are some guts*

behind it. Always with that proviso. The FBI and American stooges of various kinds were essentially bullies and cowards, and like all bullies and cowards they folded when someone stood up to them. When you have cowards facing men of courage, the brave men will almost always win in the long run no matter how many high-tech toys the other side has, because along with physical courage usually comes the other qualities necessary for victory. Or as Xenophon put it, the army that is stronger in soul wins. The NVA defeated the United States because we were stronger in soul.

The object of the enemy's tactics was to somehow prevent us from hitting them, because in the long run they couldn't take the public embarrassment of being hit. The myth of American invincibility was being shattered. When we killed their people and destroyed their property and no one was caught or punished, then they were losing the critical third leg of the revolutionary tripod, the *credible monopoly of armed force*. High tech is only as good as the people behind it, and the people behind it were a bunch of pig-ignorant niggers and Mexicans and feminist bitches who only got where they were by virtue of having tits on them. You have to understand that the revolt caught a lot of ZOG almost as much by surprise as it did us. No one ever really believed that us white boys in the Northwest would ever find within ourselves the moral courage and find between our legs the necessary meat actually to stage any kind of armed revolt against the forces of the Zionist Occupation Government.

The throne of ZOG was a lot shakier than we realized, and bringing it down required a lot less forceful a push than we imagined. One of the comments I heard most often from veteran NVA revolutionaries as we sat around the fire at night swapping reminiscences was, "You know, we never realized just how *easy* it would be when the time finally came, how quickly the power structure would fall."

* * *

Now, when I say we were a support unit, that does not mean that we were totally inactive on our own behalf. We had to operate in Lewis County and provide shelter, support, and supplies for several active service units from Tacoma on down to Portland, everything from food and clothing to safe refuges, staging areas for operations carried out in the cities, hidden

infirmaries and medical aid for wounded comrades, intelligence-gathering, money, whatever they needed. That meant that we ourselves had to be able to move around the county fairly freely in order to function. The very first thing we had to do was to establish some kind of arrangement with the local police to stay out of it. They were not trained as soldiers or counter-insurgency commandos, they were law enforcement officers who were supposed to deal with criminals, and they had to be made to understand the difference between what we were doing and ordinary crime. Also, a good many cops were at least halfway sympathetic to the Party, and so we not only had to convince them to mind their own business, but to do so in a way that would not completely anger and alienate them and turn them into irreconcilable enemies.

“We’re all going to have to live together after the war,” Red Morehouse reminded us. “Let’s try to keep the bad blood to a minimum.” That’s what I liked about the National Socialists among us: they kept their eyes on the ball and were always looking ahead to a victory they knew was inevitable once the white man found his courage again.

Red and Carter had not been idle during the pre-revolutionary years. They had developed their own sources and they had a list in their minds as to all of the local police and sheriff s deputies and state patrolmen who were non-white, which of the local cops were at least somewhat receptive, and which ones were hopelessly Amurrican and not approachable under any circumstances. The problem was that the local smokies hadn’t been totally inactive either, and they had a good idea of who most of us were and what we looked like. We had to be able to move throughout the county without interference and without them picking up their radios and yelling for Federal backup. The state troopers were more of a danger to us than the local forces. By Patrol policy their men were from elsewhere than Lewis County and so not locally grounded, they were better trained, the Patrol was more centralized, and they were a lot better paid for what they did. As cops, they weren’t half bad.

“Despite what happened at your house to those Feds, we need to establish credibility with the local blues,”

Red told Carter. “We have to make it clear to them that we consider them our

racial brothers unless they prove otherwise, but that even if they don't cooperate with us, they are to give us a wide berth and not interfere with our operations. We have to make a few examples, but only those who have actively done harm to our people in the past. The cops have to make that connection between hurting us and getting hurt themselves."

"Agreed, for the whites. Every black and Mexican cop has to go, to start with," said Carter. "Not just for racial reasons, either, but because their presence has a chilling effect on a lot of the white officers, who will be a hell of a lot more inclined to cut us some slack if they don't face peer pressure in the locker room and if they don't have potential informers in their own ranks who might rat them out to higher ups for political incorrectness."

"Absolutely," agreed Red. "This is now the Northwest American Republic and non-whites are not allowed to carry arms and intimidate white people. Hell, they're not even allowed to be here at all under General Order Number Four. We need to make it clear to the white police officers exactly where their loyalties and their personal best interests do *not* lie."

I overheard Carter and Red Morehouse going over the names of potential examples. I have to admit it's chilling the first time you hear a death list being discussed. Not too surprisingly, the list of the most pro-American people in Lewis County happened to be quite heavy with men and women who were the most deeply involved with the Christian right and had this bird-brained fundamentalist virus in their heads about Jews being God's Chosen People. The Wingfields and some of our other comrades were Christian-Christians as opposed to Judeo-Christians, and they always found this one perversion of thought to be particularly offensive. We never lacked comrades to deal with Jew-loving preachers, Volunteers whose own Bibles were far more well-thumbed and highlighted than the ones the preachers waved around in the pulpit.

They finally settled on two targets. Robert Blaisdell, chief detective with the Lewis County Sheriff's Department and head of their criminal intelligence and counter-terrorist division, was the guy who kept tabs on all of us evildoers for John Law. Blaisdell was a military retiree, originally from Oklahoma I believe, who had married a local girl and gone into police work after he left Fort Lewis. He was one of these sickeningly sentimental

birdbrains of Mom and God and apple pie who had somehow missed fifty years of history, and who still lived an Ozzie Nelson lifestyle in an Ozzie Osbourne world. We got to know the type. Mister and Mrs. 700 Club. Their houses always had that creepy Pat Boone-ish air about them, as if it were still 1958, or what I guess 1958 was supposed to look like. You expected Barbie and Ken to appear with a tray of cookies and Hi-C and ask you with lobotomy grins if you'd been born again. ("Born again, my ass!" snorted Ma Wingfield once. "The real way to ast that question is whether you been washed in the Blood or not. That's one way you can tell a Christian from a Judeo-Christian!")

I loved Ma to death, but I always had to resist the temptation to ask her how many angels could dance on the head of a pin. I was afraid she'd tell me.) God knows how such people kept it up amidst all the drugs and the buggery and the Spanish and the madness, how they pretended to themselves that none of it was happening, but some of them managed it. They seemed caught in a time warp of white bread and beehive hairdos and Up With People. Most likely it was because the religious right seemed to have a kind of unofficial dispensation from the power structure, a grant of immunity from the contamination, because the system found them politically useful. Jump for *Jeeee-zus* and praise Israel and you get a pass on nigger junkies beating you to death for the twelve dollars in your pocket and Mexicans won't fuck your blonde daughter, at least in your lifetime. Or maybe I'm just a senile old fool jabbering and there wasn't any reason for it at all except that they were dumb-asses. But damn, some of those Holy Joes made my flesh crawl!

Blaisdell was one these. A buzz-cut, no-necked oaf with a Bible in one hand, a nightstick in the other, and a little Amurrican flag lapel pin. He looked forward every day to killing a Nat-sy for Christ, becawz the Nat-sies tried to destroy our Bible. *Jeeee-zus* loves the little children, red and yellow black and white, they are precious in His sight, so knock a Party suspect's teeth out, hand his children over to It Takes A Village, then lie on the witness stand about it all because *Jeeee-zus* is an Amurrican and he forgiveth all sins. *U-S-A! U-S-A!* You get the idea.

Blaisdell was joined on the spot marked X by another asshole copper from the Dundee PD, a curly-headed blond doofus named Des Farrow with that

same Jesus-freaky lobotomy smile, whose handsome head was not quite as thick but just as empty as Leon Sorels' cranium. Farrow had been Sorels' enthusiastic flunky when he was with the Dundee PD in all the homeless-beating and racist-beating. Farrow was so full of brotherly love he was willing to crush kidneys and break bones for it. Whatever the Chamber of Commerce commanded, Farrow did. The Amurrican flag on his uniform shoulder was his god. That and his paycheck, of course.

The third example was to be our old buddy Leon Sorels himself, now of the Washington State Patrol.

However, it turned out that Sorels was very conveniently out of the area at the moment, attending some kind of counter-terrorism conference or some such. How ironic. But typical. We hunted Sorels for years, and he always seemed to have some kind of demonic luck looking out for him. The devil does indeed take care of his own. For a time.

Carter Wingfield and Red Morehouse brought a couple of more experienced (by about six weeks) shooters down from the NVA's Seattle Brigade to help them with the wet work, a kid named Cody whom I don't know what happened to, and an older man who called himself Mister Bill and who was the Republic's first ambassador to Canada twenty-odd years later when Ottawa finally acknowledged the Republic's existence.

In December of that year the four men went out every night and hunted down black and brown blue boys.

They ambushed one Mexican cop in Centralia with over fifty bullets in his car, killed one black sheriff's deputy on a remote back road near Mossy Rock, and toasted another black nice and crispy in Chehalis when they tossed a Molotov cocktail into his squad car with him in it. There were about two dozen more non-white police on the list all around the county, but it wasn't necessary to track them down. By Christmas every black, brown, or yellow police officer in Lewis County had resigned and left the area.

They very quickly understood the message as some of their white colleagues never did, and they saw what was coming far more clearly than some of their white colleagues ever did. No one had to teach them to think racially. They

did it naturally. Sometimes being primitive is an advantage.

In Christmas week the two guys from Seattle had to go back for some heavy scuffling you can read about in the history books if you're interested, and I got to fill in on the two white cops we had selected to convey our firm but polite message to local law enforcement to mind their own damned business where the NVA was concerned.

Before we went out, Carter took me aside. "Shane, I swear before God this is the last time I'll ask you about this, but can you handle what you'll have to do? We just want you to drive, but you're going to have to keep your head and you're going to be part of a murder, the murder of a police officer. ZOG won't look kindly on that, whatever your role."

"ZOG doesn't look kindly on me already. After that beating I took from Sorels I'll pull the trigger on his stinky ass myself, or any other cop," I said.

"You may have to if Red and I flub it," said Carter. "Make no mistake, Shane, we can't miss. These bad boys have got to go down, because if we flub it then we'll have all of the aggravation with none of the rep."

We want to scare these mothers shitless to the point where they back off, not just piss them off. When you go after a tiger, even a senile tiger, you have to kill it, not just wound it."

We waited until dark and then we rolled. I drove a nice roomy Lincoln Continental town car that Rooney and China, of all people, had boosted the day before. They had hot-wired it and disabled the teletracker with the global positioning indicator like old hands. Carter and the girls had then re-sprayed the Lincoln and fixed it up with bogus license plates. I was a bit pissed off because the girls had gotten a little taste of active service before me. Carter gave me a Brazilian-made Taurus .357 Magnum while he sat behind me packing the same Tek-9 I'd been issued for my little stint of guard duty on 10/22, only he'd screwed on the ten-inch barrel this time. Red was in the passenger seat beside me with a pump shotgun between his knees.

Chief Detective Blaisdell was simple. It was all over almost before I realized what was happening. He lived on a quiet back street in one of the more

upscale Chehalis neighborhoods and was taking no precautions at all. Even after the attacks directed against his fellow officers of the Hispanic and Affikin-Amurkin persuasion, I guess it simply never occurred to him that anyone would dare to come after an all-Amurrican copozoid in his own home. Otherwise don't ask me what the hell the idiot was doing standing full framed in a lighted window.

Blaisdell's house stood on a corner. I hung a left in the cold winter blackness, intending to do a circle around the block so the other two could check out the lay of the land, but it wasn't necessary. We were presented right away with a perfect target. There in a side window of what was evidently his kitchen I saw a large gray-haired man in his fifties, in a short-sleeved pastel shirt with no tie, big weight-lifting muscles like all the cops in those days had to intimidate normal people, although to be fair I think all Blaisdell's were proper home grown and not steroid. He had too much hair left for it to be steroids. He was standing over the sink doing something.

"That works," said Carter, rolling down his power window. "Nice slow stop, Shane."

I stopped the Lincoln easy and smooth. If he heard us pull up outside, Blaisdell didn't even look up. I guess after 10/22 cops in the Northwest took some time to realize it was a whole new ball game and pick up survival skills, just like us. It was a narrow side yard and he was standing in the lighted window maybe forty feet from us. Carter braced the Tek-9 on the window sill with both hands; with the window down I could see his breath frosting in the air in my rear view mirror. He cut loose with two short bursts on full auto. The rattle of the machine pistol shattered the quiet of the night. I know that's a cliché, but that's the best way I can describe it. Carter's shots were neatly placed with a good tight pattern. I only saw one round hit the window sill and a couple more strike the back of the kitchen wall in the light; all the others went into the target.

I saw Blaisdell twirl, a red spray of blood from his mangled torso twisting into the air like a corkscrew, and then he disappeared out of sight as he dropped to the floor. Somewhere in the house a woman screamed in horror. Without being told I accelerated slowly and cruised on out of the neighborhood, sticking to the speed limit, as cool and leisurely as could be. I

understood from the woman's screams exactly what we had just done and I didn't give a flying fuck, because I still felt Sorels' nightstick on my side and I knew that man would have hurt Rooney and China if we'd let him. Blaisdell made his choice and drew his paycheck, and now the bill had come due, so to hell with him.

Two minutes later I was heading towards the I-5. "Which way?" I asked.

"North," said Carter. "Head for Dundee. Farrow is on patrol tonight. Let's try for a double header."

About twenty minutes later we cruised into Dundee on Harrison Avenue and right by the Burger Doodle where I'd worked in high school. We saw a police car in the parking lot. "Number 491. That's Farrow's unit."

"That's him standing in line for his grease and cholesterol," said Red as we cruised through the lot. I saw a tall blond figure in a blue uniform. Even through the foggy windows of the restaurant I could see the big 9-millimeter Glock in its black leather holster on the thick utility belt, the canister of mace and the handcuffs in their case, the shiny black patent leather shoes. I think I could even see the creases in his trousers, although maybe that was just from growing up in Dundee and seeing those swaggering apes before.

"Do we park and go in after him?" I asked.

"No, too many white people in there," said Carter. "I don't want to start our campaign in Lewis County with innocent bystanders maybe getting shot. Shane, cut your lights. Now very carefully, back into that space two cars down from the patrol car. Keep the engine running. Let's hope he's getting takeout grease for supper and he doesn't decide to sit down and enjoy the formica ambience. The shorter time we're here, the less chance of somebody remembering the car or our faces."

A few minutes later Farrow came strolling out of the Burger Doodle, carrying a bag of food. We could smell the fries from where we were. "Pull out and cruise past him, slow. I'm going to have to go for a head shot, since he's probably wearing his vest." I did as he told me, and when we were level with the cop I slowed to a stop without being told. Farrow had his hand on the

door of the squad car to open it and when he looked up he had just time enough to see the barrel of the Tek-9 and scream like a woman, throwing his hand up with the burger bag in an effort to protect his face. Carter fired on semi-auto this time, carefully aimed marksman's shots.

The first shot blew the bag wide open and scattered hot coffee, fries, and a Super Burger in fragments. The second bullet went into Officer Farrow's mouth and he spewed blood and teeth, gurgling and clawing at the roof of the squad car. We saw the third shot pop brain and bone into the air in a fine spray. I pulled back onto Harrison Avenue and eased our bods back out onto the interstate, effortlessly blending with traffic, and headed back to our latest holeup in a house just outside Napavine. I leaned back and said to Carter, "Hey, before you shot that bastard you should have yelled for him to say hello to his butt buddy Sorels. Or at least hasta la vista, baby."

"Why would I do that?" asked Carter. "I didn't come here for conversation. I came here to kill the man and leave. That's all. If I'd stopped to chat that might have given him just the necessary moment to react, to jerk the squad car door open and cover down behind it, to get his gun out. It might have turned into a fair fight, and a fair fight is what we can't afford to have."

Red Morehouse spoke up. "I agree, absolutely. Shane, in the context of what we're doing, fair means slanted in favor of ZOG. They hold all the cards and we can't afford to give them a single inch or a single second we don't have to. We are not knights in shining armor on a quest seeking the Holy Grail. We are freedom fighters trying to secure the existence of our people and a future for white children. That means we are attempting to achieve a very specific political objective, not personal glory. We are not out to engage in single combat with the enemy and prove what a man we are by defeating him in some Viking epic. This isn't about you or me or Carter or Farrow or Sorels, it's about the Republic. When the media call us cowards, as they no doubt will be doing tomorrow, to hell with 'em. Cowards don't rebel in arms against the most unspeakable tyranny in human history. Remember the rule of one of our greatest racial heroes, General Francis Marion of South Carolina, the Swamp Fox. He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day."

"And no conversation," Carter reminded me. "Two in the head, make sure

they're dead. Badda bing, badda boom, as the hoods on TV say. By the way, son, you did damned good tonight." That night was in fact the foundation of my reputation as an NVA wheelman with a steady hand and a cool nerve, and eventually E Company started getting requests from crews all up and down the I-5 corridor for my chauffeuring services.

Red was right about the media screaming and hollering to the high heavens after we whacked those two blues. On top of the Mexican and the two niggers, that was five dead coppers, and they went ballistic, like they'd just noticed that Lewis County law enforcement officers were dropping dead with lead poisoning.

When we were still on the road Carter took out a prepaid, untraceable cell phone and called one of the TV

stations in Olympia. He gave them a code word that he had somehow arranged with them beforehand. I think it was the old I.R.A. wheeze of calling himself Captain O'Neill. Anyway, Carter gave the code word and a quick little speech about the forces of the Northwest Republic striking down the minions of ZOG

tyranny, the spirit of Coeur d'Alene lived on, so forth and so on. This was right after they had spent the past week crowing and cackling in triumph about how that unpleasantness in Coeur d'Alene was pretty much all mopped up now, the wicked Old Man was in prison where he belonged and the wicked forces of racist fascist domestic terrorism had been smote hip and thigh and the NVA were on the run.

Hell, if you listened to the Centcom press releases, they had us on the run for all five years right up until they surrendered. The powers that be were embarrassed by little escapades like what we'd just done, and they freaked. We always had a knack for embarrassing ZOG like that.

The next day the newspapers and the TV news were full of our previous evening's dashing derring-do.

Various top coppers appeared as talking heads on TV, practically stuttering and gibbering as they vowed swift and bloody vengeance against us

evildoers. I swear I saw one of them sweating from his quivering jowls in December. “Bluff. He’s scared,” said Rooney with a satisfied smile, standing with her arms crossed as we watched him on the six o’clock news. *Damn*, she was fine...I wish you could have seen her standing proud and tall like that. Warrior women don’t wear armored bikinis. They wear jeans and pullover sweaters and Reebok runners.

“Good,” I said. “It’s about time they were scared. They been dishing it out for a mighty long time. Now let’s see if they can take it.” Sorels’ nightstick in my kidneys had left an impression beyond the physical, and I was not at all inclined towards the milk of human kindness where cops were concerned. I’m not kidding, though, those media reptiles laid it on thick. The two slain officers were both living saints, of course. The beatings, the perjury on the stand, the corruption and the arrogant bullying by a couple of badge-toting assholes with nothing but pork fat between their ears were air-brushed out of the picture. Of larger political or racial context there was not a hint. We were just evildoers who had popped up from nowhere and done bad acts for no reason other than the devil made us do it. Oh, yeah, the NVA were just the most horrible two-legged critters in the world. To hear the pundits tell it, we were the very embodiment of that Satanic force of evil white male racism and non-diversity, come to bright and pristine Lewis County, Washington at the behest of that evil Old Man to commit horrible acts of domestic terrorism and general political incorrectness against the loyal and patriotic African-Americans, Hispano-Americans, Native Americans, gyno-Americans and bugger-Americans who resided therein. But never fear! The gallant and strong-jawed forces of the red, white and blue would smash the evil fascist insect beneath the talons of the mighty Amurrican eagle, and life would soon be worth living again! It is always darkest before the dawn!

There’s got to be a morning after! Onward and upward! *O beautiful for spacious skies..* .blah blah blah, ishkabibble.

That kind of moo was to be their standard propaganda line for the next five years. It was utterly ridiculous, a revolting and stupid display of sentimentality over two men whose deaths, I grant you, were pretty brutal, but who didn’t deserve jack shit by way of sympathy. Those guys chose to be soldiers for a tyrant and take the tyrant’s shilling, they chose to beat and

persecute their neighbors for money or because they just plain liked it, and they paid the price.

The most revolting thing the media did during that particular little circus was that some liberal principal at a Chehalis elementary school led his little kiddies from the second grade out to Blaisdell's house. There they stood in front of the crime scene tape, with the television cameras rolling on a nationwide live feed, where they all held little Stars and Stripes and sang "America the Beautiful" and "The Star Spangled Banner." There was hardly a dry eye as all of Amurrica went *aaawwww*! Carter watched in silence and made a note of the fool's name. The media folded up their klieg lights and their cameras and went away.

The Northwest Volunteer Army didn't. A few weeks later the principal got a blanket party in the parking lot of his school as he left for the day. We threw a blanket over his head and thumped him gentle and artistic with bats and iron pipes, until the blanket was bloody and he stopped screaming and begging us for mercy like the yellow piece of shit coward he was. Like all of them were, deep down. I don't think I ever met one of those red, white, and blue Rambo John Wayne wannabe creeps during the entire war who had as much courage in his whole body as one NVA Volunteer had in his or her little finger. I guess you might say that's one big reason why we won. When push came to shove, we were willing to die for our cause.

They weren't.

When the principal got out of the hospital he found himself unable to resist the lure of I-5 South and sunny Californ-i-yay. Five years later those same children were in middle school, only now their school chorus was singing *Homeland* and *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*. Music to our ears indeed.

On Christmas Eve we went out a-hunting with two precious gifts from the Army Council, captured RPGs from Iraq. We went into Centralia, down on Pearl Street, and fired them into the windows of the police station. They were about forty years old, Soviet manufacture, but they still worked and the bangs were most satisfactory. Carter figured I was up to trigger-pulling capability now and so I was one of the gunners, after he carefully showed me how to use the sight and switch even though it was all in Arabic. I violated Carter's

precepts against conversation and yelled “*Bah, humbug!*” as I cut loose with the rocket-propelled grenade. To top off that merriest of Christmases, when we got back to holeup number four since 10/22, a trailer out in Bucoda, Ma Wingfield and the girls had a tree set up and somebody had hung a sprig of mistletoe, and I got a very demonstrative kiss number four from Rooney to general cheers and commentary. I might have gotten more that night, but it was only a singlewide trailer and there were nine of us bunking therein, plus regular wakeups for sentry duty. Everybody politely ignored it when Rooney and I slept together snuggled on the main faux leather sofa. In our clothes and with our guns in our belts, but we did sleep together. By then it was pretty much understood Rooney and I were an item.

The next morning in the pre-dawn hours a team of us consisting of myself, Carter, Rooney, Mack the Knife, and Brett Sills crept out of the trailer early. We drove through the mist in one car and one pickup truck along quiet and deserted back highways up to Olympia, and in the glorious light of rising dawn on the birth date of Christ, we kicked in the doors of the synagogue on Jefferson Street, poured gasoline on the floor and fixtures, and torched the building. Some bearded hebe from nearby came running in screaming, and somebody shot him. Wasn’t me; I just looked up when I heard the shot and saw the kike flip-flopping in his blood on the floor before he croaked. Brett took his yarmulke for a souvenir. Noel, Noel! Ma wouldn’t let China come with us to burn the synagogue because she needed help with the full Christmas dinner she welcomed us back with, replete with turkey and ham and sweet potatoes and stuffing and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie.

The night after Christmas Carter beckoned me to the door. “Tonight we go out for conversation,” he said.

The necessary conversation was to take place in Chehalis, with a Lewis County sheriff’s deputy I had never seen before and whose name was completely unfamiliar to me. He lived in an apartment building up along the hill above Main Street. Carter had procured a key from somewhere and let us into a side door, and we waited silently just outside Apartment #103 until the deputy left at ten o’clock in full uniform to go on shift. Carter grabbed him from behind and I belted him in the belly—fortunately he hadn’t gotten to the station and put on his vest yet—and before he knew it I had his gun out of the

holster. Carter slammed him against the wall, his arm twisted behind his back, and stuck the barrel of a .357 under his ear. “Hey, Greg,” he said. “You and me need to have a word.”

“What the fuck are you doing, Carter?” snarled the deputy bitterly. He was scared but he was angry as well. “And why the hell are you doing it to *me*? I always liked you! I never did anything to you or your people!”

“Yeah, I know,” said Carter. “That’s why you’re not lying dead on the carpet right now. Be quiet and listen.

You saw what went down in Coeur d’Alene on October 22nd? On TV?”

“Of course I did,” said the deputy.

“The grand and glorious President of the United States says the Party is beaten.” He gently pressed the gun barrel. “Does this feel like we’re beaten, Greg? Does it?”

“No,” said the cop.

“You saw our Christmas present to the blue boys in Centralia. Did that come from anybody who was defeated? You figure Bob Blaisdell thinks we’re beaten? You think Des Farrow considers us beaten? Does he?”

“You yellow Nazi cop-killing bastard!” hissed Greg.

“Let us define our terms, O my brother in Christ,” said Carter gently. “I am not a National Socialist, although as it happens my young associate here is. I am a believer in what used to be called muscular Christianity. I am also a lean, mean, redneck motherfucker. Bastard yes, yellow is a matter of opinion, cop-killing for sure. Are we clear on all these distinctions? Now, there is one more distinction which it is important you recognize. I kill *bad* cops, Greg. Cops who beat our people in their cells. Cops who plant evidence and frame our people. Cops who lie on witness stands. Cops who lie to grand juries. Cops who cooperate with the FBI to commit crimes and violate the rights of white people. Cops who take money from certain local businessmen to sweep the streets clean of us white trash and keep all pleasant for the Mexicans who

are taking the bread out of the mouths and the shoes off the feet of white children. Don't piss me off by pretending you don't know what I'm talking about."

"You mean Blaisdell and Farrow were dirty?" said the deputy with a sneer. "So what the hell else is new?"

Yeah, sure, everybody in Lewis County knew that. Them and umpteen others. But dammit, Carter, they were cops! You don't kill cops! You done time, you ought to know the rules! What the hell were you thinking?"

"Criminals don't kill cops, true," said Carter. "But I'm no longer a criminal. I'm a patriot."

"You mean you've found a fucking flag to wave," said Greg the deputy contemptuously. "That blue, white and green thing you people flash around."

"As you say. It is a good flag and a righteous one, but the rules have still changed. Police officers are now no longer obstacles to be avoided. Criminals evade cops. Patriots don't. They are soldiers of the establishment, military targets to be destroyed. You signed on to be a policeman, Greg, not a soldier. No one ever mentioned anything about a war when you decided to go for a pension. Now you listen to me and you take this to the sheriff and whoever else it needs to be taken to. You are hereby served notice that from this point on, units of the Northwest Volunteer Army will be operating—let me repeat that—we *will* be operating in Lewis County. We are the law now. The United States is not. You will not, let me repeat that, you will *not* in any way interfere with the operations or movements or other activities of the Northwest Volunteer Army. You will not, let me repeat that, you will *not* cooperate with the Federal forces in any way, shape or form. Anyone who does will get exactly what Blaisdell and Farrow got. And if you should succeed in taking out me and my family and anyone else, then others will come from elsewhere and take over where we left off, and they will not regard you with a kindly gleam in their eye.

The revolution is forever. Is this quite clear?"

"I'll pass it on, but you don't seriously expect..."

“I expect nothing,” Carter told him grimly. “Expectation don’t come into it. I am simply telling you what is going to happen if your superiors don’t wake up and smell the coffee. No law enforcement officer in Lewis County will be safe, on duty or off duty. Unless you agree to a live and let live arrangement with the Northwest Volunteer Army, then every time you step outside your house to do your shift, there is a very good chance you won’t be coming home. If you make us your enemies, then we will treat you as enemies.

This goes beyond any question of who’s breaking whose laws, Greg. This is a war. Can’t you understand that? I repeat, you guys aren’t soldiers, you’re cops. You’re supposed to fight crime, not serve as cannon fodder.”

“I’ve been cannon fodder before in Iraq, thank you,” sighed Greg.

“Then why would you want to go for more of the same right here on your own doorstep?” asked Carter.

“What, exactly, do you want?” asked Greg. I knew then we’d won.

“Live and let live. You see us on the street, you look the other way, you don’t pick up your radios, and you don’t shoot at us. We see you on the street, we don’t shoot at you. We simply become invisible to you.

Above all, Greg, no cooperation with the Feds! As far as you are concerned, you are what you always were, police officers concerned with suppressing crime in the community. This is henceforth a private war and it doesn’t concern you.”

“You know that is ridiculous and impossible!” said Greg in exasperation.

“Maybe. I don’t suggest you try to sell it to the Feds. No need to mention anything to them at all, in fact.”

Carter told him. “Just yes sir, no sir, three bags full sir, but when it comes to actually doing anything to assist them in the battle against evil domestic terrorism, all of a sudden you’re deaf, dumb, and blind. You kick us with the side of the shoe and not the toe. We will do unto you as you do unto us.”

“It’s impossible!” wailed Greg again. “You know we’re going to have to show some kind of effort to put you guys away or the Fed bastards will figure it out and they’ll come down on *us!*”

“Just kick us with the side of the shoe, not the toe, Greg,” Carter repeated. “That’s all I ask. Look, we’re realistic. We know full well this is going to be a hard kind of agreement to fulfill on both sides, and there will be rough spots. But nobody wants trouble between two groups of white men who are going to have to live together after all this is over. I don’t want to hurt you, Greg...”

“I want to hurt you, Greg,” I suddenly spoke up, sticking his own police special 9-mil in his face and cocking back the hammer. “Your friend Sorels hurt me, and now I want to hurt you. And all your little cop friends. Do we understand each other?” I have no idea why I said what I said then and messed with Carter’s play. I just always had this instinct for making the right moves where the Wingfields were concerned. Apparently I can come on real psycho, or at least I could back then. Well, I *was* kind of psycho back then. Nowadays I’m just a senile old crank. Carter told me afterwards my timing was perfect.

“Jesus, do you see what I have to deal with?” hissed Carter to the deputy. “You think *I’m* a bad guy, Greg?

Some of these young kids the Party has coming up scare me silly! Do you want a dozen of *these* on your streets looking to get you off somewhere secluded and put a few slugs in you every time you go on shift?

Or coming to visit you in the middle of the night? Or attaching new accessories to your car while you’re asleep? You don’t want what we can dish out, Greg, and we don’t want to dish it out because we have more important work to do and it doesn’t include screwing around with you local yokels! We have better things to do than waste our time wasting you guys. ZOG doesn’t care about you. To the FBI and those suits in Washington you’re as expendable as paper clips! Talk to the sheriff, Greg. Simple agreement, live and let live. We stay out of one another’s way and we each pretend the other doesn’t exist, and whenever one hand can wash the other, we wash. No political bullshit, no alliances or formalities, just every cop and

every Northwest Volunteer in Lewis County agrees that from this point on we just don't fuck with each other. That's all. Otherwise from now on you all keep your shades drawn and you stay out of Burger Doodles. And by the way, in case you're in any doubt, we're going to win."

"And on the wild chance that the sheriff and the dozen or so municipal chiefs of police in this county agree...?" asked Greg.

"A personal ad in the Dundee *Advertiser* saying 'Thanks for a great time, lawnmower girl.'" Carter told him. Then we handcuffed the deputy to a radiator with his own cuffs and left.

A few years ago I went into the Party history museum in Olympia out of curiosity to see what past bullshit they were digging up now. They had a big display case with a blown-up reproduction of the historic lawnmower girl personals ad that appeared in the *Advertiser* a week later, and when you pushed the button a voice narrator described that first live and let live arrangement between the NVA and local law enforcement in Washington's Rebel County. Carter's name was mentioned and mine wasn't, and that's as it should be. It was historic because it was the first time that the Party's power to deal life and death was formally recognized by a Zionist authority and acceded to. What the Old Man referred to as the United States government's loss of the credible monopoly of armed force began on the day that ad appeared.

Carter's little impromptu agreement became more or less the model for the Party's pragmatic arrangements with hundreds of local police departments across the Northwest, because police were not soldiers, our own battle was not with the police, and neither side wanted what the other could dish out. I didn't know it until after the war, but in the third year of the revolt Greg joined the NVA and he won an Iron Cross when he single-handedly cleaned a nest of Feds out of the Queen Anne post office in Seattle. I met him once at an Old NVA Reunion, bought him a beer, and since I was feeling particularly perverse that night, I didn't remind him where we'd once met before. I chuckled about it all the way home.

That's when it first dawned on us how easy this might turn out to be. This wasn't a TV show where the big blue shield always triumphs over us

evildoers in swaggering cop-vengeance just before the cut to the last commercial. The cops on those TV shows who talked so big and bad about defending Amurrica and triumphing over evil racism and did in the big bad Nazis with kung fu weren't cops, they were actors. This was the real world. These were real cops in a part of the country that the government considered to be a small rural backwater, even more underpaid and overworked than usual. We shot them and they bled just like anybody else. We faced them down and they *ran*. We hurt them and they *ran*. Most of them weren't exactly the sharpest knives in the drawer to begin with, a lot of them had gone into the police right out of the military because it was the only job they could get, and they weren't completely blind to the injustice white people suffered under the laws they enforced. In fact, depending on what kind of affirmative action program their department had and where they served, a lot of them knew that injustice at first hand a lot better than most. They weren't all Sorels' warped type, and a good many cops were capable of living in the real world even if they didn't like it. Don't get me wrong, NVA-local police relations were always tricky at best, and when they were more or less herded against us at gunpoint by the Feds a lot of them made a fight of it, hurt our people, and we had to hurt back. But in Lewis County, we soon found that we were usually able at least to go to the grocery store in safety. Usually.

* * *

A few weeks later in mid-January, our team was back in Dundee, squatting in what used to be the old overnight crews' quarters at the railway yard. I was sent out on a grocery run with John Pilafski and two of our people who were down from Seattle after a bit of night-riding, and who needed to cool off a bit, but who wanted to stretch their legs. They were a guy named Sully and his girlfriend, a short but voluptuous lass with black hair and lovely green eyes named Jonesy. I presumed from these nicks that their actual names were Sullivan and Jones, although as always one didn't ask.

Grocery runs were fairly frequent affairs, because at any given time we were feeding at least two dozen people and sometimes more, in five or six multiple locations or more, since we tried to avoid congregating in one base camp. It wasn't a good idea for any of us to walk into a store alone, buy up five shopping carts full of food and pay cash. That was the kind of thing sharp-

eyed clerks with itchy telephone fingers noticed. Despite the great Dundee pizza hijack of 10/22, neither were we in a Woody Allen movie where we could go to a fast food restaurant and march away with wheelbarrows full of burgers and onion rings being pushed by waiters at gunpoint. The practical result was that any time we were out and about, doing anything that didn't involve general mayhem, we had all kinds of routine maintenance errands we had to do, prominent among them buying groceries. We were given cash by Ma or Red Morehouse and we stopped all along the way at multiple markets, buying a bagful of canned goods here, non-perishable cereal like oatmeal there, the staples like coffee and tea and rice, vitamins, cigarettes by the carton for those who smoked—only one carton at a time as large tobacco purchases of multiple brands would also have caused comment—so forth and so on. But sometimes the cupboard still went bare and we had to make special runs.

Supply runs followed the same rules as all tickles. Two vehicles, four people. Two went into the market with a list, got what was needed and got out. One vehicle parked in the lot with the driver as a lookout and another cruised a wider area, both on guard against any potential problems, cell phones open. In the event of problems the two on foot were try to get to the nearer vehicle first, but if that wasn't possible there was a designated pickup point if anyone had to make a fast break on foot, which in our case on that fateful day we went shopping at Fulton's Market we decided would be the corner of Second and Magnolia, a block down.

We had developed a lot of these techniques in the pre-revolutionary years doing illegal leaflet distributions, sticker raids, flag actions, and other things that should have come under the old First Amendment if ZOG had allowed free speech to remain in force; another price they paid for introducing the concept of hatecrime for white people who criticized multiculturalism. If we'd just been allowed to stand up in public and say what was on our minds without retaliation in the generation before the war, who knows how things would have turned out? But Red was right. Eventually the Jews always overdo it.

In the past couple of months we'd already had a couple of close calls, and so we followed the drill when we pulled into the lot at Fulton's Market on

Second Street about two in the afternoon on a clear and sunny day, although it was quite cold. Sullivan and Jones went into the store, I back-in parked at the far end of the lot with the engine turned off (an alert cop always knows to take a second look at anyone sitting in a car with the engine running) and I put my baseball cap on backwards while I held a computer game conspicuously in my hand, which I pretended to be playing while I scanned the lot. Johnny circled the area in a wide, leisurely patrol pattern about six blocks around. Maybe five minutes had gone by since the two Volunteers went into the store, I figured they'd be in the checkout line by now, and I was watching the doors for them to emerge when I saw the Washington State Patrol cruiser slide into the lot. Then another.

Then a third unit rolled in at the far entrance to the lot down on my right. No blue lights, no sirens. This looked bad. We were well inside the city limits, it was DPD jurisdiction and the state troopers shouldn't even be here. I dropped down below the wheel of my own Taurus as one of the squad cars went by, and after a few seconds I peeped over the dashboard. They were moving into place to block both entrances and exits near the frontage of the supermarket, and I saw a huge figure get out of one of the patrol cars wearing a Smokey the Bear hat. Even at a distance I could tell it was my old buddy Sergeant Leon Sorels.

Journeys end in lovers meeting, I thought madly to myself, knowing that I was within seconds of watching two of my comrades die.

Now it was my time. The moment when I would decide what kind of man I was and what kind of man I would be. I understood this, and at the same time I was damned near crapping in my pants, I thanked God for giving me the *awareness* of that moment, for it is granted to few human beings to know when it happens. Usually we don't recognize our defining moment until it's long past, no matter how we handle it.

But I'd been thinking about it a lot over the past few months, and I knew. We had all been briefed on General Order Number Eight, the "feets don't fail me now" order which stated that whenever we were confronted with overwhelming force we were to un-ass the area pronto and live to fight another day.

By now I counted four patrol cars in the lot, two troopers per car opening their doors and stepping out, some with riot helmets and shotguns and flak jackets, and I had to assume that more were coming, which I am sure fit anyone's reasonable definition of overwhelming force. I had a good rep with the crew as a cool and steady hand, I had General Order Number Eight to cover my ass, and while Sully and Jonesy were comrades they were not from our particular unit, strangers in a sense, barely on speaking terms. I recalled Red's little pep talk the night we whacked Officer Des Farrow about how my purpose was not to be a hero engaging in private duels with the enemy, I was a political soldier trying to achieve a political objective, the mission came first, and the media's schoolyard taunts of cowardice were neither here nor there. There was just one problem with that. Running away and leaving your comrades alone and on foot to face down an enemy ambush on their own happens really to *be* cowardice.

I was sure the Wingfields would be so glad to get me back in one piece that no one would judge me if I yelled a number eight into the cell phone, abandoned the Taurus and had Johnny pick me up a few blocks away. But how would I myself judge the face I saw in the mirror every day? I had already decided in my own mind that my brave talk at Chowder Society meetings and under the trees behind the Wingfield house with Rooney about being willing to give up my own life for my new country wasn't going to be just talk to impress her. I meant it in my heart. I was sure I meant it when I said it, anyway, and I knew I'd damned well better prove to Rooney that I meant it. Well, now my bluff was being called, and I had about five more seconds to do something that would give that boy and girl in the store some kind of fighting chance, and which would inevitably turn the attention of eight well trained and heavily armed mercenaries right on me. No cover of night, no catching them off guard, just me and them with our respective weapons in our hands. Oh, crap.

Before I could even make a conscious decision, I was just doing it. I picked up the cell phone and spoke,

"Hey, Albert. I got three orders coming up off the grill and I'll pull them if I can, but I may need you to pull three."

"Okay, Carl," replied Pilafski. John later told me my voice was calm. I must

be a calm hysteric, then, because I was half out of my mind with fear and pumping adrenalin. I felt down into a gym bag on the seat beside me, beneath the sweaty shorts and socks and towels my hand came on the cold metal of my gun for the day. I pulled out a stainless steel .357 Magnum revolver with a six inch barrel and a plastic black Pachmayr grip that through some perverse destiny fit nice and solidly into my small palm. It was John Hunt's old Colt, thank God, not that chintzy Brazilian Taurus, and I knew it was loaded with some of Carter's hand-made devastator rounds with a cap in the tip of each slug, so there was a chance I could pierce the state troopers' Kevlar. The gun was heavy and yet it hefted well. I had one cylindrical speedloader with another six cartridges and some loose rounds in my shirt pocket; I could see one of the troopers leaning over the roof of his squad car with a 40-mm grenade launcher ready to fire tear gas or even a shot round, and another had an M-16 out. This ambush looked a bit impromptu. Probably somebody in the store had gotten suspicious and called 9 1 1 and the state police responded, since I'm sure word had already gotten around that the Dundee cops had been compromised by me and Carter's little heart-to-heart talk with Greg on New Year's Eve.

I was about to dial Sully's cell number to warn them when I saw the two of them pass in front of the window of the market, their arms full of brown paper bags of groceries. Ma always asked us to bring her the paper bags instead of the plastic ones because they made good garbage bags. There was no more time.

The two Volunteers would be walking through the door in about three seconds. There was only one thing for me to do. Through some miracle the cops didn't know that Shane Ryan was around, but it was time for me to introduce 'em to the boy.

I slid out of the car, snuck around to the right passenger side of the Taurus where I'd have a little bit more metal and upholstery between myself and incoming bullets, and then I crouched down and leveled a two-handed firing stance on the hood, keeping as low a profile as I could, and I aimed the .357 right at Leon Sorels' broad back about thirty yards away where he stood in a similar position with his own weapon pointed at the automatic door of the supermarket. The doors opened and Comrade Sullivan and Comrade Jones

stepped out and froze when they saw the reception committee. On this occasion at least, possibly because there were potential witnesses around, Sergeant Sorels went through the procedural motions by bellowing “*Police! Drop your...!*” at which point I shot him in the back, as unchivalrously as Red Morehouse could have wished.

And missed.

Okay, so I was scared pea green and I wasn’t exactly Davy Crockett. But I sure as hell startled Sorels. My bullet plowed into the top doorjamb of his squad car with a pop and a spark and must have showered him with some debris, because he bellowed something I sure wouldn’t want to go down as my last mortal words on earth, and his hand jerked up as he fired his 9-mil automatic.

One of the other cops yelled “*They’re behind us!*” and damned if I didn’t hear fear in his voice as well, and that broke the spell. Okay, everybody’s got guns and everybody is scared and so let’s take it from there. I can deal with that. Sorels whirled and I put my next bullet square in his chest. Rather to my amazement I was firing single-action, actually cocking the weapon and aiming rather than closing my eyes and blasting away on double-action. Carter Wingfield proved himself to be a damned good arms instructor on that cold winter afternoon.

Sorels was wearing one of the newest super-vests with that odd woven-steel fabric in it. I had one myself later on and they feel like you’re wearing a snakeskin. They’re light and flexible and impenetrable to anything short of a 50-cal. exploder, and they can even stop those from about four hundred yards on out.

At a hundred feet or so that vest stopped a .357 Magnum devastator, but the kinetic force of it slammed Sorels back into his own car and sent him sliding unconscious to the ground. The other cops whirled about, confused and looking to see where the shots were coming from, and I was able to get off a third shot at a ducking trooper before they started shooting back at me, shattering the windshield of the Taurus and spraying powdered glass up in my face. By then Sully was down behind a stack of firewood for sale pumping shots out of a .45 automatic, and I saw Jonesy leaning down like she

was trying to pick something up off the ground. But she wasn't trying to pick something up; she was rolling something. I jumped back behind another car and fired again, trying to keep count of six in my mind of, and then there was a mighty bang and a state patrol car did the hootchy-kootchy and exploded into flames. Jonesy was the kind of girl who carried hand grenades in her purse.

Having discovered that they had bitten off a wee bit more than they could chew, the state troopers hollered and scattered, a couple of them with their pants on fire. I decided it was time for me to do the same. I'd done my bit, I hadn't dodged the bullet in any sense of the word, I hadn't fallen back on General Order Number Eight, and I was somewhat proud of myself. I started running down Second Street. Behind the store a Mexican in a grocery apron was standing there gawking at all the noise, holding a crate of leafy produce of some kind, an expression of slack astonishment on his face. Since he had no business being in my country I shot him on general principles, and ran on. As I reached the corner of Second and Main I saw the pickup truck with Johnny Pill driving turn the corner, and the other two running Volunteers piled into the cab. Fortunately it was one of these big tanks yuppies used to get their dumb-ass jock sons in college as a status symbol, so there was plenty of room for three up front, but not four.

In a heartbeat, I was up on the running board and over into the back bed, lying flat, and then we were off, fast at first and then slowing down as we eased onto the interstate. We passed Fulton's market as the sirens wailed in the distance, and as I lay on my back I made a note in my mind of the telephone number on their wall. While I enjoyed my bumpy reclining ride I took out my cell phone and called them up. "Is this the manager?" I asked. I could hear screaming and shouting and police radios in the background.

"Uh, this is the assistant manager," mumbled the guy on the other end, who appeared to be in shock. "We just had a... what can I...?"

"You can quit hiring wetbacks," I said.

"*What?*"

"I'm the guy who just plugged that spic of yours out back," I yelled over the

sound of traffic on the interstate, lying on the bed of the pickup. “You will, let me repeat that, you *will* get rid of all of your non-white employees, and you *will*, let me repeat that, you *will* hire white Americans to replace them. Because if you don’t, asshole, you are going to see me in person. You just saw what we did in your parking lot, right?”

“Bah, bah, bah.” babbled the idiot.

“Next time I come in there I’d better not see one black or brown or yellow face. Otherwise you and me are going to have a quiet word of prayer, boy,” I said in my best Carter Wingfield imitation. Then I hung up.

The one thing that we understood from the start was that we had to hit ZOG where it hurt, in their wallets.

Red Morehouse was right when he said that the generals never surrender in a colonial war, it’s always the accountants who convince the occupying power to throw in the towel. The rich businessmen who owned that supermarket chain could not have cared less about a single *madrugadore* warehouse hand; there were umpteen thousand more where he came from. But they understood that getting their stores shot up and their employees murdered on a regular basis was very bad for their bottom line, and already some far-seeing men among the Northwest business community were beginning to wrap their minds around the possibility that the mighty United States could not protect them from the NVA. Or at least couldn’t protect their bottom line. Profit came first, always, and when faced with a combined threat of falling profits and a bullet in the face, the Northwest’s economic ruling élite saw the light very quickly. For some odd reason, after we went waltzing Matilda in the parking lot that day with Sorels and his oafs and *got away with it*, all seventeen stores of the Fulton’s Market grocery chain throughout western Washington subsequently developed a remarkably non-diverse hiring policy. They never had a single visible non-white employee for the rest of the War of Independence. Wonder why that was? The NAACP and the Hispanic American Council tried to sue them, but the NVA shot the lawyers, which put an end to that lark and reinforced the point I first made that day in Dundee. I might also add that this policy paid them dividends in the future.

Fulton’s is now the largest grocery chain in the Northwest American

Republic, and every store has a large Tricolor flying prominently from the roof.

I knew that we weren't headed for the NVA railroad station hideout we'd been in that morning, because one of the standard operating procedures was that when you were hot you never went back to your previous base camp, lest you lead any pursuit to your comrades. Everybody had an E & E point and I figured that Johnny Pill was taking us to his own and we'd sort things out from there. It turned out to be the pool house on the sumptuous estate of a corporate executive perched high above Budd Inlet.

John's lady Mary was the official house-sitter while the big shot and his slut rich-bitch wife were off doing the fleshpots of the Pacific Rim on assorted business conferences, and we had the run of the mansion.

This was an interesting experience in that for the first time I saw how the wealthy had been living while I had been growing up in the repulsive shithole that was Dundee under ZOG. Multiple jacuzzis, 64-inch plasma TVs, marble fixtures, a game room the size of a basketball court, an Olympic length heated indoor swimming pool, carpet you could sink in, refrigerators full of food I didn't even recognize and mangled horribly in the microwave, mahogany furniture, brocaded sofas I made it a point to sleep on while wearing my boots, a garden like something out of Versailles which was tended by a couple of Chinese whom we had to hide from by day and were forbidden to shoot, you get the picture.

As per usual we had the TV in the pool house running full time on the cable news channels, and although no one had been killed except the Mexican, the media were on an even greater rampage about the Fulton Market fracas than they went into over the dead police. It turned out that Sully and Jonesy had been recognized in the store because they'd been featured on *America's Most Wanted* the previous Saturday night. They were the NVA's first celebrity terrorists, "the racist Bonnie and Clyde," and somebody at Fulton's decided he or she wanted to pick up some rather substantial reward money, so they called the special Domestic Terrorist Hotline on an 800 number. Interestingly enough, the Feds always emphasized for informers to call that line and never 9 1 1 . ZOG knew even that early on that they couldn't trust the local police in the Northwest.

On the second night at Budd Inlet, Carter rocked up with another Volunteer whose name I never knew and whose job was to take Sully and Jonesy out to Montana someplace to cool off for a bit. They both sang my praises to the sky as a mighty Aryan warrior indeed, and after Jonesy had given me a farewell hug and they'd driven off into the darkness, Carter shook my hand. "You just ain't the type to walk away from white folks in trouble at all, are you, son?" he asked me with a grin. "You did real well, Shane. Our little crew is getting quite a rep in the Army and you're a large part of the reason why. We're all real proud of you. I have a present for you. I believe you once stated that this was your favorite gun among all our collection we used to play Little Willie with?"

"The Tek-9?" I asked excitedly.

"Naw, that thing is junk. I mean the really nice one." He took out a beautiful old British Webley, .455

caliber, top-break owl clip, square 6-inch barrel. It was a reproduction, of course, but a repro old enough to be an antique in itself, and yet like every firearm in the Wingfield arsenal it was in perfect firing condition. I had small, stubby hands and the grip fitted into them better than any other pistol butt except for Western-style revolvers, certainly a lot better than most of the more modern weapons. I could control it and actually *hit* things with it. I had named the gun King Henry the Fifth after one of my favorite Shakespeare plays.

"If I'd been packing this, I wouldn't have missed Sorels on that first shot," I said with a sigh.

"Well, you won't miss him again. This is now yours, your first testimonial from a grateful Northwest Republic for services rendered. By the way, even though Brother Leon was wearing a vest when you plugged him, you sent that big bad boy to the hospital with a torn sternum. A direct hit from a .357 is no joke, even on body armor. His buddies from the patrol are guarding him night and day. They know his reputation and they're scared we'll come and finish the job. With any luck you'll be able to show him King Henry here. I got the cleaning kit and three boxes of ammo for you out in the truck."

And so King Henry became my personal handgun for the rest of the war. I had to carry other weapons because ammo for the Webley was hard to come by, and by good luck I wasn't packing it when I was arrested that one time and so my comrades saved it for me and gave it back to me later. I have kept His Grace in mint firing condition, and I still sleep with that piece by my bedside to this very day, so that when I bite the big one my son or grandson or whoever finds me can put it into my palm and wrap my fingers around it, and I can die the death of a true Northwest Volunteer, with a gun in my hand. After I croak I have left it to the Museum of the Revolution in my will. Sometimes when I was carrying that gun I'd wear a tweed golf cap from Ireland on my head, and I felt like I was Michael Collins or Dan Breen hunting down the Black and Tans. I guess maybe I have more Irish in me than just my name.

When I got back to Dundee we'd changed locations again. This time we were way out in the hills in an old Cascade logging camp that had a number of trailers and cabins and hangars, but which had been shut down because of the spotted owls a number of years before with the loss of several hundred jobs. Since the Bush family and their big business cronies were making money hand over fist importing paper and pulp from Siberia and China, the camp never opened up again, not even with Mexican labor. It was one of the best and most comfortable places we ever had, and we had to really watch ourselves and make sure we didn't get too settled in. There was a fire tower and we built a couple of observation posts in the trees that could see all up and down the fire road and all along the ridge, and since we had some night vision goggles we'd liberated, no one could sneak up on us. We could hide all our vehicles in the hangars and as long as we didn't build any fires during the daytime and kept a strict blackout at night to foil ZOG spotter copters, we were about as safe as Volunteers could ever be.

The Wingfields were there, and John, and some of the other Volunteers I'd get to know really well down through the years, like Mack the Knife and Tommy Connors, and Sam Maxwell had just escaped and gotten back in contact, so he was able to fill us all in with personal, first-hand accounts of the Sixteen Days in Coeur d'Alene. There was also Noble Gill, who was another Southern settler who had followed the call to the Promised Land in the Northwest. Noble was from the hootin' hollers of the Appalachians

somewhere. He was a grizzled old man with a white beard who looked like either a Biblical prophet or an insane wino on first impression, but he was as hard as nails and one of the bravest and most loyal men I think we ever had in the NVA. He went to war quite literally with a gun in one hand and a Bible in the other. He carried by preference an old M1 Garand he'd inherited from his father and his father before him.

It was World War Two issue but Noble could still knock a squirrel's eye out at ninety feet with it.

"The Scripture says to smite the enemies of the Lord with a rod of iron," he'd say. "Nowadays the rod of iron is made by Colt, Ruger, and Smith and Wesson." Noble was a Hardshell Baptist minister and he served as our unit's chaplain on the occasions when anyone felt they needed one.

Well, Rooney and I finally decided we needed one.

Carter got a bit nervous about having so many people in one place, and we still had support work to do backing up our out-of-towners, and so after a week it was decided it was time for our crew to make like an amoeba and split. To my surprise he and Ma decided to head back to Dundee with Tommy Connors, Noble Gill and his wife Lurleen. The second team would consist of China, Sam Maxwell as team leader, Mack the Knife and his girl Tracy, and the big guy Teddy the Bear. The Bear didn't have his M-60

machinegun yet, but he was shaping up very formidably and he appeared to have a strictly honorable and bashful crush developing on China. The third team would consist of myself, Rooney, and Red Morehouse.

I arched my eyebrows in an unspoken question. Carter answered it. "We're deliberately breaking ourselves up, Shane," he told me quietly. "This way if one team is caught and arrested, or more likely annihilated the way the Feebs and state cops feel about us now, we won't lose an entire family in one fell swoop. The brutal logic of war. I know I can trust you to look out for Rooney and for that matter I can trust Rooney to look out for you, and I feel better with both of you looking out for Red. He's our Political Officer and he's the most important man we've got. Most of what you two will be doing will involve assisting and transporting and bodyguarding Red while he touches all

the bases that need to be touched for the Party and makes new ones. Don't worry, he and I will need frequent consultation, and we'll still be seeing a lot of each other."

Around sunset that afternoon Rooney came out to where I was sitting on guard duty on a small hill overlooking the winding, empty fire road. She dressed in the height of partisan fashion, denim jacket and her wartime-approved blue jeans, a plaid shirt and tennis shoes, her hair in a single braid down her back, with the *trés chic* family Beretta in a shoulder holster rig and a slung Uzi and canvas magazine pouch. The girl knew how to accessorize. "Looks like we're gone be teammates from now on," said Rooney.

"We've been teammates for a long time, Roon," I laughed.

"Yeah, but..." She blushed.

"But what?" I asked.

"This is the first time we're gone be teammates without Mom and Dad and Chine around," she said.

"Oh, I get it." And I did.

"My ma says you're a real gent and I'm damned lucky to have you," she said. "I know it. All this time we been on the bounce you've never pushed me, even though I know you want to."

"Look, Roon, you know how I feel about you," I told her. "I told you on the day that Coeur d'Alene went up. I think you feel the same way about me. I hope so, anyway, because that's what's been carrying me through these past months. But this war has messed up all our lives and things aren't normal. I'd give my right arm to be able to give you a church wedding with the white dress and the flowers and the organ and all, but it's just not possible, and I know how you feel about marriage in your church. I will always respect you and respect your faith. You know that. You don't have to worry about being together with me without your Mom and Dad. I'll stay a gentleman as long as it takes."

“I know, Shane, and that’s one of the reasons it ain’t right to make you wait any more,” she said. “Look, Mom and Dad are very practical people. They know I’m a grown woman now and they like you and approve of you. They always have, ever since that day in the park when you didn’t turn your back and walk away like the other white boys when I had black nigger trouble and white nigger trouble. They know I’m gone do what I’m gone do, but...” She looked at me. “Do you mean it when you say you want to marry me?”

“You know I do,” I told her.

“Marriage is a sacrament between two people in the eyes of God. That’s all it takes, those two people and God. Dad asked me a favor just now, and that was that if you’d agree, before him and his team leave for Dundee tonight, if we could go and see Noble Gill. He’s a preacher and he can say the words. That’s all they’re asking of us. It’s just a few spoken words, but they’re important words, because they have to be spoken where God hears them and other people hear them.”

“You got it,” I told her. Tommy relieved me half an hour later, and we went and found old man Gill loading one of the trucks getting ready to leave. We stood before him holding hands. “You really a preacher, Noble?” I asked him.

“I am,” growled the old man. “Got the call when I was about your age, back in Tennessee. Been preaching the gospel for forty years now, and I have never taken one thin dime for it. That’s one mark of The Beast, you know. Priestcraft. There ain’t nothing in the Bible about a cash register, and Jesus himself took up a whip to drive the Jew money-changers out of the temple. God is love, my ass! God is righteousness, and that ain’t the same thing.”

“Well, we need a preacher,” Rooney told him, “Me and Shane are going up in that trailer tonight, and I reckon it’s your Christian duty to marry us beforehand so we don’t sin.”

The old man looked at me like an owl sizing up a mouse for dinner. “Young man, Ambrose Bierce warn’t no prophet, warn’t even no Christian, but he had a way with words. He once defined a husband as a man who, having dined, is thenceforth charged with perpetual care of the plate. Is this a plate

you want perpetual care of?”

“As perpetual as it gets,” I said.

“And you, young lady. I do things the old way and I ain’t takin’ the word obey out of the rixual. None of that feminist horse shit even if you gals are carrying guns for the time being. Things ain’t always gone be like this, and when time comes for us all to go back to the natural way for our people to live, you’re damned well gone go back. You got a mulish streak in you. I seen it. I marry you two, he wears the pants in the household. You got that?”

“I got it,” said Rooney. I figured I’d best keep my mouth shut.

“Okay, let’s go git yer folks and do the deed,” he said.

“Now?” I asked. “Uh, sir, I think to be fair I should mention that at least technically speaking, I’m a Roman Catholic. About the only thing my father’s family kept from Ireland.”

“So were Martin Luther and John Calvin and John Knox at one time,” chuckled Gill. “You’re in good company. This ain’t Ireland, son, and we all got other things to worry about. That’s what I keep telling our comrades who want us all to dance around wearing horned helmets and drinking mead.”

“What about wedding rings? I don’t have any.”

“Best not to use ‘em,” said Noble. “They’re potentially identifying markers that The Beast might use against you someday. Don’t worry, young man, the Lord and your family will know you’re married, and you’ll know it. That’s all that counts. All the rest of it is nice to have, but superfluous to requirement. After the war is over and The Beast is slain you two can renew your vows in a proper church with all the trimmings. If you make it.”

So we went inside the main cabin, and in the paneled walls of what used to be the logging company manager’s office, with everyone gathered around who wasn’t on guard. The old man pulled a rat-eared and now completely illegal King James Bible out of his coat pocket and held it out. “Kneel down and put your right hand on the book, both of yez,” he commanded. We did so,

holding each other's hands with our left. "This being a time of war for our Folk, we gone make this quick. Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God and all you here assembled to unite this man and this woman in the bonds of holy etcetera, etcetera. Shane Ryan, do you take Rooney Wingfield here to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, to honor and respect, to protect and succor in her every need, never to renounce nor shame her, until death do you part?"

"I do," I said with all my heart and soul.

"Rooney Wingfield, do you take Shane Ryan here to be your lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, to honor and obey, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to be the staff of life upon which he shall lean in his time of trouble, and never to renounce or to shame him, until death do you part?"

"I do," she said. God forgive me, even after all the years we had known one another I tried to read her voice, to imagine what she was really thinking.

"I now pronounce you man and wife." I got kiss number five and we had our wedding feast, which consisted of a two family buckets of fried chicken, coleslaw, and microwaved mashed potatoes with gravy that looked and tasted like diesel oil, and several large plastic jugs of diet cola served out in Styrofoam cups with no ice. Rooney got hugs from her mother and sister and I got my hand shaken by all the men, and before they left Carter and Ma gave us our wedding present—Caprice, the family Doberman, would be going with our little trio.

After they were gone I turned to Martin Morehouse and said, "Uh, Red, under the circumstances, would you mind taking the first watch? I'll relieve you at midnight."

"See you then," he said with a somber nod, hefting his shotgun and pulling on his coat to go up onto the hill. At the door Red turned. "I guess you both know that I think the world of you two. Dear God, I hope this works out and you have a wonderful and happy future life together!"

“That’s what we want too, Red. Why do you think we’re out here in the woods with all these guns?” asked Rooney with a smile.

Then I took her hand and led her out to the trailer.

The next morning Rooney and I watched the dawn come up together, sitting on the ground beneath a Douglas fir, arms around one another and rifles on our knees, watching for the evil men from an evil empire who wanted to kill us. It was freezing, but neither of us felt it, and we had Caprice between us as a hot water bottle anyway. The sun burned through the fog and by the time we pulled out of camp in our nice roomy SUV, the sky above us was the deepest and purest blue.

* * *

For the next few months Rooney and I stuck close to Red Morehouse. We carried messages he didn’t want transmitted over a phone or a computer even in code, and we ran assorted errands. We went on some minor tickles involving not too much in the way of mayhem, and we spent as much time together as we could. It was almost an extended honeymoon, except at any given time it could all have been blown to hell when ZOG came through the door. It was the most relatively sedate period I had during the war. We did a fair amount of traveling, driving by night from safe house to safe house, mostly up to Oly and Seattle but once or twice as far down as northern California and once out to Idaho, where we were able to fit in a quick reunion visit with Adam Wingfield. This was in the days before FATPO landed and the checkpoints weren’t anywhere near as numerous, mostly being thrown up in the vicinity of a recent NVA tickle after the fact, and so we were usually warned what locales to avoid. Most of our job consisted of providing transport and cover while Red met with a succession of small groups and individuals in private homes and apartments, in the back rooms of restaurants and bars, on park benches, in motel rooms, at scenic overlooks, in churches, once on a train and once in a tanning salon, of all places. Rooney and I didn’t sit in on that end of it much. That wasn’t our job; we stood by and kept watch. But in later years I would sometimes see some high functionary or politician’s picture in the paper or on the screen and I’d recall a much younger version of that face in some back room of a greasy spoon, or looming out of the rain under a street light. Red moved in some important

circles.

What was happening was that the Party was quietly setting up the mechanics and logistics of a long-haul strategy to free our Homeland. We now had one advantage over the pre-10/22 period, in that at least now we knew how “it” was going to happen. We knew we wouldn’t be dealing with some kind of bizarre post-apocalyptic road warrior science fiction scenario, nor would we be dealing with any kind of nationwide mass uprising against the regime. No space aliens, no biological warfare plagues, no post-apocalyptic world. Straight colonial war of a small nation for independence against a larger occupying power, just like the Old Man had predicted, and for that there were plenty of encouraging historical precedents. A unified strategic plan had to be formulated on the assumption that the Zionist régime in America would remain more or less intact, although that was by no means certain, and that our task was to persuade that regime that letting the Northwest go was the lesser of two evils.

“They’re thinking in terms of a thirty year war,” Red told us grimly once, referring to the Party leadership.

“We hope it doesn’t last that long, but we have to assume worst case scenario and plan for it, and then if it doesn’t take that long we can be pleasantly surprised.”

The term sedate doesn’t mean I got no action at all. I did some driving on a few hits for Carter in Lewis County and Terry Jackson down in Longview, plus one in Portland that got hairy. At that time Portland had a high-yellow city councilman named Toodles Taliaferro—no, look it up, I swear ma’am, I am *not* making this up! That was his name. It’s in all the history books. Anyway, Toodles was not only high-yellow and as politically correct and lefty on every issue as it was possible to be, he was a sodomite and actually

“married” to his “partner,” a white doctor who was—need I say it?—a proctologist. Okay, ma’am, you can laugh all you want. But you wouldn’t laugh if you actually had blobs of worthless protoplasm like that governing you and teaching their perversions to your children. Toodles had been on the Portland Brigade’s to do list for a while and they were about to take care of it when they were hit with really heavy police and FBI raids, some arrested and

a lot more having to go on the bounce, and they were so short handed they asked Carter for my services as a wheel man. It was the policy of the NVA that every time we took a major hit, we always hit back equally heavy in the same area and we did so immediately, even if there was only one Volunteer left in a unit and we had to import a hundred others from elsewhere. ZOG

must never be left with any pretension to crow about in the media that they had destroyed or eliminated us, anywhere. Like that time Calvin Freeman was the only member of C Company in Spokane who escaped a dragnet, and he eased his body on into the local television station the next night when the local TV news personality was cackling about it on the air. Volunteer Freeman walked onto the set and dropped anchor right on the six o'clock news with a .45 slug in the asshole's perfectly coiffured and blow-dried head. Now that's entertainment!

Anyway, that night Toodles makes this big speech in the council chambers, televised, of course, praising the cops and FBI for their actions against the NVA and denouncing evil racism and domestic terrorism in general. Then he calls his "husband" up onto the stage and gives him a big hug and a slurpy French kiss and he shouts, "I have a message for every racist and homophobic bigot in Portland's fair city! Our love will conquer your hate!" For this, those two pervs got a thunderous standing ovation from the crowd which played well on the eleven o'clock news. Until the love fest was interrupted to announce that they had been both been shot dead as they strolled hand in hand up to their pretty little gentrified house in a Victorian historic section of north Portland. The damned idiots had made this big ranting, raving public attack on the Northwest Volunteer Army, the entire white race, and every basic concept of decency for the past two thousand years, they knew we were out and about, and they went home with *no police protection*. To this day the breathtaking contempt that those two faggots displayed for us frosts my cookies. They deserved to die for that insult alone. Did they think it was all a joke? Did they think we were some drunken skinheads who could be safely defied? Did they think this was the radical Sixties when words didn't mean anything? Well, those candy-ass fools found out differently. They screamed and blubbered like babies when Big Jim McCann from Portland A Company and a kid named Ace from B

Company (who were admittedly just about the only shooters Portland had left that night) cut their foul perverted bodies in half with double-ought buckshot at close range.

I don't know who was driving for Big Jim, but I was behind the wheel for Ace. Somebody must have seen the Toyota Camry I was driving and snitched on us, because we hit the bubble gum machine as I headed back to the drop-off and we ended up in a car chase with me roaring down Lombard Street at midnight with half a dozen squad cars after me. The Portland cops never did accept a Lewis-style arrangement, at least not the force as a whole. Too many non-whites and political appointees. I figured I'd better do something before they set up a roadblock or called in a chopper on us—the longer a pursuit lasts, the less chance the pursued has. So I did a U-turn and rammed the car into one of the police cars and Ace and I had to bail and bop our way out.

Fortunately Carter had lent me the Tek-9 and some magazines, and we had enough firepower to make it. I shot another cop that night, but I only wounded him. Portland didn't know how many of our safe houses were still safe and which ones had been compromised, and so I walked the streets for the next day like a wino, with the city in a hippy-dippy politically correct lefty uproar over two dead bugger boys, and the whole damned police force looking for evildoing me. Carter had to come and pick me up on a street downtown the next night and take me back to Dundee.

There was nothing on the scale of the Rothstein hit, just enough evildoing to make sure ZOG never forgot we were around. Largely we kept our heads down and played everything in a fairly low key. "If we can survive this first year we can make it the whole way," said Carter grimly. ZOG never quite seemed to know what to make of us during that first year after 10/22. They appeared genuinely stunned that the white peasantry could revolt. They were used to hearing dem gentle honkies singin' Old Pink Joe on their way back from the fields at night while massa and de rabbi sat on the veranda with mint juleps in their hand, but now Old Pink Joe done broke de plantation, the drums were beating in the deep swamp and there was the smoke of burning and blood in the air. The authorities tried everything they'd been doing before, only more of the same. More anti-terrorism and hatecrime laws by the bushel, of course. The prison nickel went up to a dime, ten years for

possession of “printed matter likely to be of use to terrorists” with a full twenty years for possession of the Protocols, an unlicensed King James Bible (certain libraries were allowed to have strictly controlled copies of both) or a video of Mel Gibson’s *The Passion of the Christ*.

They even introduced a Federal statute that went beyond thoughtcrime and embraced the old 1984

Orwellian offense of *facecrime*, by prohibiting “silent communication through body language and facial expression of support for domestic terrorism, of silent contempt for the government of the United States or the President of the United States, silent contempt expressed through body language or facial expression directed against racial, religious, or sexual minorities in such a manner as to inflict mental anguish,” etc. They actually had a television campaign about this new law to the music of “Put On A Happy Face,” although that one was so ridiculous even by ZOG standards that I don’t know if anyone was ever prosecuted for it.

The media’s spin was alternately syrupy sentimental patriotic and thunderously raging and threatening.

The NVA’s imminent demise was always just around the corner, if you believed the talking heads on the tube. Every couple of months there would be a spate of spectacular FBI and police raids, and some of our people would be caught or killed, more often than not along with a number of completely innocent bystanders since the Feds were notoriously trigger-happy. Afterward there would always be a big press conference with unctuous-looking suits looking like the cat who’d got the cream, reading proud boastful statements about how they were about to squash the NVA and the Party like bugs. There would be long tables of allegedly captured guns and ammunition and explosives laid out for display for the benefit of the cameras, along with Tricolors and assorted “hate literature” spangled with swastikas. There was a bit of a contretemps when an inquisitive reporter who had attended several of these conferences became suspicious, and he took a close look at several of the weapons. He then pointed out to the FBI master of ceremonies, on live camera, that they had the same serial numbers as weapons displayed in previous such dog and pony shows as having been captured from the NVA in different raids. The United States Attorney general was properly outraged at

such deception and took immediate corrective action to rectify the situation: the insolent reporter was indicted and arrested under the Patriot Act.

Then one warm day in June Red told us to drive him out to the old logging camp. It was the first time we had been back there since Rooney and I were married, but I understood that other crews were using it from time to time. “There’s a pow-wow tonight, more of our people than I like to see in one place, but there’s somebody we need to meet,” Red told us. Sure enough, when we started to pull in off the fire road we were stopped by a couple of salty-looking Volunteers I’d never seen before with M-16s. They knew Red and waved him on through. There were about fifty Volunteers in the camp, more than had been together in Lewis County since 10/22.

We gathered in one of the hangars that had served the logging company as a warehouse. The guy we had come to meet was a thirty-something man, short and powerful with ice-blue eyes. What hair he had left on the right side of his skull was red and cut short. He has a very bad burn scar that covered the left side of his face and the back of his head. It made him look like a cave man.

There was a kind of platform at one end of the hangar made from plywood. No idea what the logging company used it for. Red got up and addressed us. “Comrades, I have some important news. It’s show time. Lewis County has been upgraded by the Army Council into an operational area and Company E is now officially an active service unit.” This was greeted with enthusiastic cheers and applause. “Carter Wingfield will be moving up to assume quartermaster duties for the South Sound Brigade, so he’ll be spending more time in Olympia and Tacoma. He will also be promoted to the rank of lieutenant. His replacement as company quartermaster will be the gentleman sitting back there who looks like the evil Santa Claus with the tattoos. His Volunteer name is Smackwater Jack.”

“Just call me Smack,” called out Smack. “I ain’t no lieutenant or sergeant of nothing. I’m just the Smack.”

There were a lot of guys like Smack who refused any formal rank. I was one of them, when I was offered it on occasion. Volunteer was always good enough for me.

“I myself will be assuming the duties of brigade Political Officer, so you will be seeing somewhat less of me as well down here, although as far as I am concerned Lewis is my home and my home base,” Red went on.

“You have been called here in order to meet our new commander for Echo Company, Lieutenant Dorsey Thompson. He was a lieutenant in the United States army as well, is Ranger trained and he has extensive combat experience, he has carried out a number of successful missions for the NVA, and he has now been given the assignment of creating and implementing a combat strategy for the liberation of Lewis County from the occupation forces. Lewis and the odd point north and south as may become practical. As I said, from now on E Company is to be classified as an active service unit, although we will still have a large support contingent which should actually grow with time.”

“Are we going to get one of those Flying Columns in Lewis County that we keep hearing about on the grapevine?” asked Teddy the Bear.

“Not right away, troop,” replied Thompson, stepping forward with confidence and ease. “That may well be on the cards for the future, though. Captain Morehouse introduced me as Dorsey Thompson, but you comrades can call me Tank. I picked up that handle because I was a tank commander in Egypt and the Gaza Strip a few years ago, back when I was stupid enough to fight for The Beast. One day my vehicle ran over a home-made mine of about a thousand pounds of home-made napalm. I was the only one of the crew who survived, and that’s where this comes from,” he said, pointing at his face. “I might have something of a face left if Uncle Sam hadn’t been trying to cut back on expensive medical care for wounded Crusaders and decided that a full rebuild constituted ‘cosmetic surgery inessential to the well being and performance of the soldier.’ I believe was the term they used. Needless to say, I haven’t been too hepped on Amurrica since then, and my wife even less so.

“As the captain informed you, from this point on Lewis County is a designated operational theater for the NVA. Strategically, our objective is simple,” Tank went on. “Interstate 5 is the main artery for this part of the world between California and the Canadian border. Since the United States so foolishly destroyed its rail system in the last century in favor of these big

eighteen-wheeled monsters that burn tons of oil and put mega-billions into the pockets of the Bush family and their cronies, the overwhelming majority of all freight and all passenger traffic on the west coast goes up and down I-5 at one point or another. We are going to choke off that artery. We are going to cut off enemy movement and supply on the ground between Portland and the Seattle metroplex areas. We are going to make it as difficult as possible for ZOG to move men and material through here. We are going to turn this part of western Washington into flyover country for them. When we are through, every member of the United States military and anyone affiliated with the United States government will go miles out of their way to avoid Lewis County. We may not be able to accomplish this completely at first, but we will eventually create a solid block of support and a safe refuge for the Republic's forces in this county. The people of the county will support us, for the simple reason that those who do not will no longer be resident here, one way or another. We will also use Lewis County as a staging area from which the NVA can mount major operations both northwards towards the enemy concentrations in Olympia and Tacoma, and southward against Portland and the Columbia river basin with its power plants and medium-level towns such as The Dalles. This is part of the Army Council's overall strategy of isolating ZOG in the large metroplexes and rendering movement and control of the white population by the Americans difficult at first, and then impossible. Our effort here in Lewis is a kind of pilot project, a laboratory in which we will experiment with methods for clearing away American rule from a largely rural area, and replacing it with our own.

“Accordingly, there will be a re-organization of the company here. You will be assigned either to one of five combat teams, or else to a support unit. Comrades, please don't believe that if we put you on a support team we think any the less of you. In fact, it will mean that we think well of your own special skills and strong points. I know that every one of you has the courage of a lion, or you wouldn't be here today.

Support is vitally necessary. The combat teams will be taking this war of independence right to the enemy, but they will urgently need support fighters to pass them the ammunition. Nor is assignment to support chiseled in stone. The fact is that there will be casualties in the combat squads, as there already have been all over the Homeland. Don't worry, if you still want to pull a

trigger in a few months, there will be open slots for you. For the rest of this evening Red and Carter and I will be speaking with all of you about your new assignments.”

Later on Red took me and Rooney aside. “Look. guys, you’ve really done well with me over the past few months,” he said. “I’d like to keep you on my personal staff and bump you both up to sergeant. I might also add that if you stick with me, you’ll be a lot closer to the center of the action in this little revolution of ours and a lot better placed to move up in your careers after we establish the Republic. You’ll get to meet with a lot of the top people in the Party, and you’ll make contacts that will stand you in good stead for the rest of your lives.” He didn’t mention that while there would be a high degree of danger, on a day to day basis we’d be more or less out of the direct line of fire and thus somewhat safer. I wondered if that thought had crossed his mind. Or Carter’s.

I had already made up my mind. “Red, you know I’ll go wherever the Party orders me to go and do what I’m ordered to do, but I want to stay here in the place I was born and fight against these bastards who have made my life such hell. I never thought about a career. Never had any reason to with these Jew bastards running the country. All Amurrica could ever find for me to do was mop the floors of burger joints and unload their damned trucks full of cheap foreign plastic junk, and yeah, I want something better than that. But right now we got a war to win. When it’s over, then I’ll think about those things. But Roon, I’ll lay this on the line,” I said, turning to her. “You’re smart as a whip, you deserve to move up, and I think you could do a lot of good working with Red and the Political Bureau, and even though it means we’d be apart a lot, I’d feel a hell of a lot better if you were off behind the scenes somewhere and I didn’t have to worry about you getting down and dirty in the streets.”

She shook her head. “It don’t work that way, Shane. We’re married. I meant it and you better did too, or I’ll kick your ass. You ain’t shoving me into the background. Whither thou goest, there go I,” she said.

“That from the Bible, Roon?” I said with a smile.

“I don’t know. But it’s my answer.” She turned to Red. “I appreciate your

concern and Dad's, Red, but I am Shane's wife, and if he goes to a combat squad, I go to the same combat squad." So after some discussion between us and Tank and Red and Carter, we were teamed with Johnny Pill and a new man from Chehalis who used the name Ajax. John's girl Mary would be our unofficial support attache and runner. Girl, hell. She was forty-five if she was a day, but a good old gal I always liked.

Up until now in my ramblings, I've mentioned the names of a lot of my old comrades because I'd met them in the Chowder Society or at our backwoods shooting parties or on litter and spray-paint runs, and I knew who they were prior to 10/22. But from that point on we almost never knew the real names of anybody we worked with, only *noms de guerre*, and Ajax was a good example. I never did find out what his real name was, and I'm not really sure I wanted to know. Ajax was a chubby-looking auburn-haired guy with very white skin and horn-rimmed glasses and acne, a little older than me, but he still wasn't shaving. He had a twinkle in his eye and a merry laugh. He looked like the standard fat nerd comic relief from a teenage gross-out movie or else your typical computer geek, which is a good way to look if you don't want some Fed or some red, white and blue asshole to suspect anything right up until the point where you blow his brains out. He joined the NVA after 10/22, personally recruited by Red, which was as good a reference as any Volunteer could give, but by the time we teamed up he had already made his bones several times over, and so we could therefore reasonably assume he wasn't an informer. This was back in the days when they were still going through the motions of putting any of us that they caught on trial, or some of us, anyway. The ones of us they didn't murder in prison. It didn't look good in court for the government's star witness to have killed people. Later on neither the FBI nor FATPO had any scruples at all about allowing their operatives to commit the odd murder in order to win an NVA rep and work his way in.

Ajax was a kind you'd meet on occasion in the NVA, a genuine stone killer. I don't mean a gory tattooed psycho like O. C. Oglevy and that crew from Hayden Lake who routinely perpetrated crude jests with bleeding body parts, but a guy who could shoot two people in the back of the head and then go clean out a breakfast buffet while he talked about the lost world of Atlantis. I don't know how he got that way, or any of them. Sometimes I think all the

computer games kids played back then, where you shot at virtual monsters and people and tried to kill them and blow them up, gave my generation a world class sociopathic streak. Okay, granted, I wasn't exactly Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm myself, and neither was Rooney. Hell, I learned how to pound Bobby Fernandez's head to a pulp with a concrete block from watching wrestling on TV. But while somebody like that can be a real asset in a crew like ours, you're never quite comfortable around them. For all I know, maybe he wasn't comfortable around me. But I had to do the resurrection shuffle for a while after the Rothstein hit, and I was kind of relieved when I got back to Lewis County and found Ajax had been transferred up to Seattle where there was plenty of work for good shooters who were totally without anything remotely resembling a scruple.

The re-organization took place in June, eight months after Coeur d'Alene, and it was a sign that the Party was recovering from the glorious disaster of the Sixteen Days and starting to get our act together. For the next few years my comrades and I devoted ourselves to the single-minded objective of detaching Lewis County, Washington from the United States of America and making the Republic a reality. And we did it.

Going 'Cross the Mountain

Going 'cross the mountain, O fare thee well.

Going 'cross the mountain, you can hear my banjo tell.

Got my rations on my back, my powder it is dry.

Going 'cross the mountain, Prissy don't you cry.

Going' cross the mountain, to jine the boys in gray,

When the fighting's over and done, I'll come home to stay.

Going 'cross the mountain, if I have to crawl.

Gonna give old Honest Abe a taste of my rifle ball.

Going 'cross the mountain, O fare thee well.

Going 'cross the mountain, you can hear my banjo tell.

-Appalachian mountain ballad, 1861

Right about here, this gets kind of difficult for me, ma'am. Logically I suppose I should give you a day by day and blow by blow account of everything that Rooney and I did as Volunteers in an active service unit.

But there's a couple of problems with that. For one thing, I honest to God can't *remember* where I was and what I was doing every single day of the war. It was seventy years ago, and what I mainly recall from that time in my life was a lot of driving around, a lot of crappy food heated in microwave ovens, enough black coffee so I'm sure I must have poisoned myself, sleepless nights of guard duty sitting at windows or out in the woods or in some doorway on a rainy street, long intervals of boredom where we were preparing to go out and do something and then moments of really frantic action when we were out doing something. Both sides spent most of their time trying to sneak up on one another and kill by surprise. It could all happen so fast you'd be dead and not even know it. There was a constant low level of fear, of nervous apprehension even when we seemed to be temporarily safe, and it became a kind of constant background of life, something you just accepted like a minor toothache that never went away. Ever try living day in and day out with a toothache? Anyone on either side who says he wasn't scared is either a psycho or more likely a damned liar. It wore your nerves to fiddle strings.

Rooney and I were lucky. We turned towards one another, not against each other. A lot of those field-couples didn't make it. China and Ted didn't. They only lasted a few months, although they never had a preacher like Rooney and I, which was apparently her idea rather than his. Carter didn't approve of that and Ma *damned* sure didn't, but China in her own quiet way was the truly stubborn one, and the war had made her an adult at fifteen. Under ZOG, some kids never grew up, their whole lives; life was kind of one long extended adolescence. That's another thing we ended.

Rooney and I used to fantasize about a dirty weekend. After the revolution was won, we decided we were going to go off to a motel somewhere by the sea.

There we would stock up on food and soft drinks for a week, put up the Do Not Disturb sign, and we were going to have our own little orgy where we could actually take off *all* our clothes and make love without constantly looking at our watches and listening for sounds outside and not have to grab our guns and scope the sitch if Clarice started barking. After we got it on we could both go to sleep together at the same time, neither of us on guard, with no weapons in reach, and then we could get dressed and go for a walk on the beach and go to a restaurant and sit down and have a meal and then go back to the room and get it on some more and not have to worry about death and torture coming through the door. That was our fantasy.

I am sorry to say we never took it as far as a home and children. We both understood that we did not have that privilege at that point in time and that to do so would cause us only pain, and so we avoided it.

After all this time it's just kind of run together in my mind. Yeah, I remember certain tickles better than others, and I'll try to tell you about them, but I suppose about the best thing I can do is to describe in a general sense what we did and why we did it. At least so far as I understood it from the spear-toting end down on the ground. If you want all the deep strategic thinking you can go to the library and check out a whole stack of war memoirs. I think every member of GHQ who survived the war wrote a book you could crack open a turtle with. Well, I suppose they have the right. They beat the bastards, after all.

How do you defeat the mightiest empire that the world has ever known, on its home ground, with only a handful of brave men and women and virtually nothing else? *Audace, audace, toujours l'audace!* Audacity always. That was Danton at the beginning of the French Revolution. Danton lost his nerve, and in the end he lost his head. The NVA never lost our nerve, we kept our heads, and we won. We were always audacious, and like the British commando motto, fortune favors the brave. I can't remember the Latin on that one. Audacity plus a heavy dose of just plain mad dog meanness. We made sure that the enemy was *scared* of us, that when they went out on patrol or on a stakeout they hoped and prayed they did *not* have to meet us. Red Morehouse had described our coming strategy often enough in the Chowder Society get-togethers before the balloon went up in Coeur d'Alene: "Remember, boys

and girls, what we're doing is fighting a colonial war. There are rules and precedents aplenty from the last century in fighting and winning a colonial war, if we can only have the good sense to see them, and thank God we're finally acquiring that kind of practical sense, even if it's at the eleventh hour and the fifty-ninth minute. We are not trying to destroy a huge tyrannical government and an evil empire completely. That is beyond our capacity to accomplish, largely thanks to the fact that we spent the sixty years after the end of the Second World War screwing around, but we won't get into that. What we are now attempting to do is to persuade an occupying power to give up a specific piece of geography because that power is old, tired, confused, and eventually giving the territory up will seem like the line of least resistance."

"So how do we persuade the United States that giving up the Northwest is the line of least resistance?" I asked.

"Generals never surrender in a colonial war, Shane," he told us for what must have been the fiftieth time.

"The *accountants* do. Given courage and tenacity and a little luck on the part of the insurgents, eventually it simply becomes too expensive for the occupying power to maintain its hold on the colony, too expensive not just in money but in manpower, political capital, and prestige. Right now the United States is so embroiled with what appears to be the last-ditch effort to save Israel from destruction that when the balloon finally goes up here in the Northwest, the government in Washington will probably consider the threat to its continental borders to be of less import than saving the Zionists' bacon. Our strategic goal will be to force an American withdrawal from the Northwest by simply making it too damned *inconvenient* for them to stay."

How do you knock down a wall of tyranny? The first thing you have to do is to figure out what's holding it up. In the case of the United States, the entire social and political structure rested on one foundation only—the almighty dollar. The only thing that even remotely approached any kind of spiritual or moral values in America was the religious right's weird version of messianic Judeo-Christianity, and they were always a minority since most people could see they had a few screws loose. But beyond that the people of Lewis County simply didn't have that much motivation to fight for a system that had been

screwing them all their lives. Even though they were forbidden by the Dees Act and a hundred other repressive laws from saying what they felt out loud, almost all white people were sickened and enraged by what they saw around them every day and the way ZOG made them live. A large number of the locals were always secretly cheering us on. The majority of the residents wouldn't help us directly, at least until it became clear that we were going to win. But neither would they oppose us, and neither would they help The Beast.

The odds were against us, true, but not as much as you might think. ZOG was always a lot weaker and a lot more vulnerable than anyone ever imagined, and when we really got started under Tank Thompson's aggressive new leadership, we discovered that we had never fully known our own strength. I always thought it ironic that ZOG always seemed to understand our threat potential so much more than we ourselves did.

The trick was to bring down the system, not just chip away at it. That meant we had to figure out who and what to target, and that didn't mean a lot of spectacular Fulton's Market-style shootouts with cops. Cops and later FATPO were basically annoyances and interruptions of our work that we tried to avoid whenever we could, so we could concentrate on the business of bringing down The Beast. Okay, FATPO was a *real* annoyance. But Red had been right that one night. Cowardice had nothing to do with it. Our job wasn't just to slaughter our enemies, but to create our new nation. The fact is that ZOG didn't care about its soldiers. They were expendable as toilet paper, and with the massive unemployment all across the empire, the régime could always buy more. The Feds didn't *care* how many cops or soldiers or even Fatties we killed. We had to hit them where they cared.

To begin with, we focused our attacks not against specific operations of the Zionist government's control apparatus, but on the classes of people, the institutions, and the infrastructure that kept the power structure afloat. Foremost among these were the masses of non-whites, mostly illegal Third World immigrants, who provided the cheap labor that kept the capitalist system viable and provided a disincentive for change among the wealthy people who actually ran the country. We hit the businessmen and the corporations that hired them, the wealthy ruling élite who were completely

mercenary and who we knew could be persuaded to change sides once it became clear that there was a serious threat to their money. When the accountants finally decided the U. S. needed to pull out of the Northwest, it was the wealthy élite who would deliver the message to the political echelon, so persuading them was a major priority.

After the non-whites in importance came the media. Then came lawyers and the legal system, and above all the tyrants in the black robes. The corrupt and venal politicians. The Internal Revenue Service and the tax collection machinery and financial infrastructure. The Judeo-Christian churches and those damned false prophet preachers and televangelists who shrieked and scammed for Israel. That's where we concentrated our fire. If I had to pick out any one factor that contributed to the victory of the NVA and the birth of the Northwest Republic, I'd say it was single-mindedness on our part. We always kept our eyes on the prize and we didn't let ourselves get sidetracked into mayhem for the sake of mayhem.

The first thing we did was to clear Lewis County of non-whites, which reaped the NVA an immense propaganda and public relations bonus. First, the presence of non-whites gave the regime a pool of potential informers, supporters, and combatants to use against us, and we had to cut the government off from that resource. Second, the clearance showed our power. We gave an order to the muds to be gone, and by God they got gone and ZOG was clearly powerless to stop it. Third, it made the NVA very popular indeed and gained us many recruits. Nobody in the Northwest actually *liked* being overrun with Third World immigrants who didn't speak our language, who undermined our way of life, who took our jobs, got all kinds of free benefits denied to white people, sold drugs, and caused a rash of families with mestizo grandchildren. As a final bonus, with the non-whites gone that meant more jobs, goods, and services were available for the white population. You started to see white kids back behind the counters of fast food restaurants and white men on construction sites, on road crews and working in warehouses, not to mention back in the cannery and what was left of the logging industry. When we were through, white men who had once believed they would never work again in their lives were bringing home paychecks and holding up their heads, and they all knew damned well who they had to thank. I had started the ball rolling with my call to that assistant manager at

Fulton's Market.

Now we had to reverse a whole large-scale demographic process that had been ongoing for half a century.

With a little guts, it took us about three months to make Lewis County all white again. The county's few blacks and Jews had already gotten the message by this time, and there were hardly any left. In fact, if memory serves I don't think we ever had to whack a single Jew in Lewis. The few who lived there before 10/22 had the usual sensitive antennae of their people, they picked up on the ancient vibes of the pogrom fast, and they got the hell out. That's one of the things that always ticks me off, when ZOG propaganda to this day moans and groans about the Northwest Holocaust where the NVA was supposedly shoving kikes into ovens and making them into lampshades and soap and burying them in mass graves and that kind of horse hockey. (Okay, granted, there was O. C. Oglevy and his beer mug made from the skull of a rabbi, but Oglevy was nuts.) We simply didn't *catch* that many Jews. Once they realized that their *shabazz-goy* government couldn't protect them, the Jews ran like bunnies out of the Northwest. Why do you think the WPB had to track down the doctor who murdered my father in Philadelphia years later? We didn't even have to kill that many Mexicans. Again I should point out that people from more primitive Third World cultures never had any difficulty at all in understanding the situation. Where they came from they were used to being pushed around by gun-toters, in uniform and out. To them race war was an obvious concept, one they had been consciously waging against us at a low level for years. It was only the dumb-ass whites who couldn't seem to wrap their minds around it. The spics themselves had long been demanding their own nation in the Southwest called Aztlan, so the Mex and the NVA understood one another. In an odd way, we both got what we wanted, since many of the Mexicans we ran out of the Northwest ended up back in California or Arizona or Texas, carried their grudge against the white man with them, and were instrumental in founding Aztlan.

We made up some flyers in Spanish, very grim and official sounding, citing General Order Number Four and ordering them all out of the Homeland. We scattered them around in areas where we knew the spics would find them and get the word out on the grapevine. The local white liberals organized a few

loud macho chest-beating publicity stunts where the spics marched down the street in Dundee and Centralia waving signs to the effect of Hell No, We Won't Go, Diversity Si, Racism No, all that kind of garbage.

Needless to say, the media fell down on their knees and adored. We waited until they had folded up their cameras and turned off their klieg lights, and then we went to work. It was time for the old Molotov cocktail trick. We had a dandy recipe, half liquid detergent and maybe a third gasoline with the bottle topped up by motor oil. It turned into a kind of napalm, stuck to whatever it hit and burned nice and hot.

In the wee hours of the morning, one of our crews would stage some kind of diversion in or near a wealthy suburb, throw a pipe bomb or riddle some rich man's house with bullets to make sure the cops would all rush to the scene with their yellow tape and their investigators and their forensic units. While they were tied up, a few miles away we were burning out Mexicans.

We started on their economic base, the small businesses the illegals owned and patronized and which provided the goods and services necessary to maintain their unlawful presence in our country. Hispanic and Asian speciality stores, bodegas, hot food takeaways, labor contracting offices both official and unofficial, welfare and social services offices and anywhere else they got a government check, little storefront Pentecostal churches run by brain-dead Judeo-Christians who sheltered and fed them, every motel in the county run by someone named Patel (which was just about all of them,) the little hole in the wall check-cashing and wire service places that sent money that should have been going into our people's pockets down to Mexico and points south. Two Volunteers tossing cocktails and two drivers ready, and a fifth Volunteer on guard with something heavy to prevent interference.

That's when I made those Mexicans do the hat dance with the Thompson .45 one golden evening. Some of us wanted to torch certain houses and apartment buildings that had turned into barrios, but Tank vetoed it. "That's all we need, to toast a bunch of cute little brown bambinos!" he snorted derisively. "That would play just great on the six o'clock news! It's not necessary anyway. If you want to make a species extinct you don't have to hunt them all down and kill them one by one. You destroy their habitat." So we did. Within a few weeks there was not a bottle of Mexican soda pop or a Spanish-language

porno video available anywhere in Lewis County. These places we hit were mostly empty buildings at night, and no one was seriously hurt, but we had made a serious start in cutting off the non-whites' support system.

Then we moved up the food chain (no pun intended) and went after the convenience marts, and that got a bit rougher. In Lewis County these were mostly run by Koreans, who were tougher nuts to crack than the other wogs. They owned guns and could use them, and to give them their due, Asians would make a fight of it where blacks and Jews and Mexicans would run. Volunteer Ralph Donati was killed in the act of taking out a Korean-run mini-mart, our first casualty in E Company after the man who died in Coeur d'Alene during the Sixteen Days. Our technique here was to wait until the store was empty of customers if we could, bust through the door in force and waste any non-whites on the premises before they could reach below the counter for their own guns, chase out any customers, toss a grenade in the back room to take care of anyone skulking there, then dump some of our special incendiary goo on the merchandise and the fixtures and toss a cocktail as we left. Depending on whether or not there were any white residential structures nearby, we might or might not drop a grenade down into the gasoline tank below the pumps and make a big boom and a nice big lovely fireball in the sky. We not only wasted the gooks and wogs running the store but made sure that there was nothing left for Uncle Pak or Cousin Sanjay to re-open. We didn't get them all to divest, but within a few weeks there were white faces behind all those counters and the brown and yellow ones were off to California or the east coast or somewhere more salubrious to their health. We learned that it wasn't even so much the killings and burnings that prompted the departure of the Asians, it was the fact that the head offices of their various franchises found they could no longer get insurance at any price. That was how the Iraqi guerrillas had shut down the Basra tanker port; no one would insure the tankers against their repeated attacks.

Then there were the legendary Northwest snipers.

Snipers were a major tactical weapon of the NVA, and possibly our most effective when it came to enforcing General Order Number Four and clearing the Homeland of its unlawful non-white population.

Not to mention General Order Number Five, which sentenced race-mixers to

death. No one of any color wants to live in a country where you might be shot down on the street at any moment. And if our sniping provoked random retaliation by black and Mexican snipers against white people who were trying to get on with their lives? Well, got a hot flash for you, sunshine. There are no neutrals in a race war. Your skin is your uniform. So get your damned ass off the fence and join the NVA and fight for your race and defeat these people who are your enemies and who *should not be here at all*. The grand and glorious United States of America cannot protect you worth a bucket of warm spit, but we can help you protect yourself and your family if you will just stand up and be a man. Got it?

I have read books and seen televids wherein the snipers were credited with winning the whole War of Independence for us. Well, I wouldn't go quite that far, but they sure as hell sent a vital message, and that was that until this business was settled and the white man got back a piece of his own pie, there would be no normal life, no business as usual, not for anyone. And by God, there wasn't. Once again, we were astounded by what we could accomplish through a little guts, the simple physical courage necessary to *fight for our country* even if it put us in danger. We very quickly discovered that we were able to more or less shut down normal life at will, for everyone in some pretty large swaths of territory. American society was so complex, everything so interactive and interlocking and interdependent on everything else, that when you cut the chain at one point the whole works just ground to a halt.

I began to understand why ZOG had been so paranoid about us all those years. They always knew how vulnerable they were if we ever rediscovered our courage, even if we didn't. Sniper teams operated in pairs, one shooting and one driving. It was one of the few times we would only use one vehicle by choice.

Less conspicuous. Each team had its own *modus operandi*, from vans with gunports concealed in the paneling to motorcycle strikes. Some of our most renowned sharpshooters like the legendary Johnny Johnson, Shorty Tyler and Jenny Seawright, the Black Widow, would pick their targets carefully and stalk them for days, a single head shot bringing down politicians and military officers, corporate executives and reporters, lawyers and prison officers who beat and tortured our people.

Others like Kid Coyle and Dangerous Dan McGrew (I think his real name was Witherspoon or something innocuous like that) would simply do the easy rider number and cruise the Northwest on hot wheels, taking a shot wherever one came up, and they made some surprisingly lucky bags. There were specialty snipers. Conrad Baumgarten came all the way from Germany with his SS officer grandfather's scoped '98

Mauser to hunt Jews. Interracial couples vanished from the streets of the Homeland in a matter of months after 10/22; any white slut who dared show her face in public with her beast of pleasure had to be suicidal. The Northwest is a very large place, and with even minimal escape and evasion skills it was fairly easy for the snipers to take a shot, drop the target, then un-ass the area even before anybody dialed 9 1 1 , and then strike again fifty miles away a few hours later. Two or three teams could effectively paralyze a city like, say, Tacoma. Once it became apparent that the United States no longer enjoyed a credible monopoly of armed force, then before too long GHQ was being quietly approached by municipal governments who were willing to bring themselves into compliance with certain Party policies in order to make sure their cities were sniper-free. Affirmative action programs in city employment and contracting disappeared. Black and brown faces in city government were seen no longer. Human relations councils and other enforcers of political correctness found their budgets were gone with the wind and their jobs redundant. You get the idea.

But the main effectiveness of the sniper offensive lay in the whitening of the Homeland. We demonstrated that in Lewis County. It became apparent to the public very early on that for all their swaggering, threatening, chest-beating and arrogant, belligerent red, white and blue rhetoric, ZOG simply could not protect the average Juan or Rastus on the street from getting a .30-06 bullet in his skull. The Northwest got real white, real fast. This is what always amuses me about these wild accusations I hear even to this day about how we allegedly slaughtered all these niggers and spics and gooks during the Cleanup. It's the same as with the alleged Northwest Holocaust of all those Jews we never managed to get hold of. The non-whites were pretty much all *gone* by the time of the Cleanup and it was the white traitors who got theirs during that period. Third World immigrants were in America not because they wanted to be Amurricans and enjoy all the wonderful benefits of living

in a land of freedom and democracy and all that asinine horse hockey. Non-whites came to America for one reason only, to *take what the white man had*.

Hell, look at it from their point of view. Why shouldn't they come into our country and take what we had?

For three generations we never lifted a finger to fight for it. They held us in contempt, and we damned well deserved it. What kind of people won't fight to repel foreign invaders? Their motivations were purely economic and once those motivations were rendered nugatory or too risky for them to remain in the Northwest, then the Third Worlders *moved on* to other parts of North America where they could still get what they came for, which was all that lovely green money.

After the NVA in Lewis County leveled or cleaned out the mercantile level of the mudflow, then we attacked the root cause of the whole problem. We went after the *employers*. By then the vibe was sinking in among the country club set throughout Lewis County: there were some bad new boys on the block, ZOG

couldn't protect the wealthy and a six-figure checking account wouldn't stop a bullet. From there it was a short step to the conclusion that hiring Third World labor was no longer a viable option for the canny entrepreneur. It was Fulton Market writ large. Hey, you hit the suits' money and they catch on fast, fast, fast! It only took one furniture assembly factory in Chehalis to go up in smoke and a couple of calls from Tank Thompson to our local captains of industry before every businessman in the county was picking up the phone, calling their temp agencies, and telling them to pay off the wetbacks at the end of the week and replace their labor force with workers of proper legal documentation, starting on Monday morning. The agencies picked up on the coded words and leaped to do their money-masters' bidding. Thirty years of trumpeted 'diversity' died in one weekend.

One Sunday in September the Lewis and Thurston County newspapers were unusually thick. No one admitted outright what was happening, but when we opened the classifieds, we found something that no one had seen in almost a generation in the Northwest—page after page of glorious, wonderful *jobs* advertised, in big block type. We never realized just how much of the

Northwest's lifeblood the illegals were draining, until all of a sudden they were gone. The jobs still paid peanuts, but at least they were there, and eventually white people could start moving back into homes and got out from living under the railway bridges and in the homeless shelters.

For the first time in the memory of anyone under forty, the Mexicans and the Asians and the Middle Eastern who-knows-whats were *gone*. Lewis County was white again. Yep. It was that easy. All that was necessary was a few white men who had the courage to stand erect. We understood, with a mixture of pride and humiliation, that we could have done it at any time during the past thirty years. All it took was a relatively modest amount of simple physical courage, and at the eleventh hour and the fifty-ninth minute and the last damned second, through some miracle of God, we found it.

Then we were able to go after the real enemy, the enemy who had always been the mainstay of tyranny and the oppressor of our people. The enemy who had to be crushed into powder if there was ever again to be freedom in this land—the loyalists. The whites who supported the United States government out of ignorance or arrogance or misguided religion, or self-interest or greed, or force of habit, or just plain stupidity. In any revolution, that is the enemy the rebels must defeat decisively and totally. The enemy within.

This required a lot more finesse. Tank was not one of these wild-eyes like Oglevy and certain others whose philosophy it was to simply shoot down anyone they didn't like. "We have to hurt people because we have to assert our authority," the lieutenant told us. "All authority and law is based on armed force. We have to be obeyed. We have to inspire fear so that people won't co-operate with ZOG, won't turn us in, won't give the enemy information, and so on the other hand they will give us the practical and logistic help we need, and so on. But you can't found a new nation on fear alone. We're going to have to make the people of the Northwest *want* the Republic because they understand it's their best possible future, and so the bloodletting needs to be carefully controlled. We mustn't kill anyone when a kneecapping will do, and we mustn't kneecap when a quick going-over with the brass knucks will do. We want people to be just enough afraid so that they don't call the Feds on us, but not so completely terrified that they do, if

you get the distinction. We want them to think of us as mean violent bastards, not crazy murdering bastards. It's a hard call to make."

It was vitally necessary to the whole thrust of the revolution that we not only gain support among white Northwesterners in fact and in practice, but that this support should be *perceived*. The public facade of consent of the governed had to be brought crashing down and the world made to understand that we were not just a gang of terrorists but a legitimate armed force for a new nation demanding freedom. This meant that any public white criticism against the NVA or the revolution, any public support of the old order, could not be allowed. Our claim to represent the white people of the Homeland must be clear and unchallenged, because eventually we were going to have to sit down at the conference table with the occupying power and our demand for our people's Homeland had to have that legitimacy behind it. ZOG

understood this as well, and during the early days of the war they ran all kinds of agitprop to the effect that most white Northwesterners were good loyal Amurricans and we were only a tiny gang of terrorists with no popular backing, etc. etc. If we were ever to gain international recognition as a bona fide national and racial liberation movement and accorded the right to speak at the settlement table, that crap had to end, and fast.

The government and their various private support groups counterattacked on the propaganda front.

Initially they tried staging so-called Marches Against Terrorism, Rallies for The American Way, Rainbow Rallies, and such-like big media extravaganzas with acres of red, white and blue waving. There would be a coalition of politicians and so-called community leaders from all the minority groups denouncing the NVA and hugging each other on the platform. In one case they even lead in a sing-song of *Michael, Row the Boat Ashore* as well as the usual *America the Beautiful*. It was suggested by some of our more vigorous comrades, myself among them, that we creep up on one of these little three-minute hates and stage a firepower demonstration.

"This business of a bunch of white assholes with shit for brains marching in the streets waving red, white, and blue and shouting stupid liberal crap about racism has just naturally got to stop," I said in irritation.

“Why not just hose down the whole crowd and see if they can River Dance?”

Tank vetoed that. “Our comrades in Idaho have done that once,” he said dryly, referring to Oglevy’s crew and the so-called Sandpoint Massacre, which the media were still shrieking about months later. “That has made the point sufficiently, I think, that we can do such things if we choose. I’d like to try the scalpel rather than the axe in Lewis County, boys. We need to identify the people behind this kind of anti-white activity and reason with them. I agree, there must be no more of this assisting the Zionist Occupation Government in their propaganda against the Republic. No more red, white and blue Masonic dishrags on people’s front porches, no more pro-government bumper stickers on cars and trucks. Shane, could you and Captain Morehouse between you provide us with a list of the fifty or so top loyal Amurricans in Lewis County, the ones you deem most in need of an attitude adjustment? They are our wayward brothers and sisters and they must be admonished to mend their ways, but wherever possible I’d like to chastise them more in sadness than in anger, rather than cut off their heads. Remember the lines from Henry the Fifth:

‘ When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.’” Tank was a Shakespeare aficionado like myself, another thing I always liked about him. “Also, next supply run could you pick us up a couple of spools of fishing line? I think Commandant Oglevy goes over the top sometimes, but I do like that idea he came up with about sewing informers’ lips together to stop them from flapping. There’s something positively elegant there. It makes an eloquent statement and yet it’s non-fatal.” That was the difference between a CO like Tank and one like Oglevy. We sewed up a few lips and gave the tattletales a good scolding with blunt instruments, the word got around, and all of a sudden the FBI couldn’t get so much as a whisper out of Lewis County. Oglevy did the same thing to informers, but then he shot them. Why bother to sew if you’re just going to kill the rat anyway? Okay, yeah, we did both lip-sew and nail old Walter’s Amurrican flag hard hat to his head that one time. But the man ratted out a Wingfield. He pissed me off.

Anyway, given Tank’s policy of being the gentlest gamester, the result was that a lot of our tickles were thumpings, or sometimes we called them attitude

adjustments, i.e. disciplinary beatings that were meant to send a message. A lot of the wavers of red, white and blue were just following lifelong habits of conformity and honest to God didn't know any better, or else they were practical people, opportunists with an eye to the main chance who could appreciate a practical demonstration of the fact that the United States government no longer had a credible monopoly of armed force, modify their behavior accordingly, and be *seen* to modify it.

Then we corrected gentle and artistic with the caress of baseball bat on carcass. It wasn't simply whaling the tar out of someone at random to spread terror. I agree now, with the benefit of hindsight, that despite the heedless exuberance of my youth indiscriminate terror is about as useful as a prairie fire, causing nothing but mindless destruction. Everything that the NVA did served a *purpose*, specifically the independence of the Northwest as sovereign Aryan nation. You didn't just beat the crap out of somebody for the sake of beating him. A thumping was intended not only to explain the new paradigm to the misguided soul in terms he could not possibly fail to understand, but to make a political statement, a statement that had to be heard and understood by the community as a whole.

First, we made it obvious that we could have killed him but we didn't, and so we weren't such bad guys after all. The NVA believed in rehabilitation, up to a point. Second, everyone in the Homeland had to know that the Party was in charge now, and ZOG wasn't, and that there were certain kinds of behavior that we would not tolerate, like white assholes with shit for brains and Amurrican flags running their mouths loud and disrespectful against the Party and the NVA in public.

There was a definite art to thumpings. The whole thing took about thirty seconds, and then we were done and outta there. If it lasted longer than that, then we'd screwed up somewhere. There was a definite procedure to be followed. You needed two cars and four men, two batters, and two driver/gunners for backup. You clocked your target for several days beforehand, watched his home and his job and everything he did. This was usually done by a separate surveillance team who didn't carry out the actual corrective discipline, and I came to sympathize with cops who have to spend long, boring hours on stakeouts, although sometimes I got to go on these gigs

with Rooney, and any time I could snatch with her was always a plus. Once you had the target's schedule quantified you tried to take him down in a secluded place (obviously) but one where he couldn't get his back to the wall. Home invasions were allowed, but you had to make sure the guy's living room had enough space for your thumpers to swing their bats, or else drag him out in the back yard. Myself, I didn't like home invasions because sometimes you had to kill the guy's dog or dogs, and to me that was way out of line. The dogs never did anything against the Republic and they didn't deserve to die just for defending the person they were supposed to defend.

The two drivers kept the engines running and got out, doors open, with weapons at the ready to prevent any interference. The two thumpers also debussed with their baseball bats or lead pipes or steel rebar or whatever was to be used to chastise the errant individual. Each thumper struck eight blows, so the target ideally received sixteen carefully placed whacks, no more and no less, although of course in real life it didn't always work out that way. There was no conversation. The target was assumed to know what all this was about. One thumper went for the target head on, in order to distract his attention from the second member of the team who would do the real damage. The target usually threw his arms up in a panic and attempted to engage in conversation, which was ignored. The front thumper's first two blows broke the target's arms, after which point he went for the knees, the ankles, one to the left collarbone and the left jaw. In the meantime the rear thumper came in from behind with two in the kidneys, one right-hand and one back hand, to make the target piss like Leon Sorels made me piss when he beat me with his nightstick in the guidance counselor's office. Then two more to the lower part of the ribcage to break the lowest rib on either side, one to the right collarbone and one to the right jaw, and two to the hips. No upper head shots. No groin; we wanted the word to get out that we were chivalrous in that respect. Once our friend had received his sixteen licks and was in a suitably dismantled condition, we jumped in our cars and took off leaving him a broken mess on the ground to contemplate the error of his ways. We never had to come back again and repeat the lesson. After he got out of the hospital the target either left the county or else he cleaned up his act and took down the Masonic dishrag from his porch. We never ever actually stole or ripped down Amurrican flags in those sitches.

It was vitally important from a psychological standpoint that the person concerned or his family take it down themselves. The media were a different kettle of fish. There we had to be a bit more bloody. Control of the newspapers and television, and control of the Hollywood dream machine itself, was arguably the most powerful weapon in ZOG's arsenal, and we had to strip them of it. This was difficult, because few centers of media activity were located in the Pacific Northwest. There was little point in our forcing the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* to an agreement to provide balanced coverage of the war if we could not enforce the same balance on the New York *Times*, if you see what I mean. There was some dispute in the Army Council and the Political Bureau over how we were to handle the media problem. Some wanted to simply write them all off, declare all news media to be legitimate military targets and shoot reporters and TV

crews on sight just as quickly as we would an FBI agent. I must admit I always rather favored this idea myself. Reporters were reptiles who fed on the blood of human misery. They were almost without exception either Jews or ideological liberals and leftists. Their subservience to ZOG had been legendary for three generations, and they were the establishment's strongest prop. Why not just simply cut down the whole rotten tree rather than attempt to prune it?

But once again other and more compassionate counsels prevailed, or perhaps more subtle counsels. The NVA adopted a policy of holding individual reporters personally responsible for especially egregious coverage, no excuses accepted about 'no, no don't hurt me it wasn't my fault my editor did it'. Reporters who knew that their finished product might well come back to bite them got real careful about what they wrote and said on the air, and that cut down the raw material liberal editors and managers had to work with from the start when they were trying to shape and mold public opinion against us. GHQ actually drew up a kind of code of conduct and a style manual for both print and electronic media reporters covering the conflict in the Northwest, and we made sure all media people got a copy e-mailed or snail-mailed to them, which I understand unnerved them in itself. It was pretty simple.

Reporters and media were to tell only the *truth* about us, and were not to

manipulate words or images to imply untruth, which was always the basis of all left-wing propaganda. The liberal media very seldom outright lied, because they understood that they had to maintain a certain basic credibility in order to carry out their mission of mind control. They were just very selective about what they reported and how they reported it. Restrict the media to the Four Ws they used to teach in journalism school, Who What When and Where, and forbid them to play games with weasel words and sound bytes, and their teeth were pulled. If we planted a bomb or killed someone, then fair enough, that's news. They were to write up their story or go on the air saying "The Northwest Volunteer Army did this, did it there, did it at such and such a time, etc."

We also emphasized that in their reportage, we expected *balance*. We understood that they more or less had to quote and cover official government statements and press releases and that a large part of their content was going to be ZOG propaganda. But the media and their spokesmen were also made to understand that we required them to report *why* the NVA had done whatever we'd done, and the substance of all NVA press releases or statements on the subject were to be quoted verbatim in time and proportion equal to government press releases, or else we might call upon them at some inconvenient time to express our concerns. Personal opinions were to be confined to the editorial page where they belonged, and not disguised as news or features. Coverage of the war was to be straightforward and factual. There were to be no soppy features or so-called human interest stories whining about the wicked NVA and oh these evil racists done killed such and such a wonderful hooman bean blah blah, no attempts to incite or inflame or paint us as some kind of devils from hell while our opponents were plaster saints.

Government propaganda was to be subjected to critical, factual examination. In short, they were to report the news, not take sides.

A tall order indeed for an industry whose whole *raison d'être* was to side with ZOG. Some of them didn't have sense enough to take us seriously, at least not at first, and some of them we knew were beyond reasonable approach anyway. The publisher of the Dundee *Advertiser* at that time was a Judeo-Christian religious rightist named Don Wagram, whose editorial policy was simple: Islam was a false religion and Muslims must be converted at

gunpoint if need be, Israel was the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy, Amurrica was the greatest country in the world and never wrong, and George W. Bush had been on a first name basis with God.

We didn't bother to thump him, but simply charged into the newspaper building, kicked in the door to his office, and shot him down as he screamed in terror and tried to climb out the window. That was the first kill I ever made with that beautiful Webley revolver Carter gave me; when Wagram was half in and half out of the window I administered a .455-caliber enema before I dragged him back inside and gave him two more in the head.

That was really all the example the local print reporters needed, and they henceforth were quite restrained. The television news crews were somewhat harder to reach, since they had less basis in the community, and the big-name ones from the major cable and broadcast networks came into the Northwest from elsewhere and were always well guarded by Feebs or private security goons when they were here. In Tacoma, Mike Koltsov's Don Cossacks wiped out one hotshot media celebrity from Fox News with a LAWS rocket. Lurch shot down a news helicopter, and eventually my crew from Dundee and Bob Corrigan's boys from Lacey staged an elaborate snatch up in Olympia. We kneecapped the cameraman and the news van driver from a Seattle station, trussed up the female reporter in the Barbie doll suit and took her for a ride in the country. Jeannie Vandenberg, I think her name was. Or Vanderberg, something like that. In a suitably pastoral setting, we tied her into a chair and systematically drove her out of her mind with terror for about a day. We let Ajax play Russian roulette with her. We staged a phoney hanging where we dropped her but didn't tie off the rope at the other end so she fell into horse shit. Rooney did a great psycho bitch act and showed her a gas can and told her we were going to burn her alive for telling lies, that kind of thing. To crown it all we brought in Smackwater Jack, and we held her down while he pulled down her panties and tattooed "NVA Slut" on her butt. Then we took her back gibbering to Olympia and kicked her loose with a note to her station manager that we found a distinct lack of balance in their coverage of the revolt, and we strongly suggested they re-evaluate their guidelines. This and similar incidents elsewhere around the Northwest certainly were responsible for a much more balanced approach by the media on the ground, although those who weren't in the Northwest itself continued to smear us right, left,

and center and howl for our blood. Third Section operatives were able to slip into New York and Hollywood and Atlanta and D.C. and take out some of the worst offenders, and by the end of the war the media had more or less been neutralized as a Zionist weapon.

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I suppose now is as good a time as any to address the standard liberal accusation leveled against the NVA, at the time and ever since, that we were wicked and horrible and evil and just plain *not nice people*. Well, we weren't. You know what they say about nice guys. They finish last, and for the sake of an entire race of mankind, finishing last simply wasn't an option. All right, what we did to that newshen Jeannie from Seattle was mean and cruel, and I'm not proud of it. I wasn't proud of it then. But what we did with her was better than really murdering the silly bimbo like some of our comrade crews would have done. Once again, the word got around, and that terrified woman recounting her ordeal to her colleagues did more for our goals than finding her dead body swinging from a railroad trestle would have done. I repeat to you: *terrorism is the weapon of the weak against the strong*, and the weak need never apologize for using it if the strong won't quit bullying and harming and tyrannizing them. Bobby Fernandez was about twice my size and I damned sure needed that concrete block I hit him with.

There was a vital principle at stake that we had to enforce as a matter of life and death. *Collaboration with the United States government was not allowed*. Period. End of story. If our own people were more afraid of ZOG than they were of us, we were all dead. So we had to make them more afraid of us and worry about hearts and minds as a secondary consideration, although for a lot of officers like Tank it was an important consideration. There were strong precedents for this. We now know, for example, that the entire Iraqi resistance plan was organized by Saddam Hussein many years before the 2003 invasion, and it concentrated above all on attacking and neutralizing those Iraqis who collaborated with the invading American forces. The Iraqi resistance could actually have killed a lot more American invaders than it did, but the object was not to kill American soldiers *per se*, it was to liberate Iraq from the tyranny of Zion, and the Arabs recognized something it took white Americans almost a century to understand, that it is the *collaborator of your*

own kind who is the most deadly threat to the liberty of a nation or the survival of a race.

Red Morehouse was something of an aficionado of Movement history, and on more than one occasion he told us about all the long, pointless, wasted years during the late twentieth century, when anyone who even so much as whispered about taking direct action against the tyranny that was wiping our race from the face of the earth was shouted down, accused of being a ZOG operative, and viciously smeared on the internet by cyber-nuts, many of whom later turned out to be government agents themselves. The Old Man himself was an outcast for years because he openly advocated that our people collectively commit an actual physical act, Northwest Migration, instead of just continuing to generate endless empty words on a computer screen. I remember a discussion we had about that in Chowder Society once, back when I was in high school.

“Mr. Morehouse, I just don’t get it,” Rooney had said, shaking her head. “From what you describe it looks like we hardly did *anything* except spin our wheels from about 1950 until the Old Man Came Home in 2002.”

“Actually, we didn’t do much except spin our wheels for some time after that,” responded Red with an embittered chuckle.

“But *why?*” demanded Roon in angry exasperation. “What in God’s name were those people in the Movement thinking all those years while they frittered away the last chances we had to take back all of America? How did they expect to save our race and our civilization by doing nothing except mailing each other newspaper clippings and posting articles on the internet whining about how bad things were? What did they think was going to happen? Flying saucers were going to land on the White House lawn and overthrow ZOG?”

“Rooney, a lot of people in our movement have given considerable thought to that very subject,”

Morehouse told us. “To begin with, the disgraceful fact is that there were a number of bogus white leaders who were making a good living off selling racial snake oil and were absolutely terrified when the Old Man rocked the

boat. They savaged him like junkyard dogs. But it goes a lot deeper than that, into the white American character itself. I am not sure anyone will ever be able to explain just what happened to any significant white opposition in the last half of the last century. Maybe it's because the Aryan gene pool had been so terribly thinned and damaged by the two fratricidal wars we fought against our brothers in Europe, who the hell knows? But somewhere along the line, the white man's spine turned into a wet noodle. We seem to have acquired the idea that fighting back against this terrible government and the evil people who run it was something that *someone else* was going to have to do. We just seem to have given up. Fighting back against ZOG simply became too — *inconvenient*, as grotesque as that sounds. Somehow we got the ludicrous notion that there can be such a thing as risk-free revolution, that justice and liberty is a free lunch. Somehow we seem to have become convinced that we could find some way of preserving the existence of our race and our civilization without causing any harm or inconvenience to the people who are killing us. The cosmic scales have to be balanced. How can there ever be justice and freedom without the punishment of those who have done evil? I don't know. How could we possibly be so foolish as to think that there is some way to solve all this which involves no risk, not even any real inconvenience, to ourselves? We were lazy, cowardly, apathetic, pusillanimous, stupid beyond belief. It's incomprehensible.

I can only pray that we have awakened to the terrible reality of our situation in time."

I have mentioned before that we were stronger in soul than the Americans. This means that conversely, the Americans were weaker. As a nation, Americans had long since forgotten one of the basic rules of human history which older and more experienced peoples knew instinctively: *what goes around, comes around*. Bullies eventually get their comeuppance, even if only from another, tougher bully. Americans had been dishing it out for so long that they simply couldn't take it when their turn came to be on the receiving end. Nothing in the American experience prepared people like that newshen for physical confrontation with deadly enemies who were quite capable of killing her, or readied them psychologically to be on the receiving end of violence. Resistance to violent assault was bred out of the white man, lest he rebel against his masters in Washington, D. C. When one was

victimized by crime one was never, ever supposed to fight, lest one accidentally end up harming someone with a colored skin and be charged with hatecrime. One picked up the phone and called the police, and once the police were no longer able to protect themselves much less John Q. Public, John Q. was screwed and he knew it.

Once white people gave up their guns under the Schumer Act they could only run and hide in various ways from the non-white street crime. Hell, in most states under ZOG it was actually illegal to spank your children. A whole generation of white Americans grew up never having received a physical blow in their life and usually all it took was to punch them or slap them hard and they broke down blubbing. I remember reading somewhere that when the Iraqis actually started fighting back after America invaded them to steal their oil in '03, the army had to ship over teams of "combat stress specialists," psychologists and shrinks whose duty it was to "grief-counsel" U. S. soldiers who had lost people in their unit and hold their hands because those bad native chappies were shooting at them and being mean to them. They also had the job of trying to keep these mighty warriors for liberty and democracy and the American way from having nervous breakdowns and shooting themselves because they were so depressed to be stuck in the desert away from the nearest Burger Doodle. Christ, can you imagine the soldiers of General Patton or the Marines at the Frozen Chosen needing grief counselors because the big bad enemy kept shooting at them?

The fact is that ZOG had just spent almost three generations deliberately breeding and socially engineering every last chromosome of aggressiveness, courage, and moral strength they could out of the white man so we would put up with multiculturalism, massive Third World immigration, perversion and oppression without rebelling, and they damned near succeeded in turning an entire race into Casper Milquetoasts. When through some miracle a small band of us recovered a few hairs on our testicles and found within ourselves the guts to raise our hands against the tyrant, that worked in our favor. White Americans simply were no longer the men and women their pioneer ancestors had been. In the movies John Wayne and Rambo and other strong-jawed caricatures swaggered on for Amurrica, but out in the real world life was simply too sweet and the American people were as soft as butter. I mean, Jesus, back in

'01 nineteen Arab kids with box cutters who crashed four planes into the ground scared the whole empire so witless they caused a depression that never really went away, by frightening the herds of consumer animals away from the shopping malls. When confronted with people who were willing to use violence if necessary in order to get our way, your average white Amurrican crumpled and bawled for his mama and begged for mercy. You can have no idea what cowards they were. When all of a sudden through some mysterious process that eagle gene suddenly re-appears amongst a flock of chickens, the eagle rules the roost.

* * *

War requires not just blood but also gold to feed upon, and we needed to make sure the enemy's supply was cut back even as we helped ourselves to his own wealth at gunpoint. I've already quoted Red Morehouse about the accountants and not the generals surrendering until I'm sure you're sick of hearing it, ma'am, but I cannot emphasize enough that our main strategic goal was to hit ZOG and ZOG's supporters where it counts, in their wallets. We needed to take money in ourselves so that we would have its power at our disposal, and we needed stop the Federal government of the United States from taking it in so as to lessen the amount of money power at their disposal. This wasn't as hard as it sounds, in view of the way the United States was spread so thin all around the world and still trying to keep the Middle East from exploding and keep Israel on the map. I once read somewhere that even at the height of the War of Independence there were still more American troops overseas than there were soldiers, Fatties and cops in the Northwest, and the Middle Eastern oil empire consumed ten times as much in the way of money and resources as did the Northwest war at its hottest. Odd as it may sound, to ZOG we were just a sideshow. The desperate struggle for Israel's continued existence was where it was at for the government.

Out of their pockets and into ours, that's the way it had to go in order to make revolution. The Army Council very early on issued a decree that henceforth ZOG did not get a single penny in tax out of the Northwest. It was one of the smartest things we ever did. One of our major strategic priorities was that every NVA active service unit had to implement attacks on the Internal Revenue Service and their tax collection mechanism and shut it down, choke

off the flow of funds to La Cesspool Grande in D. C. From the very beginning the IRS itself, its agents and offices and plant and anything to do with it was considered to be a prime target for attack. IRS agents were considered to be irredeemable, like lawyers (actually many of them *were* lawyers) and so they were not beaten, they were warned once to leave the Northwest and then they were shot if they stayed. The only reason they were warned even once was because there were simply too many of them for us to shoot them all, and if we shot two in a particular IRS office and then warned the other ten, at least eight of the other ten would cut out for safer pastures and we would accomplish the Party's objective just effectively as if we had killed them. In either case, an IRS who is absent from his desk in the Pacific Northwest can hardly be collecting taxes in the Pacific Northwest, can he? It didn't matter whether he was dead or alive, so long as he was not sitting at his desk stealing from our people.

True, we more or less bombed and shot every Internal Revenue Service agent and employee out of the Northwest, but violence against individual tax droids was secondary. The main tax collection mechanism for the Federal government was the employee payroll withholding system, so we roused a *lot* of bookkeepers. Those were simple tickles that very seldom broke bad. Rooney and I got it down to where we could do five or six of them per day. We would stroll into a plant or an office or a store, well dressed and with no weapons showing, but with backup on call if it got hot, and we would politely ask for an appointment with the person in charge of payroll from employees who thought we were looking for a job or selling something. We'd sit down and explain to the lady over a cup of coffee that we had friends of ours on their work force (which we might or might not have), in the future we were going to be glancing over the company's pay stubs, and we were not to see one more penny taken out in Federal withholding tax, otherwise we would be forced to get very proactive. On more than one occasion I had bookkeeper ladies and dweebs in ties and short-sleeved white shirts from small businesses assure me even while they were trembling in their seats that they were secretly sympathetic to the Party and the revolution and hell, maybe they were. Within a couple months I don't think there was a single business in Lewis County that was remitting to the IRS, nor do I believe that we ever had to use personal violence against anyone in this connection. By then our reputation was established and people knew quite well that we meant what

we said, so we didn't need to. Nor did the Feds ever do more than make harassing phone calls and send nasty letters about it to the companies concerned, because Lewis was getting a rep as the Rebel County even then, and they knew better than to bother.

What happened the next payday, of course, was that the employees found their paychecks significantly heavier, and all of a sudden it was possible actually to support a family on minimum or minimal wage.

You'd better believe that made us *real* popular.

More than once, down through the years, I have met men and women who joined the Party during the war on an underground basis after they got their first paychecks free of withholding, not so much because of the extra money *per se* but because all of a sudden they realized in a tangible way what the victory of ZOG

would cost them. All of a sudden our propaganda emphasis on no income tax in the future Republic meant something.

To be sure, this is Lewis County we're talking about here and we were small fry, economically speaking.

We weren't dealing with any really major corporations like Boeing or Anaconda Mining or Cascade Paper or Bank of America, so forth and so on. In cities like Seattle and Portland and Spokane it got hairy. The Feds were willing to overlook some little picture-framing shop in Centralia not paying its withholding for its four employees, but they couldn't afford to let the loss of the deductions from Boeing or the Tacoma shipyards slide. They threatened the employers and the bookkeepers with everything from civil lawsuits to arrest under the Patriot Act, and they actually arrested and indicted some bookkeepers and comptrollers for show, but the simple fact is that here more than elsewhere, Federal threats had no teeth. They couldn't shut down all employment in the Northwest, and they couldn't protect every payroll office in every company. There were some unpleasant incidents wherein the NVA staged raids on corporate offices where the no-tax rule was not being complied with. The boys smashed computers, destroyed records, pistol-whipped some people who were a bit slow on the uptake in order to

make our position absolutely clear to them, and other such boisterous behavior. Once again, word got around. Very fast. Any corporation or employer who paid withholding taxes to the IRS was collaborating with the common enemy, and *collaboration was not allowed*.

Mmmm, as cool as the snipers were, on thinking about it I'd have to say that this was probably the single deadliest and most effective tactic we carried out against American rule during the entire war. Some historians believe it actually tipped the scale. The Feds were already starting to have rumblings from the spics in Aztlan and they were terrified that the Mexicans would start doing the same thing we were doing to their tax revenues in places like California and Texas. The fact was that other than more or less empty threats, the United States government had *no counter* to this tactic of ours. They couldn't stop us, and we were bleeding them to death. At the very end of the war the Feds were looking at setting up a kind of nationwide payroll service so that the United States government became the paymaster for the whole empire. Under this plan, essentially all salaries were to be paid to the Internal Revenue Service and all employees, from the guy who flipped burgers down at the grease pit to the CEO of a multinational, were to get their paychecks from the IRS as a kind of biweekly tax refund, but the government's number crunchers discovered that they quite simply did not have the money, the manpower, the technical expertise, the computer capability, or the infrastructure to create such a financial Frankenstein monster. I have heard several stories to the effect that this was the point where the accountants surrendered, ZOG decided to cut its losses, and the first contacts were made between Washington D.C. and our own GHQ that eventually led to the Longview conference. Once again, a small number of people with some goddamned *guts* had stymied the mightiest empire in the world. The army that was stronger in soul won.

Before we get off the subject of economic warfare, I need to mention that another of the major military objectives of the NVA was to shut down the casino and legalized gambling industry. Now, I have to admit, I am one of those old dinosaurs who believe that gambling is a vice. Always did, why I'm not sure. I think maybe it's because my parents were alcoholics and I just have a case of the ass for any kind of pointless and destructive addiction that destroys family life. There was a time long before I was born when everyone

recognized gambling as a vice and Las Vegas was the only place it was legal, and Las Vegas was built and run by Jew mobsters like Bugsy Siegel and Moe Dalitz and Meyer Lansky. But along about the 1980s corporate America decided that gambling was too profitable to be left to mere street criminals and parasites, and needed to be brought into the big-time by corporate criminals and parasites.

Gambling is a sickness and ZOG exploited it to the max in order to relieve poor white people of what little money they possessed. The amount of money taken in every year by legalized gambling was in the untold millions of dollars, and no one ever quite figured out exactly what became of it. There was a lot of bushwah about how money from legalized gaming, as it was called, was supposed to go towards education. Well, let me tell you, I went to school in the Washington state public education system, and if they were getting any money from the casinos it sure as hell wasn't apparent in the classroom. The fact is that legalized gambling was earning huge amounts of money for the secret state, the hidden powers that controlled things from behind the scenes, and to this day I don't know who a lot of those powers were.

Just saying it was the Jews may be technically accurate but doesn't really cover it all. Money from gambling just disappeared into this huge black hole, sucked into oblivion like a gigantic vacuum cleaner.

The NVA wanted a generous helping of that cash flow, and then we wanted that money hole plugged because someone in power was making big bucks and that was not good for the white man. Who the hell did these casino people think they were, living like leeches off human weakness and misery? Lawyers?

One of the more ridiculous things they did was relegate a large part of the gambling industry to so-called Indians to take advantage of the legal fiction that Indian reservations weren't part of the United States, as if ZOG would ever voluntarily relinquish the grip of its rotting hand on anything. When I was growing up, all of western Washington and indeed all of North America was covered with so-called Indian casinos run by tribes that never existed anywhere in history outside some corporate Jew's imagination; most of the casinos were managed by some Chief Running Nose or something who was

born Bernie Bernstein from Flatbush. Those goddamned things were money pits that destroyed more white lives and families than drugs and porno and miscegenation combined.

My own parents used to go up to Eagle Rock every now and then and blow whatever money they weren't spending on booze on the damned slot machines. The only "vacation" I ever remember us taking was to Lake Tahoe. I spent a couple of days when I was about seven years old playing all alone on the shore of the lake while my parents were in the casino, and on the last day I tripped on a boat dock and hit my head as I fell into the water. Some woman pulled me out. Her name was Jewel, and from what I remember of her build I suspect she was a stripper from the night club. She took me into the hotel laundromat where I stripped down to my underwear while she dried washed and dried my clothes for me, and then she bought me a cheeseburger and fries from the restaurant. When we got in the car to drive back to Washington that night because Mom and Dad had no more money and couldn't afford the hotel room, they didn't even notice the bump on my head.

As far as shutting the casinos down, we started with simple stuff. There's a wonderful little potion called butyric acid, or sometimes butanoic acid. It smells like a combination of rancid butter and vomit, and it soaks into anything porous, wood or carpet or cracks in a linoleum floor. Anti-abortion protesters used to use this stuff against the murder machine clinics. Once it is soaked in, only time will stop the stench; it cannot be eradicated by any known cleansing agent. Rooney and me and sometimes Johnny Pill and The Magic Man, Spider and Suzie Q. and even Ajax would go into the casinos, play the slots a bit, and like tom cats marking their territory with urine we would leave little pools of this stuff all over everywhere. The reek very quickly drove even the most degenerate and determined gamblers from the casinos and would shut the joint down for days. When the NVA decided to graduate to bigger and better things, one of the big things we liked to do was mortar attacks on casinos to shut down the gambling industry. This was about year three when we had finally begun to get hold of some heavy weapons, and a casino was a great exercise in infiltration, attack and withdrawal. They were all off in the woods on these little postage-stamp sized "Indian reservations" and so we could park, do a night move into a firing position on a hillside overlooking the casino or in the nearby woods, drop a few rounds in

the parking lot to give all the gamblers inside time to get their heads down, then drop a couple more rounds on the casino itself and boogie. They were soft targets and it was a good way to break in a new mortar crew or try new technology with mortars and rockets. I have to admit it was fun watching all those degenerate gamblers scramble, although we were told that in some cases the slot and blackjack players were so intent on the play that they literally played on while the casino was shelled.

And of course, we just plain robbed them. Casino heists were by no means cakewalks. The casinos were guarded by very heavy and well armed private security-type bruiseboys who were downright trigger-happy and always alert. They were protecting big money, and ZOG was always extremely serious about protecting big money. One of the worst shoot-outs I ever was involved in was during a casino robbery, and I killed a poor dumb son of a bitch, an ex-policeman who had been canned from the Seattle force for alcoholism named Stan Brodka. A sense of duty is a funny thing sometimes. Brodka had more guts than sense, and he honest to God thought he was morally obligated risk his life for the Jews who were paying him eight dollars an hour to guard their millions and who no doubt regarded him as bohunk white trash.

I always felt rotten about that incident, and when the Republic was finally won I set up what was known as “conscience fund” for Brodka’s children. The War of Independence Victims Pension Fund under which these conscience accounts were set up was one of the Republic’s acts of reconciliation. There were a number of those Special Compensation Accounts, as they were actually called, on both sides, including some where former American soldiers and cops kicked in for the families of Party and NVA people they had done harm, to give at least some of our former enemies credit for having some sense of decency. It wasn’t even recorded in the documentation which side you or your family member who had been killed had fought on. But anyone who wanted to, for whatever reason he felt compelled to do so, could make an allotment to stick a little extra every month into a specific War Victims pension, and that’s what I did until Brodka’s children grew up. The son became a Northwest Civil Guard, a cop like his dad, and not a bad detective as it turned out. He was good enough to find me. The conscience funds were supposed to be completely anonymous and the database hackproof, but one day many years ago, I hear a knock on

my door and this thirty-something man is standing on my porch. He introduces himself and shows me his detective shield.

“I won’t come in, Mr. Ryan,” he told me. “This is a personal visit, not business. I just want to tell you from my sister and me that it’s over. You don’t have to give us any more of your money.”

I didn’t even ask how he knew. “How can that be?” I asked. “Money can’t make something like that all right, no matter how much time has passed. I did it only because it was better than doing nothing at all.”

“I understand that, Mr. Ryan,” Brodka Junior told me, his eyes and voice completely expressionless as he saw standing before him the man who had killed his father. “I didn’t say it was all right. It won’t ever be all right. I just said it was over. It has to be over sometime. With Meg and me, that time has come.” And he turned and walked away. Never forget, when all is said and done, the Northwest War of Independence was at its heart a civil war between whites.

Then about the beginning of the fourth year there was an abrupt change in Party policy on legalized gambling. The Seagull Casino in Olympia and a couple of others were suddenly declared off limits to NVA attacks, while several of the others were bumped up in priority and leveled by mortar and rocket fire or else burned to the ground in fairly heavy NVA tickles, in some cases costing us casualties. What had happened, of course, was that the Party had been approached and certain of the casinos were now paying hefty protection to the Army Council in order to be allowed to continue to operate, while others who didn’t want to get with the program were being eliminated. To the benefit of the remainder, of course. All very gangster-like. Bugsy Siegel would have approved. Were some of us completely comfortable with this? No.

I wasn’t comfortable with it. But it was *realpolitik* in action, as much as I hate to say it. Those gambling millions helped us buy the artillery that shelled Portland and the Third World votes in the United Nations that recognized us as a legitimate national liberation movement, if you can believe that. From that point on, that healthy skim we collected from the Injuns in protection fees almost single-handedly financed the entire Northwest revolution. To our

eternal credit, after Longview we resisted temptation and the casinos were shut down for good. The Running Bears who really were Indians were deported to the tender mercies of the Great White Father outside the Republic and the Running Noses who were really Bernie Bernsteins were sent to the bottom of Budd Inlet in concrete shoes to join Brandy Morehouse's quondam attorney, or whatever Force 101 did with the carcasses during the Cleanup. I never asked.

The fourth major prop that needed to be knocked out from under ZOG, after the mud-colored hordes and the media and after the Internal Revenue Service, was the legal system. There we were not the gentlest gamester playing for a kingdom at all, nor did even the relatively merciful Tank Thompson suggest otherwise. Some people are cockroaches who need to be stepped on.

Lawyers, all lawyers without exception, were beyond the pale of any acceptable human conduct. Like the IRS agents, they got a single warning to get the hell out, and then they were shot. Like the IRS agents, the only reason they got that one warning was because if we spent our time hunting down lawyers we'd not have had the time to do anything else. Someone once said pigeons were rats with wings; lawyers were rats with briefcases and they bred like rats, feeding on human misery and draining their fellow man dry.

Judges got no warning at all. Their black robe was their shroud. Any judge who had ever sentenced a single white man or woman to a single day in a prison full of nigger butt-rapists or Mexican drug addicts was hunted down like a dog and shot or blown to pieces, and it was a wonderful and savage pleasure to do.

The only time I ever really jammed a gasoline-soaked tire around someone's neck and burned them alive, it was a female judge. Most people would be haunted for the rest of their lives by her screams as she sizzled. I am not. She died in agony, she deserved every second of it, and I only wish it could have hurt her even more. I don't know any Volunteer who wouldn't turn from killing ten niggers or Mexicans for an opportunity to kill one lawyer or one judge.

At first we also leaned on jurors who were empaneled in NVA-related cases, but ZOG quickly spotted that problem and simply abolished them, which in

view of the general level of intelligence in the citizenry back then wasn't all that bad an idea in any case. You really don't want Beavis or Butthead or Clueless sitting on your jury, never mind some Third Worlder who didn't speak English. ZOG invoked the Patriot Act and tried to substitute military tribunals and judge-only special "security courts", which of course gave the NVA all kinds of nifty new targets. There were whole crews who specialized in courts and Judge Advocate General lawyers and military tribunal judges and facilities. ZOG recognized the necessity for some kind of formal criminalization of our activities and they kept tinkering with it throughout the entire war, using all kinds of special criminal courts made up of a hybrid of both military and civilian authority, not only to put a legalistic stamp on their repression but also to employ the hordes of suddenly out of work lawyers. But whatever they tried to get their legal system back on line we smashed; you may recall that the last combat action of the famous Olympic Flying Column was to destroy the special criminal court in Port Orchard.

We effectively shut down the judicial branch of government in the Northwest. Right up until the very end we were still hunting down judges, who were lively and dangerous targets—hell, there was that Sammy Rothstein tickle. Not only that, but the War Prevention Bureau spent the next twenty years hunting down and punishing the worst of the judges and the attorneys who fled the Northwest after independence. That was a debt that badly needed paying.

The prisons themselves were a kind of subsidiary part of our attack against the legal system. During the first couple of years we actually staged a number of prison breaks purely for the purpose of creating general chaos and tying down the enemy's police and other forces. This is a good example of the kind of brutal logic that actuated our strategic thinking. We knew that by blowing holes in fences, overpowering guards and unlocking gates, we were unleashing on the community a small army of thugs, drug addicts, cholos, gang bangers, and hoodlums, almost all of them non-white, who would proceed to victimize white Northwesters in their wonted manner and thus increase resentment against persons of color. Sometimes we even made ourselves heroes when NVA sniper teams or active service units tracked down and liquidated black or brown criminals whom other NVA crews had released in the first place. As to the white convicts, there was always a legend

to the effect that the NVA was staging these jailbreaks in order to recruit criminals. That wasn't true, in most cases. We did have some of the white convicts ask to join us, but we had a standing rule: a white con was not considered to be one of us unless he had been racially aware and active *before* he went inside. God knows there were enough of those who were doing ten year sentences and more for putting up a sticker or saying nigger out loud.

* * *

Ah, yes, the old boom versus burn debate! God, we had some bull sessions on that one way into the wee hours of the morning, on guard duty and in the TV room of whatever safe house we were staying in! You might say that the Northwest Volunteer Army was firmly divided into two camps, the boomers and the burners. Me, I was ambidextrous. I liked both techniques equally. We had bombers in the NVA, to be sure, some damned good ones with really intricate skills in whipping up exotic explosives, packing, timing and detonation devices, you name it. I remember one guy named Sleepy Sam who could actually make things out of plastique, nice-looking dishes and statuettes and lamps and stuff. His exploding cigars were a blast, dude, and I do mean a blast. One of them decapitated the United States Attorney General at a White House formal dinner, and plopped the head right down in the middle of Chelsea Clinton's quiche Lorraine.

Some of our bombings were real works of art, like that tickle I described where we took down Samuel Rothstein. But the problem with bombs is that they are a wee bit indiscriminate. They cause collateral damage and make people hate us—understandably so. Even those whites who understood what was happening and why, and who might have supported us otherwise, became rather alienated if we blew up children in baby carriages and killed harmless old Uncle Tom Cobley who was doing his mall walk just at the moment when a bomb went off in the wrong location at the wrong time. This kind of thing happened—

you can never be entirely sure how a tickle is going to go down—and to this day there are families in the Northwest American Republic who receive a government pension and full college scholarship because seventy-odd years ago some relative who died when their grandparents were sucking on

pacifiers got it from an NVA bomb that wasn't intended for them. That was one of the arguments the burn school put forward, in that arson was mostly directed against property and there was a lot more time for innocents to get out of the way, although accidents happened with torch jobs as well.

Of course, there were times when nothing else than a Baghdad banger would do. But bombs were hard to make, hard to plant, and required balls the size of grapefruits to deliver in a shopping bag or briefcase past the metal detectors and the sniffer dogs and the chemical sensors. Many's the time I have strolled into the side entrance of a shopping mall or office building or government facility carrying something that made me sweat like I was in a sauna. In the first year or so of the revolution the NVA planted dozens of small pipe bombs in shopping malls, little more than fireworks, really, but they made a loud bang and caused a lot of screaming and trampling and grim tut-tutting on television about the horrors of domestic terrorism.

They also virtually emptied the shopping malls as the sheeple stayed away in droves, cost the mall owners a bundle when they piled on the detection equipment and security personnel (many of whom were NVA undercovers), and the multinational chains who ran everything from the junk food courts to the stupid little boutiques selling ridiculous designer fashions at astronomical prices closed down. That created more white discontent, and further disengaged ZOG economically from the Pacific Northwest. It created more unemployment and got white people really pissed off at the multi-nationals, which we then remedied by chasing out the non-whites so whites could have real jobs again with improved paychecks when we put a stop to Federal income tax withholding, so the NVA picked up PR and political brownie points on both ends. One of the many reasons we were finally able to force the bastards to the conference table at Longview was because there was little economic opposition from the multi-nationals, almost all of whom had disengaged economically from the Homeland years before when the trouble started and they started losing money, and so they had nothing to lose and no particular reason to oppose a settlement which might allow them back into the Northwest and give them at least some access once again to the Northwest markets.

And of course, there is always that soul-satisfying *ka-boom* that makes all

right with the world and lets you know your day hasn't been a total waste and you've accomplished something. I think that's why I always loved hand grenades so much. They were a lot smaller and safer to carry around than some of those home-made concoctions Ajax and Sleepy Sam cooked up in the bathtub or the kitchen sink, and in an enclosed space they were just as loud and effective. But then I was the kind of kid who always enjoyed flushing cherry bombs down toilets.

On the other hand, fire-bugging did have its moments and its advocates. Matches or disposable plastic cigarette lighters had many fewer safety issues attached, and they could be carried in the pocket beside a pack of smokes as you breezed through any security checkpoint in the Homeland. Plus arson was amazingly cost-effective. I have always believed that the Northwest Volunteer Army did more damage to ZOG with a can of lighter fluid and a book of paper matches than we ever did with even the most deadly of our bombings. Never mind the cost of a five-alarm fire in terms of manpower and money to put it out.

Fires make the most wonderful diversion when you need to get down and dirty across town and you want to make sure all the local blues are tied up.

High explosives were used against human targets when it was necessary to destroy people and plant and institutions that were supporting the Zionist occupation and when we needed to make a statement while doing so. But in cases where we were waging economic warfare or enforcing General Order Number Four and removing a public nuisance, we flicked our Bic. And of course, for those who wanted the best of both worlds, there was always the old Molotov cocktail trick using Ma Wingfield's Home Cooking Oil. I'm not joking. That's what we called the formula we eventually settled on for our firebombs, because Ma invented it. Her recipe used a little more gasoline than Carter's, a little less motor oil, and a *soupeçon* of magnesium shavings. Swear to God, once Ma Wingfield's Home Cooking Oil got a home cooking, a whole firehouse couldn't put it out. NVA crews in other communities across the Northwest had noted our success in Lewis County and after a time burnouts of Paki or Korean run convenience stores from Arcata to Missoula were so common they weren't even reported in the media any more.

One of our most interesting little arson tricks was to find something nice and

flammable in a targeted business, building, or area. It would be a pile of waste, paper stocks, something that would ignite fairly readily. Then we pulled out a full paper pack of matches and a cigarette, struck one match and lit the cigarette whether we smoked or not, took a couple of puffs to get the tip burning good, and then we opened the flap on the book of matches, placed the cigarette inside along with the edge of the filter flush with the left hand side of the matchbook, closed the flap, and tossed the whole lot down into the flammable material. When the cigarette burned down to the edge of the match tips the whole shebang flared up into a brief but hot burn, and ignited whatever the flammable material was. Brother Combustion took it from there.

* * *

Some of the things the Northwest Volunteer Army pulled were pure propaganda strokes. We called them

“Robin Hoods.” All that money that we were heisting from banks and Mighty Marts and extorting from casinos and the ransom money from kidnapped hebes didn’t stay in our pockets. One way or another, the Party and the NVA carried out a genuine re-distribution of wealth. The ZOG media accused us of trying to buy support among the population. Absolutely. Realistically speaking, our largesse probably worked better than all our agitprop appealing to moral and racial issues combined. We followed Huey Long’s stricture and we put them vittles back on the table, and the people of the Northwest did not scorn to partake of the feast. For the first time in centuries, other than during the brief twelve years of the Third Reich, serious wealth was being taken out of the pockets of the Jews and the plutocracy and was being returned into the pockets of the working class and middle class white people who had created that wealth.

Sometimes it was as simple as cruising through a working class apartment complex and slipping envelopes of cash marked NVA under doors that helped pay white welfare mothers’ electric bills or get a sick child to a doctor. Sometimes we hit banks that were threatening to foreclose on a white family’s homes and publicly dragged their file cabinets out into the street or into the parking lot and burned big piles of mortgage documents. (Okay, the real stuff was kept on computer disc, but we stole or destroyed those and the hard drives as well, and a big pile of burning mortgages looked really cool on

the front page of the Dundee *Advertiser* or the Centralia *Chronicle*.)

I recall that at one point during the war, we noticed that along with a lot of sloppy and musically lousy red, white, and blue propaganda crap made by race traitors in Nashville that was being played on the country music stations, all of a sudden there appeared out of nowhere a bluegrass version revival of an old Woody Guthrie song called *Pretty Boy Floyd*. I won't attempt to sing at my age, and I won't quote the whole song because I don't remember it, but we all noticed it was definitely susceptible to, shall we say, a sub rosa interpretation? The lines about the stranger coming to beg dinner and leaving a thousand dollar bill under the napkin, paying mortgages for farmer hit by the Depression in Oklahoma, the taxi loads of groceries bringing Christmas dinner to the poor, that kind of thing. It turned out that sudden blast from the past on the country music stations was one of the more subtle tickles carried out by the Third Section propaganda boys, but it really wasn't that far off. We supplied a lot of Christmas dinners, paid off a lot of working men's pickup trucks when they fell behind but had to have that truck to make a living, and we paid a lot of mortgages in Lewis County and kept people out of the homeless shelter. As the years of the war rolled on pretty much everybody in the county had a good idea of who they could come to if they were in trouble.

One of the more popular tickles we used to go on was child recovery, and the chastisement of Child Protective Services and anyone who had anything to do with *It Takes a Village*. These people were very quickly placed on notice that they had best find other employment, and some of the more notorious CPS

bureaucrats were publicly punished for their crimes. One of those was where I acquired my lifelong distaste for hangings. It's a disgusting death and they always shit and piss and you can smell it. In more than one case we were actually able to reunify white families who had been broken up by the United States government.

Stealing our children was the worst thing those sons of bitches did to us, I think. I always thought it was appropriate that the revolution was precipitated by *It Takes A Village* finally trying to grab the wrong white family's children for sale like chattels to faggots and yuppies. But there were a lot of people in the Northwest who had lost children to the government in various ways down

through the years, for political reasons or because some nosy neighbor had picked up a telephone and dialed a child abuse hotline to claim the reward, or someone like my Mom had done it out of pure spite. We always made sure when we did these tickles that we weren't handing some kid back to a genuine abusive parent or parents, but you have to understand that the entire system was tainted beyond recall, and there were more than enough legitimate cases where kids had been torn from loving and secure homes because the parents or grandparents had some kind of political or racial beef on their records. We could pick and choose, and so far as I know we never chose wrong and the people we helped were the bona fide victims of injustice.

In the first year we were sometimes able to prevent the abductions from taking place, and after we had killed enough U. S. Marshals they had other things to worry about than kidnapping white children, so we were pretty much able to shut the whole obscene program down, at least in the Northwest. GHQ had a Third Section unit who did nothing but try and track down the children who had already been taken. You may remember there was a real popular Northwest Broadcasting Authority TV series about them a few years ago. They would actually track the kids down outside the Homeland, sometimes going as far as Hawaii or Europe to recover a stolen child.

What was more important was that the word went out among the white community that we were not just a bunch of neo-Nazis with shaven heads and tattoos who were full of hate for people with colored skins and who only wanted to kill, kill, kill. The white people of the Pacific Northwest began to understand that they now had a just and powerful alternative when the Zionist government was screwing them over.

ZOG's decisions were no longer final; there was now a court of appeal. The NVA were the people who brought back stolen children who had been thought gone forever, who paid the rent and the electric bill when a single mother couldn't afford it, who drove out the mud-colored bullies so that school was safe and fun for the kids again, who drove the Mexicans away so Daddy could get a job again, and who put extra money in Daddy's pay packet because he didn't have to pay the crushing Federal withholding tax. The impression began to gain ground that we were in fact interested in family and

community problems and in the creation of a truly just society for white people. On several occasions I have witnessed the joy and the thankfulness of a white family that the NVA re-united when we took back children from liberal and yuppie and in some cases perverted “families” where they had been stolen and sold by the United States government. We slowly began to establish the Party as an acceptable and accepted part of people’s lives.

We started to become heroes in the eyes of the people that we wanted to liberate.

* * *

The final prop that we had to knock out from under ZOG’s tyranny was the Christian right.

They were always a minority even among the established churches, and most people frankly regarded them as kooks, but collectively they were immensely wealthy kooks, they were probably the best organized political special interest in the Zionist empire, and they served as the shock troops of the establishment.

We had to not only target them and leave legitimate Christians alone, but make sure that the public and the churchgoing public in particular *knew* that we were doing so. The one thing that the Old Man used to go into a tizzy over was that the Northwest independence movement must never, *ever* be perceived as anti-Christian in any way. The hard fact was that although we had a lot of fine comrades who were neo-pagans of various sorts and a lot more who were agnostics or just plain atheists, the NVA wouldn’t have stood a chance in hell if people had believed we were trying to overthrow the Christian religion and make everybody dance around wearing horned helmets and bearskins and drinking mead, or do quasi-Druid chants in robes out in the woods like escapees from a Harry Potter movie. The undeniable fact was that the overwhelming majority of White people in the continent of North America and throughout the whole world was nominally Christian. They might not practice it in their daily lives, but they would not accept open paganism or stupid blasphemy about Jesus being a dead Jew on a stick, and if we had ever gone that route there would be no Republic today and there would be no white people left and we’d all be coffee-colored zombies

stumbling around the great world consumer plantation. Anti-Christianity as a Party policy simply was not on, yet I don't know another area in which the movement had such a difficult time coming down from Cloud Weird and living in the real world.

I suppose this would be as good a time as any to discuss the religious problem within the white resistance movement, which I have avoided up until now out of long force of habit. We were *taught* to avoid it in the early days because there was no conceivable good that could come of discussing it, and one of the Old Man's arguably greatest accomplishments was that he finally managed to pound that through our numb skulls. The one topic that the Chowder Society very pointedly avoided in our discussions was religion, and religion was the one area where the Party discouraged the exercise of free speech among whites.

"We know from long experience that for whatever reason, the Movement can't discuss religion rationally,"

Red mentioned once in a firm voice. "Religious discussion sheds heat rather than light, it is counterproductive, and we need to maintain a mutual agreement to put the whole topic in the back burner, hopefully permanently."

The whole problem was a sticky one for the NVA. The Old Man on more than one occasion proclaimed proudly that the Party was a brotherhood of blood, not of faith, but I have to tell you that there was more than a little wishful thinking there. Just as there were men in the Confederate army who really *were* fighting for black slavery as opposed to the right of the states and their people to be free and control their destiny, I'd be lying if I were to deny that there were some among us who considered that they were fighting for their version of God first and the race second, and whose vision of the coming Northwest Republic was a kind of high-tech Puritan New England, complete with scarlet letters and burning witches.

Nor can I deny that there were comrades among us who were equally convinced that Christianity was the greatest enemy of our race, and anything to do with Jews or ZOG was merely secondary. I know there were elements on both sides who were quite serious about turning their guns on one another after we'd won. I never knew how close we came to having an Irish-style

civil war after Longview, but from some of the bigger knobs in the Party I've met in the years since, I understand that it came a lot closer to that than anyone wants to admit, even today.

Thank God the Old Man finally got some power and was able to knock some heads and slap silly some people who should have been slapped silly long before. And the problem is still with us, as anyone who has grown up in the Republic knows. It's like we're simply not content to fight Jews or blacks or Mexicans or Asians, like there is some perverse chromosome that demands we have a white enemy to hate.

It didn't help matters that some of our enemies in the Federal ranks, including a number of very highly placed leaders, were openly and passionately motivated by a genuine belief that they needed to kill a racist for Christ. I know it seems difficult to understand now, when the Jewish question is discussed openly and taught in schools and everybody *knows* about them, but the fact is that in those days there were people who actually believed that the Jews were the Chosen People of God and that all of the other peoples of the earth were bound to serve them as the so-called Apple of God's eye. How could anyone know any differently when questioning any of it in public carried a prison term? In any of the larger denominations, even those whose theology wasn't so extreme in other areas, it was worth a minister's job to even suggest that the Jews were otherwise than perfection in human form. The Christian rightists were the ones who fought against the Longview treaty tooth and nail, more bitterly and longer than anyone else.

Now me, I wouldn't want to have anything to do with a God who would choose a people like the Jews, and I understand that whole business was a gross misreading of the Scriptures—hell, didn't Ma and Rooney and China tell me so often enough? If nothing else, just *look* at the Jews and their behavior, and that will put the kibosh on this Chosen People crap. But a lot of people didn't understand that. Like everything else in the United States, the whole Christian religion had been subjected to almost a century of gross misrepresentation by the liberal intelligentsia and social engineers who twisted it all completely out of recognition. Even with my limited Biblical knowledge I could tell that there is nothing at all Christian about 'marrying' two perverts in a church and claiming that God blesses a loathsome deviation

as matrimony which He quite clearly condemns on numerous occasions in His word. That's one of the reason they banned the King James Bible and other "non-inclusive" versions.

I'll give it to you as simple as I can. I'm not a Christian myself and I never was one, somehow it just never took with me, but I married two of 'em. Remember that old saying about how the Northwest War of Independence was won by pagan men and Christian women? The fact that I am not a believer like my wives were does not blind me to the immense and pivotal role that Christianity has played in the development of Aryan civilization. I refuse to slander and belittle the theology which has given to the ages the magnificent Gothic cathedrals of Europe, the beauty and glory of countless Renaissance artists like Michelangelo and Da Vinci, the awesome poetry and sweep of the English language at its' height in the King James version, a cumulative legacy of music, art, architecture, philosophy, exploration and conquest unparalleled in the history of humanity. I look at it from the First Church of Wingfield point of view, which is what I suppose you might call the traditional pre-corrupted version of the faith as Rooney and Carter and Ma explained it to me over the years. They sang Gimme That Old Time Religion and they meant it. I'm talking about the Christianity that made Stonewall Jackson march his entire class at VMI off into the Confederate Army after a night of prayer and reflection.

First off, yes, Jesus Christ was a Jew. Oh, all *right*, he was an Israelite if you're Christian Identity and you insist. But a Jew of *his* time, not ours, and you don't have to be a CI to understand that. It's simple historical fact. The Jews of today are racially remote from the Jews of the Bible, who are now extinct. They don't exist anymore. The Jews of today are of three kinds. There's the Mizrahi, who are basically Arabs who took the Jewish religion for one reason or another down through the years. Then there's the Sephardim, who are again largely of Arabic descent and who came into Spain on the heels of Muslim conquerors and were subsequently expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492, the year Columbus sailed the ocean blue. And finally there are the Jews who have caused most of the problems we have in the world today, the goddamned Ashkenazim, your basic such-a-deal-I'll-make-you Brooklyn Yid. The Ashkenazim hail from Eastern Europe but they're not European in origin, they're Asian. They are actually an Armenoid

people descended from a race called the Khazars, who took the Jewish religion in the seventh century A.D.

and were later wiped out by the Persians and Mongols for their trouble, probably because they were just as obnoxious then as they are today. The urge to wipe out the Jews seems to be one of the few common denominators in civilizations from ancient Rome to Cochin China to medieval Germany to Tsarist Russia.

There are a number of Ashkenazim who actually have blond hair and blue eyes, true enough. They say that means those co-religionists' grandmothers were raped by Cossacks or SS men, and I don't deny they were persecuted in Europe. But they brought it on themselves by acting as the tax collectors and money lenders and estate managers for the nobility and screwing the peasants in every sense of the word. Always remember the epitaph which shall adorn the historic tombstone of the Jewish people one day: *what goes around, comes around*.

As for the business of Christianity being a Jewish religion, well, all I can say is that any religion that was good enough for Charlemagne, St. Francis of Assisi, Christopher Columbus, George Washington and all the Founding Fathers, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee is good enough for me. Well, not really good enough for me, since I never was able actually to bring myself to believe in it. But people I cared about believed in it and I always respected their beliefs and never argued with them about it. I mean hell, we're all going to die sooner or later and then we'll know for sure what lies beyond, but until then why worry about it?

As for me and Rooney, I suppose you could say we were a mixed marriage in that she was a Bible believer and I wasn't. We touched on it a few times, but we never argued over it because without saying so, we had both simply decided that wasn't ever going to happen. I once asked Ma in some context or other whether she minded having a polite skeptic like me in the family and she said, "Son, faith is a wonderful thing to have, but although I'm sure some preachers would disagree, you can lead a Christian life without it. You're a good boy and you're good to my baby, you love her and she loves you, and that's all I care about. I know a lot of so-called Christian men who sing loud on Sunday in church and then spend the rest of the week sinning like it was

going out of style. Including some so-called pastors. When I was Rooney's age back in South Carolina, I had a pastor with a foot fetish. Wanted to suck my toes, of all the ridiculous things.

Given the choice between a whited sepulcher like that and someone like you who has a Christian heart even if you don't have the name, I'll pick you any day."

Now, don't get me wrong. None of us was blind to the fact that the liberal establishment churches of every denomination were rotten to the core. The preachers of the established churches betrayed the White race.

They preached that the Jews are God's chosen people and thus gave aid and comfort to the enemy. They preached love thy nigger. Most of them advocated and more than a few practiced faggotry once things had decayed to the point where they could get away with it. They kissed the ass of every trendy minority and every politically correct cause of the moment, then went out and cheated on their wives and buggered altar boys. Their ministers practiced every kind of fraud to obtain money which they spent on luxurious lifestyles for themselves. They preyed on the faith and the weakness of the spiritually vulnerable, women, the elderly, the poorly educated and working class. They used religion as an opiate to keep the White wage slaves docile and obedient to Washington. This applied especially to those religious right doofuses, but also to the Catholic liberation theologians and lefty activist nuns and Father Trendies, and the just plain weirdos like Jehovah's Witnesses.

Mormons were a mixed bag. They all seemed either to be violently against us or violently for us, because they were genuine U. S. loyalists, or else they were covert and not so covert Party supporters because they didn't like Salt Lake's version of theology, the Salt Lake Prophet's politically expedient revelations, the mainstream church's stand on polygamy, etc. Mormonism has almost as many odd little sects and variations as Islam does. A lot of FBI agents and even FATPOS were blond, blue-eyed, buzz-cut Mormons who would have thrilled J. Edgar Hoover down to his high heels and who hated our guts and killed us with relish. On the other hand, O. C. Oglevy was a Mormon and so was Winston Wayne. One of the most bloodthirsty NVA crews of all was the Kennewick Flying Column, who had a lot of female Volunteers due to their practice of both Mormon and CI polygamy, and they

sang *Come, Come Ye Saints* in combat. Third Section had a team of clean-cut Mormon assassins called the Danite Band who traveled the country whacking people while posing and *acting* as LDS missionaries, making converts while they tooled around complete with the short-sleeved white shirts, the dark ties and the bicycles. One of those guys was a fellow named Moroni Probert. He packed a pair of matched Western style Colt .45 Peacemakers he called his Urim and Thummim. There's an old security tape of Probert taking down two FBI agents coming down the steps of the Federal building in Medford, Oregon. Two pistols, one in each hand. Two shots, simultaneous. Two dead Feebs. One Mormon missionary calmly mounting his bicycle and peddling away.

I heard somewhere that after the war he had ten or twelve wives.

The Wingfields and other Christian-Christians in the NVA hated the Judeo-Christians like poison, and the feeling was mutual. Each sect regarded the other as heretics in the service of the devil. "They done made a covenant with Satan, and with hell they are in agreement!" Ma would snarl as she watched some blow-dried coiffured yay-hoo on TV pounding the drum for Israel.

Whenever we got hold of one who needed some serious wet work, before we went medieval on his ass Carter would get down on his knees and thank the Lord for delivering this wretched sinner into our hands that we might chastise him with scorpions, which really freaked out the captive tub-thumper. They were disgusting race traitors, vile lickspittle System lackeys who sold their racial birthright for Jacob's mess of pottage. No argument from Volunteer Ryan, folks, and I helped do some of the Holy Joes in, in grand style.

But I was always able to understand clearly the difference between the Christian *faith* itself and the morally denatured people whom the Zionist system propped up as its alleged spokespeople. This was not religion. This was a political ideology and a poisonous one. We had to put a stop to anti-white and pro-Jew preaching without offending those genuine Christians who were potentially supporters of the Party and the independence movement, and without actually coming out against Christianity *per se*.

The NVA found that our best handle on this situation was the physical cowardice of the preachers themselves. Killing them simply made them

martyrs, it made us appear anti-Christian, and the other Judeo-Christian TV preachers found ways to use such deaths to raise more money from their pig-ignorant faithful. But public humiliation and making them look ridiculous was another matter. It turned out that none of them really believed in their *Jeeee-zus* sufficiently to be willing to die for him. We revived the ancient Anglo-Saxon custom of the tar barrel and the feather sack especially for them, as well as other such variations as making the miscreant river dance down the street buck naked with a flower sticking out of his butt. Do you have any idea how hard it is even for the most dyed in the wool tub-thumper to get an image like that out of his mind and take that preacher seriously again?

And like just about everything else we did, it *worked*. We did it a few times and then we found we didn't have to do much of anything again, because when push came to shove these guys simply did not feel sufficiently strongly in their cause to die for it or be made a public figure of fun or risk getting their snouts knocked out of the trough. You might say they saw the light.

* * *

Finally, once we had some degree of control of the small towns and the countryside of Lewis County, the NVA put all the pieces together and worked on our *pièce de la résistance*, the severing of the enemy's west coast lifeline and the gradual cutting off of economic oxygen, vital supplies and materials needed to keep ZOG functioning in the Northwest cities.

We started blowing up bridges on Interstate Five. Likewise our comrades in the eastern part of the Homeland began to demolish overpasses on I-90, I-84, I-15 and the handful of other interstates that connected the Pacific Northwest with the rest of the North American continent. One of the ways in which a small guerrilla force must seize and maintain control of a piece of liberated turf is by controlling access to the area, and by preventing the through movement of enemy goods and personnel. Ambushes against specific ZOG targets were very difficult to set up on an interstate highway. Although it could be done, and where called for it was done, such tickles usually involved running battles at seventy or eighty miles an hour. The risk to the Volunteers and the danger of collateral damage against white civilians was high. For obvious reasons of public relations, we didn't want bullet-riddled flaming

vehicles smashing into busloads of school kiddies on a field trip. Once we started severing the interstates we were able to force traffic off onto the smaller local roads, slow it down, and get it within reach, where we could get a look at it and intercept it at will.

Remember, beginning with the end of World War Two, ZOG systematically destroyed America's railroad system and infrastructure in favor of eighteen-wheeled cargo trucks that guzzled diesel fuel in huge quantities and put utterly obscene profits into the oil companies' pockets, not to mention big bucks in the pockets of those who built and maintained the great interstate highways. By the time of the War of Independence, virtually all cargo and transportation throughout the empire was dependent on the freeway system, countless millions of tons of freight every year without which nothing could function. In the major cities, more often than not you couldn't even get to work in the morning without getting onto a freeway. By hitting the freeway system the NVA had the ability to bring the whole house of cards down at one fell swoop, cutting off the flow of everything from food to gasoline to garden gnomes to any given area we decided we wanted to strangle. By the end of the war we were making mass transit between the metroplexes virtually impossible unless the NVA gave its approval and got its cut. Truck drivers in the Northwest became used to stopping at gunpoint at mobile NVA checkpoints on misty back roads, submitting their vehicles to searches, and having us help ourselves to anything we needed. We always gave receipts, of course, for anything we took, promising to pay after the revolution. A lot of the truckies didn't turn in the receipts but kept them as souvenirs; I've seen more than a few of them hanging frame on the walls of homes and clubs and offices down through the years.

We could also shut down mass transit in the cities themselves at will, by hitting the urban freeways and the light rail commuter systems. This was an incredibly potent form of economic warfare. Our urban crews adopted an old I.R.A. wheeze: on a Monday morning just before rush hour, they'd call in twenty bomb threats against the light rail system in Portland or the I-90 corridor going into Seattle or through Spokane. Each phone threat would carry the correct code word. Of those threats, two or three would be genuine, small bombs on a railway trestle or attach to an underpass. The rest would be bogus, but ZOG

wouldn't know which ones were real and which ones hoaxes, so *everything had to stop* and traffic was backed up for miles while the FATPO and BATF bomb squads checked everything out, and everybody missed a morning of work. You do this once a month in a city the size of Seattle or Portland, the red ink mounts up alarmingly, and those accountants who must eventually make the decision to go or stay get more and more nervous. Not to mention the expense of repairing the overpasses we actually did blow.

There were key bridges that ZOG rebuilt six or seven times and which we blew up again as fast as they could rebuild. The Federals simply did not have enough manpower to guard every single freeway overpass, and those that were guarded we could eventually take out with mortars or Katyusha-style rockets.

I know I've mentioned this before, but if you want to understand why and how the NVA eventually won white freedom, you have to wrap your mind around just how complex and interlocking and fragile the whole infrastructure of that highly mechanized and technological world was. Amurrica was *vulnerable*, terribly vulnerable at a thousand different points to an astoundingly small number of dedicated men and women who simply had a little *guts*. You take out one vital nexus of communications, of transportation, a freeway bridge or a fiber-optic switch or the right computer database, and whole limbs of The Beast collapsed into flabby paralysis. We kicked and kicked and kicked, until eventually the whole rotten wall crumbled and collapsed. Once the white man finally made up his mind to fight, our victory was certain.

I'm just pissed off that it took the bastards five years of stubborn resistance before they finally packed it in.

There were those in the Party leadership who wanted to bring down the whole house of cards immediately and let the chips fall where they may, actually induce an apocalypse no doubt complete with road warriors and total anarchy, and we could have done it. By the second year of the war the Northwest Volunteer Army could have cut off the power, the gasoline, the plumbing, the money and the consumer goods to just about everywhere had we chosen to do so, and we could have caused a kind of mini-Ragnarok in the Northwest. That we did not do so was due to others in the Army Council and

the Political Bureau who preferred what they called a controlled descent, or as Red Morehouse put it, “We shouldn’t burn down the whole barn to get rid of the rats. After all, you know, we’re going to be needing a lot of that infrastructure ourselves to build the Republic later on. We need to show our people something more than mindless destruction.” These moderates, as I guess you could call them, advocated a carefully controlled campaign of gradual strangulation, once again so that we didn’t alienate the white population of the Homeland by causing unnecessary hardship to our own people, and yet causing the limbs of The Beast to wither and die so we could prune them off without the whole social organism bleeding to death.

The reality, as always, ended up somewhere in between. The way it worked out in practice in Lewis County was that beginning in year three, we blew a couple of interstate overpasses just south of Napavine, always in the wee dark hours of the morning and always with plenty of warning flares and impromptu roadblocks to prevent people from driving off shattered bridges in the dark and so minimize civilian casualties. We thus cut off central Washington from access from California and points south, and yet we left the section skirting Centralia and Chehalis intact, so that the locals could use I-5 in getting around their own neighborhood and we didn’t piss people off *too* badly. In actual fact, a lot of folks appreciated the lighter traffic, since I-5 was an old highway, the money for repair and expansion had long ago been pissed away in the Arabian desert, and under normal conditions the interstate was always overloaded to the seams. I should add that other NVA crews all the way down into California had done the same thing in their own operational areas, cutting Interstate 5 into a series of sections. You could still get from L. A.

to Seattle on the interstate, but it took a lot of detours and about twice as long as it used to take.

Lewis County residents were a little more irritated when we blew the changeover at Exit 99, cut the Twin Cities off from Olympia, and made everybody drive the several back routes to get to and from Oly, but there was a military reason for that. What that did was make sure that any enemy troop movements on the ground between the two urban areas by road had to go through densely forested and isolated areas, ideal for ambushes and land

mines of the type we laid on Sammy Rothstein. After a few of their vehicles and occupants got raptured and shot all to hell in mad minutes of Shock and Awe in the wilds of Bucoda and Tenino, FATPO and the State Patrol and the other Zionist forces started moving by chopper alone.

This increased their speed, of course, but actually restricted their access to areas of Lewis County where the choppers could land or into which they could rappel if they wanted to be fancy about it. It reached the point where an almost Vietnam-like situation existed; they'd chopper into an area of Lewis County, do a sweep or whatever they came to do, and then chopper out back up to Oly or Tacoma before dark. We had literally driven them *off the ground*; the night and the street belonged to the NVA.

I believe the official statistic is that at any given time there were maybe five thousand NVA Volunteers on active service in the Northwest and elsewhere, and at the height of the war we were opposed by perhaps half a million FBI, military, FATPO, cops, prison guards, so forth and so on. Yet outnumbered as we were, we were able to shut the empire down. But there were some bumps in the road.

Rooney and I were staying in a safe house, or rather safe apartment, on the fourth floor of an historic Victorian building on Pearl Street in Centralia. We were awakened one morning by a comrade of ours on guard duty whom we knew as Barney. There was a strange rumbling out in the street, like the grinding of some strange machine. "You're going to want to see this, guys" Barney said. "Look out the window. We got problems."

Carefully Rooney and I both peeped out of the Venetian blinds, and we saw what the rumbling was. Pearl Street was a one-way street going north. Heading southward along the street was a long convoy of armored vehicles, trucks, Humvees, armored personnel carriers and Bradley fighting vehicles. They were camouflaged in an odd tiger-stripe pattern which I noticed was different from the standard American military "chocolate chip" cut. In the vehicles, many of them leaning arrogantly on mounted belt-fed M-60

machine guns, were uniformed men and a few women who looked kind of like a cross between soldiers and a SWAT team, camo fatigues but dark black Bakelite body armor and helmets with full opaque visor shields, so you

couldn't see their faces. You had to look at the hands to recognize that this new invading army was at least half non-white. On the sides of the vehicles and on the backs of the body armor of the troops was not the usual white and blue star insignia of the United States military, but the five letters FATPO. Federal Anti-Terrorist Police Organization.

Fattie had arrived.

Not that their arrival was unexpected. The creation of the FATPO was an open secret and there had even been a few media dog and pony shows shot at Fort Bragg, North Carolina where they got their training.

But the Samuel Rothstein hit wherein we had wasted a Supreme Court Justice, the biggest nose we'd taken down yet, drove ZOG almost insane with rage and fear and loathing.

Instead of being phased into the scene the FATPO descended on the Northwest Homeland in a single huge invasion, for maximum effect. Nor were they lax in giving the Rebel County a demonstration of what was in store. As we watched an elderly woman standing on the sidewalk, probably a bit on the gaga side and not recognizing The Beast when she saw it, stepped off the curb and tried to cross the street. An armored car ran her down. Ran her down, crushed her beneath the treads and left her squashed in the street like a bug. None of the Federal vehicles even stopped and several more ran over her before screaming, shouting civilians managed to get into the street and drag what was left of her back onto the sidewalk. It took them several trips.

We switched on the small TV in the apartment and turned it to the local cable news channel. We could see they were all over, rolling into Dundee and Olympia and Shelton and Longview, Astoria in Oregon, Bremerton and Port Orchard in the Seattle suburbs, Bellingham, and out east similar invading columns were lumbering into Coeur d'Alene, Sandpoint, Pullman, Ellensburg, Kennewick, Yakima, Arcata in California, you name it. We turned back to the local channel and saw a live feed of them pulling up outside the Chehalis city hall. By now of course our team was armed and ready to make a fast break, and I was on a disposable cell phone with Tank, as well as six or seven other team leaders around the county. We had to

assume they were listening in and make it quick, then ditch the phones and get the hell out of the area.

There was no time for coded conversation. “We weren’t expecting them for another couple of weeks,” the CO told us with a curse. “I know a daylight move under these circumstances is risky but I want all of you fine evildoers out of these towns and into open country. We don’t know but what we’ve all been ratted out or tagged with some kind of bug or global positioning indicator and I don’t want us trapped indoors where we can’t bring our longarms to bear. But more importantly, we mustn’t lose the psychological initiative.

Remember, this is the Rebel County we’re talking about here and we need to give our unwelcome guests a warm welcome, immediately. We have to steal their thunder. Is there *anyone* out there who is in a position to make a quick hit and then beat feet? Without committing suicide?”

“We can give it a shot,” said China Wingfield’s voice on the disposable cell. “Brother S. has been cooking up some hot soup that can burn their lips.”

“Are you sure, C.?” asked Tank cautiously. “I mean it. The gear is expendable. You guys aren’t. Splattering some egg on these assholes’ faces is important, but you getting out of there in one piece is more important.”

“We’ve got it covered, boss,” I heard China say. “We have a good quick E & E route still open, and we’re willing to chance it. This is the first we’ve seen of these bastards and I don’t like them already. I wanna see

‘em sizzle.” I didn’t know where China and her team were, but as it turned out they were situated similar to us, in an upstairs apartment in the St. Helens Hotel on Main Street in Chehalis, about half a block from the city hall and with all kinds of Fatties now milling around in the street below. She and Sleepy Sam and The Bear and a couple of our technoid kids were in E Company’s bomb factory.

As an interesting aside on how ZOG propaganda worked, after the day’s excitement the networks and Fox News and whatnot ranted and raved and screamed that we had set up our explosives workshop in an apartment hotel

full of low-income, white senior citizens, and this showed how little regard we allegedly had for the welfare of our own people. Well, that was partly true. The St. Helens had indeed been apartments for the elderly at one stage, but about a year before all this happened the building had been bought by a consortium of investors from Israel who were looking for ways to get their money out of the rapidly deteriorating Middle East bandit state, and who had decided that the picturesque old St. Helens would make ideal condos for wealthy refugees from Tel Aviv once the old *goyim* were removed and the place renovated. The Jews had finally managed to evict the last of the old people only a few weeks before.

One of the old guys managed to pass on the keys to his flat to an NVA contact before the deputies dragged him away to the fogey farm, and we had slipped in and sheltered there for a few days while Sleepy Sam and the kids did the old double, double, toil and trouble trick using the bathtub as a cauldron.

“Do it and move it,” said Thompson.

“Give us a couple of minutes and keep watching Channel 7 for the fireworks,” responded China. “Charlie Team out.”

“Everybody out and make sure you deep-six these phones before they can be tracked,” said Thompson.

“Everybody to your team lead’s E & E point, and I’ll set up a table in the next couple of days. Sunray out.”

“Well I’ll be damned!” said Rooney softly, watching the TV. She pointed to the scene in front of Chehalis city hall. The local station was running what appeared to be a live, nationwide hookup via one of the networks. A muscular black man wearing sunglasses, a visored camo cap labeled FATPO and the insignia of a colonel was standing in front of the city hall, striking a pose for the media and shouting the odds. He looked lean and mean and super-dudely with his holstered 9-mil and bulging biceps. Behind him on one side, looking fierce and *trés* paramilitary chic, was a well-stacked, light-skinned, black-haired woman, most likely Hispanic, leaning an M-16 on her hip, with a couple of grenades hanging on what I swear was a deliberately

low-cut flak jacket, if you can believe such a thing, that actually managed to accentuate a luscious rack and show a little cleavage. She was wearing a black beret and sunglasses as well. Definitely, this was a posed diversity cheesecake shot set up with the media's connivance. Join the Fatties and meet the bad babes in the berets. On the other side and to the rear of the babbling monkoid was a gigantic, hulking figure we all knew and loathed, dressed in the height of Fattie fashion. No sunglasses concealing his lifeless, piggy eyes, but a fatigue cap mercifully covered the point on his pear-shaped head. "That's Leon Sorels!" said Rooney, pointing.

"Wearing a lieutenant's bars, yet! Dummy-Dummy is moving up in the world!"

"Journeys end in lovers meeting," I chuckled grimly. "China said to keep on watching Channel Seven, so they must be somewhere near there."

"Christ, I hope she doesn't get herself killed," sighed Rooney.

"Uh, Shane, didn't you say the CO said we should hit the bounce?" asked Barney diplomatically.

"Yeah, he did," I replied. "You guys take the Nissan and beat feat. We can be in Chehalis in five minutes, and so Rooney and I are going to hang here for a while, and if it breaks bad and it looks like they need help we'll try and bop our way in with the Jimmy and extract Chine and her team. I know that's non-reg, guys, but this is a family thing."

"Then we all go," said Johnny Pill, who was also there with Mary. "We're all family, Shane." I didn't even bother to say thanks, since I had known what their answer would be. On the television the bottom floor frontage of the St. Helens Hotel could be seen quite clearly in the background, with a big open truck of seated FATPO gunmen pulled up on the street beside the side entrance, one of them pointing the mounted machine gun menacingly off at some unseen target off camera. The black FATPO colonel was laying the moo on thick.

"The people of America have had enough!" he shouted, waving his fist in the air as he raved like a pro wrestler before a bout. That must have been where

they got their choreography for this gig. “The President of the United States and the Attorney General have had enough. *I* have had enough, and Sergeant Lola and Lieutenant Leon here done had enough, and that means this racist, fascist white supremacy *bullshit* is gonna come to a fucking *screeching* halt, and I mean *now*, motherfuckers! Racist terrorism in Lewis County, Washington is now *over*, baby! You hear me, you white racist sons of bitches! Dis homeboy gonna cut yo’ gizzard out and *eat it!* Oh, yeah!” I swear to God the chimp was doing everything except beating his chest. It looks utterly silly today, but in those days people thought that kind of thing was impressive. It was all about entertainment, and this was entertainment. The monkoid was practically screaming now.

“You pale-ass Northwest lame cracker pieces of shit are *done!*”

That was when the truckload of Fatties in the background exploded into a fireball, leaped into the air, and the force of the blast knocked everybody to the ground including the TV camera crew. What Sleepy had done was whipped up a quick batch of nitroglycerin in a crock pot, which he then decanted into a plastic one-gallon milk jug, which he then corked with a stick of dynamite with a cut down fuse. China had then calmly lit the fuse, waited for it to burn down cool as a cucumber, leaned out a window and let the jug fall right onto the transport truck below. Then she and her team E & E’d out a window and over the roof down through a skylight into a menswear store and out the back, down to the railroad yard and into their vehicles. The camera on the ground kept on rolling at an odd angle, and the viewers heard screams of agony and foul language. They saw bits and pieces of burning debris and charred human flesh and body parts raining down onto the grass and the sidewalk, culminating about four seconds later when a clearly visible, smoking human head landed about three feet from the lens and stared into the homes of however many million viewers were watching. God was our special effects man that day, and that footage was shown all over the world and won the network a Pulitzer, not to mention the highest ratings of the year.

The Valiant

Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

-Julius Caesar, Act II, Scene 2

Things in our part of the Homeland got nasty. We had embarrassed Uncle Slime, and that was never a good idea. The FATPO reacted immediately to the bombing outside the city hall. That night they conducted a series of raids in the pre-dawn hours all across Lewis County, and their intelligence was unsettlingly good. I suspect we had Sorels to thank for that. Most of the people they hit had in the past been at least peripherally involved with the Party, and a couple of places had served as NVA safe houses.

Volunteers Roger Larsen, Gerry Jankowski and Kevin Atwater were caught in a trailer in Dundee and killed in a firefight. Kevin especially was a good kid and a good comrade, a Dundee High School and Chowder Society alumnus like Rooney and China and me. Also that night, the Feds came as close as they ever came to catching Tank Thompson. Tank and his wife Pam, and four of our other comrades were in a motel, which was usually not recommended because motels were easily surrounded deathtraps. But this one was run by a Party sympathizer named Craig Dennis who had taken it over from the Patels who had run it previously, said Patels having been persuaded to vacate with a few shotgun slugs through their windows and light tap or two on the turban with pick handles of the finest seasoned hickory. Dennis had set up special suites of rooms for our people, with an alarm rigged.

Rooney and I always liked to stay there because the beds were nice and soft and yet firm with good clean sheets, and by that I mean that we liked to *sleep* there as opposed to sleeping sitting up in a car or on some forty year-old sofa in somebody's basement. The Fatties walked in and simply shot Dennis dead behind the motel desk, but he managed to hit the alarm button as his dying act. Tank and his crew made it to their vehicles in time and burst through the

cordon with guns blazing, killing one Fattie trooper, so Craig's act of heroism didn't go unavenged. All told that was a lively day in Lewis County.

FATPO built themselves huge barracks and facilities out by the Centralia steam power plant, and another one just outside Dundee, both surrounded by heavy concrete Bremer walls and razor wire, covered by armored pillboxes with machine gun muzzles pointing menacingly through the slits in the turrets, and a helicopter pad complete with a small fleet of choppers. And the cells and the interrogation rooms, of course, with the tiled floors and drains and hoses for washing away the blood. From these base camps they periodically roared out in their copters, their Bradleys, and their Bremerized Humvees, and they conducted mass sweeps through all the communities in Lewis County. FATPO goons rounded up hundreds of people of all ages and both sexes, some of whom had some association with the Party, most of whom did not. It was enough simply to be denounced as politically suspect to be snatched off the street or out of one's home at four in the morning, dragged into one of the FATPO barracks, and subjected to brutal interrogation, some of it so ferocious that the prisoners died under the abuse. That was what happened to Leah Wingfield, Adam's wife, when Goldberg got hold of her.

FATPO set up yet another one of those 1-800-U-SQUEAL informer hotlines that so proliferated in those days, promising full anonymity in exchange for information on us evildoers. Needless to say, that phone line brought out every rat and snitch, every crank and psycho, every petty malicious creep in the county to denounce his neighbors, his co-workers, his boss, former spouses and lovers, anybody at all as Jerry Rebs.

At first the Zionist terror struck like a thunderbolt across the county as the roundups sucked in so many people that every aspect of life was disrupted, but we were able to alleviate that situation somewhat by making use of the same hotline. We called in to denounce people we knew to be loyal to the D. C. regime, our illustrious mayor and the pro-American local government and business élite among them. We actually got the idiots to round up the entire Chamber of Commerce. After a few weeks, Fattie figured out that the hotline was virtually useless as an instrument of serious repression against the NVA, and that it was just generating a lot of time-consuming and unproductive

work for them, and so they refined it into a system of high cash rewards for informers even on top of the usual Attorney General's DT bounties, but payable only on genuine results. That was when it *really* got nasty. Remember what I told you about Amurrica being a completely money-driven society? By then we had pretty much weeded out any NVA people who had character weaknesses of such a nature that they might have led to their becoming informers, or rather I should say that the struggle mostly weeded the weak brothers and sisters out for us, but that didn't mean that there weren't some eagle-eyed chancers in the communities we moved in who were willing to take a bit of risk to get at some big bucks and then get the hell out before we could figure out who ratted. Nor can I deny that we lost some good people to informers; WPB was still tracking some of those rats down in the United States and Aztlan twenty years later.

After about two months of sweeps had produced only a handful of genuine NVA or Party prisoners and had not resulted in any visible reduction in the number of sniping attacks, bombings, and burnings, FATPO ratcheted up the terror a notch and the home demolitions began. The homes and families of anyone who was known to have ever had any affiliation with the Party or who had ever been in trouble for racism of any kind were destroyed, leveled by bulldozers, a trick the government picked up from Israel. (It didn't work there, either.) Most of those people were either with us on the bounce, already in Federal custody, or else they'd fled the state, but from then on their relatives and friends were liable to punishment for guilt by association. The Fatties would crash through the door of a white family's house in the pre-dawn hours, drag the inhabitants away or else just kick them out onto the street in their pajamas or underwear or whatever they slept in, and then when the sun came up and the whole neighborhood could watch they'd rev up the bulldozers and flatten somebody's home into the ground, running over the site again and again with the bulldozers to make sure all the family's possessions were destroyed completely. Then they'd snatch any white children they caught for It Takes A Village to sell. Towards the end of the war, targeted families and whole neighborhoods deemed to be insufficiently co-operative were rounded up, thrown into barred prison buses, and deported to "relocation centers" in the Nevada desert.

Thousands of completely uninvolved and innocent Northwest people died in

those tents and corrugated iron shacks in the 115-degree heat and the sub-zero nights in winter, of disease and malnutrition, and torture and physical abuse, especially children and the elderly. Gang rape of female and sometimes male detainees by the largely non-white guards was routine and a whole crop of mulatto and mestizo babies came into the world there. After the war, women who bore such babies became the only people in the Republic specifically exempted from indictment and trial under the several race treason laws.

FATPO was of course immune from all normal legality under the terms of the Patriot Act and the Presidential Executive Order that created them, so long as they acted in “good faith,” which meant whatever the hell the government wanted it to mean. They went wherever they wanted to go, arrested whoever they wanted to arrest with no right of habeas corpus and no legal recourse, tortured and murdered whoever they felt like torturing and murdering, stole money or cars or booze or family heirlooms or whatever else they wanted to steal, and raped whoever they wanted to rape. Sometimes Fatties would simply cruise through a white working class neighborhood at night and fire at random through the windows. The few times the local police tried to intervene to stop individual assaults or criminal acts by FATPO they were beaten and humiliated and sometimes murdered. That jive-ass nigger FATPO commander who’d had his sound byte so rudely interrupted by China’s jug solo once staged a raid on the Lewis County jail in Chehalis to rescue by force some of his men who had been locked up for drunk and disorderly. Between them and us, a policeman’s life was definitely not a happy one, and more of them resigned. Not all of them, unfortunately.

The NVA struck back, of course. We fired at every Fattie we saw on the streets, and they learned in very short order not to show their faces outside their fortified compounds except in force. Or I should say not to show their face shields; FATPO’s trademark was the dark, opaque visor on the helmet so that other than a few officers and people like Sorels who were already known, we actually seldom saw a FATPO’s face at all. We laid ambushes for their convoys with Baghdad bangers and daisy chains of shrapnel bombs, home-made landmines and RPG fire and many’s the Mad Minute. When we were able to acquire some heavier weapons we hit their bases with mortars and rockets. We were able to do a few creative tickles like poisoning the

champagne at one of their booze-ups at the Dundee barracks; unfortunately, Sorels didn't drink and so he wasn't one of the three who croaked.

But the fact was that there were just too many of them and too few of us to force them out completely.

Like the Arabs of the Middle East, we couldn't win in a stand-up, straight-out pitched battle and we knew that to attempt it would be suicide. So we hung on their flanks and nipped at their heels like wolves nipping at elk or buffalo or cattle in a herd, waiting for The Beast to lose enough blood through all those little nips to slow down and then collapse.

FATPO was almost impossible to put a dent in, but they were slow and after they alienated just about everyone in Lewis County they didn't get all that much in the way of valuable intelligence from informers despite all the rewards. They just lashed out in all directions like the dying throes of some kind of monstrous hydra. After the first few months we had various systems set up to monitor their movements, including in some cases our own global positioning indicators and other tracking devices we were able to plant on their vehicles. We also had a bit of luck when a young woman whom they hired as a civilian KP

and kitchen worker in the Dundee compound's mess hall stayed to party one night, everybody got rip-roaring drunk, and she ended up pulling the train. I won't give her name, because although she's long gone she still has kids and grandkids around town. Through sheer coincidental good luck, Rooney and I found the girl crying and suicidal down on the waterfront the next morning. We took her to Ma and China, and after one of the most intense sessions of persuasion and calling down the spirit I ever witnessed, the Volunteer gals were able to flip her. She went right back to work and pretended she didn't mind the gang-bang, that it was all just bibulous good fun and it was her patriotic duty to entertain the troops, and she eventually worked her way up to clerical duties in the office and then despatcher.

Eventually she was in the position to let the NVA know every time one of those apes farted, every move they made and every informer they were cultivating. And the Fatties *never figured this out*. They must have known after a while that we had somebody close, but it just never seems to have

occurred to those morons that a white girl might object to their little forced multi-cultural encounters. You wonder what was wrong with their minds. The colossal arrogance of the United States had to be seen to be believed.

Rather than beat our heads against a brick wall and allow ourselves to be distracted into frontal assaults against a heavily armed and numerically superior enemy, the NVA kept our eyes on the prize, stuck to our basic strategy, and concentrated on mostly *avoiding* the auxiliaries while we kept up the pressure on the soft targets that were our real order of business, the lawyers and false preachers and tax collectors and media people who kept up the facade of American hegemony. Slowly but surely we scraped away the guts of United States authority. I honestly believe I can say that despite the presence of several thousand heavily armed gun thugs among us, we did effectively put an end to Federal rule in Lewis County, because outside the concertina wire and Bremer walls of the encampments, by year four it was our law that ran among the people and not Uncle Slime's. Not a penny in taxes was being paid to the government in Washington D. C. from our part of the Homeland. Not a single red, white and blue flag remained to be seen anywhere on the streets of Dundee or Centralia or Chehalis or Napavine or Tenino, although with Fattie Humvees rumbling through the streets it was still too dangerous for those who sympathized with the NVA to run up Tricolors. We still did flag actions by night, though, and those residents of Lewis County who wanted to see the banner of their new Republic usually didn't have to look far on most mornings when they got up. No United States or Washington state court sat in session anywhere in Lewis County and the few remaining attorneys were keeping a very low profile. The local police who remained had quietly removed the Amurrican flags from their uniform shoulders; sometimes you could look at a cop's shirt and see the empty square where the flag patch had been. There was not a black, brown, or yellow face to be seen other than those we knew to be behind the murderous FATPO face shields. Red Morehouse had set up a Party-run Community Council which served as an underground court and local government, dealing with everything from traffic offenses to economic and employment issues to keeping the sewers working and the streets in repair, and the directives of that council were more often than not being obeyed over the orders of the American authorities barricaded behind Bremer walls in the town halls. The FATPOS stormed through Centralia and Dundee and blundered around in the

countryside by day, but by then we had set up what amounted to a community early warning and reaction system to get people out of their way and lure them into NVA ambushes. The night belonged to our guerrillas.

We had reached a kind of equipoise. It became obvious that while we weren't strong enough to drive ZOG

out by pure force, neither was ZOG strong enough to destroy the NVA by force. I remember hearing Red sigh once, "Jesus! This could go on for years, decades, like it did in Northern Ireland! I really wish whoever is in charge of accounting out there in D. C. would wake up and notice all the red ink and get to talking some surrender sense into that bird-brained bimbo in the White House." But for Rooney and I, there was an increasingly confident feeling that we were winning, and we began to look forward cautiously to some kind of future together after it was all over.

Then it all came crashing down.

* * *

One day in early spring seven of us were in a safe house in Napavine. South Sound Brigade had lately acquired a number of laptop computers with wireless internet connections, and we had a series of techniques by which we could use these to communicate between our crews with a reasonable degree of security. Nothing as straightforward as e-mail or chat rooms; the Feds had been monitoring those for subversive content since September 11th, 2001 and had never even bothered to conceal the fact. We had covert e-mail addresses and codes for when we absolutely had to talk to each other that way, of course, but it was still pretty risky. It was simpler to set up a connection through various proxy servers and firewalls and whatnot that our computer people had created, and then converse in code on public bulletin boards and things like Usenet groups. The main use of the internet in those days was to transmit and receive pornography. It was estimated that at least 90% of all net traffic involved sex in some way. There were over 200,000 porno Usenet groups alone, and we utilized several of them as our own private NVA bulletin boards because they were the most secure. The sheer volume of traffic from a world of perverts made it far more difficult for ZOG's packet-sniffing software and other spyware to intercept, break down, and analyze for

suspicious patterns. I won't get into what our codes were because not only are they totally beyond the bounds of any acceptable utterance today, but they refer to perversions that the majority of people in the Republic don't even know exist, which is how it should be, and there's no need to remind anyone. But they were sufficiently complex so that we could carry out an almost normal discussion on any topic right under ZOG's nose.

That day we got a request for a support run from Company D, Bob Corrigan in Olympia, relayed to us through Tank Thompson. The Delta boys had hit an apartment on Ruddell Road in Lacey the night before, where a couple of FBI counter-terrorism intelligence officers had been developing a woman as an informer, a drug addict who was willing enough to rat on her fellow dopers, but the Feebs were trying to get her close to Corrigan's crew through her brother, whom they knew to be a Volunteer. She had drawn the line at betraying her own family and flipped, got in touch with the brother, betrayed her handlers, and set them up for the chop. In the process of taking care of the problem, one of Corrigan's Volunteers had been shot, and our own medic Bones had been sent up to take care of him. The wounded Volunteer was okay thanks to Bones' skill, and was on his way to one of our unofficial field hospitals just across the border into British Columbia, but Brigade wanted Bones to stick around in Olympia for a while because of anticipated actions there and in Tacoma and the near certainty he would be needed. Corrigan's crew was now dangerously low on medical supplies, and Bones needed to carry a full kit for his next casualty or casualties. He needed gauze bandages, paper tape, syringes, morphine, surgical thread, alcohol, sterile surgical gloves, antibiotics, surgical antiseptic, and some more units of plasma and whole blood of all types. Tank wanted us to take him up a load of supplies from one of our caches and also do a taxi. He assigned Rooney and me, Tom Burnham, Mack the Knife, and a foreign volunteer of the kind we were getting more and more from overseas, a Scots kid newly arrived from Glasgow called Ronnie, who had showed himself to be a cool and reliable hand thus far.

I was considered the senior man, although to be frank I never figured I rated it and I never would take any official rank. I always worked out the logistics of all our tickles with Carter or Red or Tank, who were both smarter than I was, and with Rooney as well who was *damned* sure smarter than I was. This

one didn't seem to call for any special planning, though. It was all straightforward. We were to take our usual two vehicles, in this case a Volvo and a Range Rover, pick up the medical stuff from the stash, and then we were to go into Chehalis and pick up a sixth Volunteer named Rock whom we were to transport to Olympia and drop off where he told us, before proceeding to make contact with Corrigan, deliver our supplies, and then ease our bodies on back to Napavine. There was nothing unusual about that. Taxi jobs were almost as common as supply runs; I can't count the times that I picked up somebody on a street corner somewhere and drove them to another street corner ten miles or four hundred miles away, never got or gave a name, and never saw them again. On this run I would be carrying an Uzi with a magazine pouch, and of course Henry the Fifth, my prized Webley revolver. Rooney had her Beretta in that sexy shoulder holster, Tom had a sawed-off shotgun, while Ronnie had a MAC-10 submachine gun and Mack the Knife had a fine old broom, plus we had a grenade or two all around.

We were lightly armed because we were not going out to seek trouble, and if we ran into any on runs like these we always escaped and evaded out of it if we could, rather than engage. We usually could. The Northwest is a big place, like I said, especially in the dark.

When he gave us the assignment Tank told us there would be a Fattie roadblock out in Chehalis that night and he told us where it would be so we could avoid it, which we did. We left at sundown, Tom and me and Rooney in the Volvo, Mack and Ronnie in the Rover. We made it to the stash, the farmhouse of a friend of Smackwater Jack we called Arthur, who had all kinds of stuff in his attic and his basement. We got what we needed and loaded our vehicles with the supplies, and since we were a bit ahead of schedule I batted the breeze with Arthur a bit while his wife filled our thermoses with good strong Northwest coffee and loaded us up with sandwiches. Then we headed into Chehalis, sliding in via a series of back streets, our windows open in the cool but not cold night so we could hear as well as see. Tom was driving and Rooney and I were in the back seat, her on the left behind Tom and me on the right. A light rain started misting down as we slid onto Kresky Avenue and then turned left into a small strip mall where we were to collect Rock outside a twenty-four hour pharmacy, one of the few that hadn't been wiped out of business by the big chains. I had met Rock a

couple of times before, since whatever he did for the NVA required periodic visits to Lewis County. I knew him by sight, a guy about my age, a little heavier, auburn hair, fuzzy attempt at a beard. He was supposed to meet us out front of the drug store, wearing a red baseball cap on his head, it didn't matter what kind, so long as it was on backwards in the height of hip-hop fashion. We took our first swing by, Mac and Ronnie ahead of us in the SUV, and sure enough, there was Rock, standing in front of the well-lit pharmacy, hands in the pockets of his jeans and looking like your everyday Beavis or Butthead, red baseball cap on his head. On his head firmly straight and even, the bill forward.

"Look at the hat," said Rooney calmly.

"I see it," I said. "Tom, he's in trouble but he's alive and we have to try and extract him. Pull over, let us out, and we'll get him to the corner there where you can pick us up."

"Too late," said Burnham. A black unmarked car slid out of the parked vehicles in front of the Rover. Mack the Knife floored his accelerator and smashed into it. Masked and body-armored figures appeared out of nowhere. Ronnie the Scottie leaned out the passenger side of the Rover and cut loose at them with the MAC-10 submachine gun. I looked over in time to see Rock crumple to the sidewalk as a FATPO stepped from the shadows and shot him through the head with an M-16.

"*Hit it!*" I yelled to Tom, and the Volvo roared out of the parking lot, Rooney and I scattering a couple of grenades hither, thither and yon out the windows as a parting gift. I saw the lights of the Rover disappearing around one of the buildings, so at least they made it out of the ambush. As per usual, Fattie was a day late and a dollar short. We were now roaring back into Chehalis down Gold Street. I looked up and saw lights. "Tom, we got a chopper up above." Burnham didn't even reply; he simply cut his lights and made the first right he could.

For the next ten minutes we twisted and turned through the residential areas of Chehalis with no lights.

Fortunately for us, it had been years since the city had been able to afford to

turn on the street lights anywhere off the main drags, and so it was dark except for what light came from the houses of the locals.

Tom took a left turn too wide and smashed into a parked car beside somebody's house. The door opened and a man came out waving a baseball bat, yelling, "*Hey, you? What the fuck? Look at my car! Now, I don't even believe you think you're going to drive away, motherfucker!*" He lumbered towards us waving the bat. As Tom backed up the Volvo I stepped out of the car, leveled the Uzi at a high angle with one hand and peppered the guy's roof with a short burst.

"*Northwest Volunteer Army!*" I roared. He stopped like he'd run into a wall and in the glow of his porch light I saw the guy's face go slack with terror.

His wife was standing in the doorway. "*No!*" she shrieked dismally. "*Don't! In God's name, please don't!*"

We're not Americans! We're one of you! We hate America! Please, please, for the love of God, mister, don't do it!"

I laughed genially, "Ma'am, next time you want to pretend to be one of us, the proper form of address is comrade, not mister," I called out. I reached in my pocket and pulled out a handful of bills, I guess maybe four or five hundred bucks. I leaned over and stuck it in the guy's shirt pocket as he let the bat fall nervelessly from his hand. "That's for your car. Some Fatties are behind us. If they ask you any questions, you tell them it was just a Rasta man who be smoking de herb, mon!" Yes, I know, that was complete gibberish, but the adrenalin was pumping pretty hot and you don't make much sense at such moments. I never did, anyway.

"Uh, yeah, sure," babbled the guy, and then I was back in the Volvo and we were off, all three of us laughing like demented loons at my stupid joke. Terror and adrenalin makes you laugh a lot, sometimes.

Some of our getaways from tickles were downright hilarious.

"Rasta man! Rasta man!" yelled Rooney, leaning over and giving me a kiss and a hug. Tom pulled out onto Main Street. Off ahead off to the left, up a

small side street, I saw a Chehalis police cruiser pulled into a convenience store parking lot at an angle. The light was very poor but we could be seen coming as we passed under the streetlights, and I saw two shadowy figures running out of the store and crouching behind the unit. They must have gotten a call on us and had decided that for tonight anyway live and let live didn't apply. I saw the shadows draw their guns and hunker down behind the squad car as if to fire.

Tom hit an intersection, the light was red, and he at least had to slow down to make sure he didn't slam into anyone going through it. I opened the right rear door slightly, stood out and up bracing myself with my left hand inside and balancing the Uzi against the Volvo's roof with my right hand, and I fired several short bursts at the two cops as we drove past. The distance was maybe seventy yards and a little uphill, but I'd gotten pretty good at shooting while in motion. I saw the sparks of my round strikes on their car and I heard the little cracks and saw the little muzzle flashes as they popped their Glocks at us, maybe eight or ten rounds, a couple of which ricocheted behind me. I jumped back down into the seat, slammed the door, and Tom roared on past them and hung another right.

I looked over to my left to say something to Rooney, and in the glow from a passing street light I could see a bullet's spider-hole in the left rear window where the round had hit. Rooney was sitting there with her hands at her side and her head resting on the back of the seat, her face turned towards me, and she was grinning at me, grinning like a maniac, her lips pulled back from her teeth in a rictus, her eyes flat and still. She wasn't moving, and I knew at once without any doubt that she was dead. The front of her jacket and blouse was dark and bubbling with blood; the bullet had actually hit her just under her left jaw and snapped her neck and severed her carotid artery. There was blood all over the inside of the car and blood on my own clothes. She must have died instantly, without even so much as a second to even think a last goodbye to me.

I don't remember much after that. I didn't go to pieces, apparently, which was good. Tom told me once, much later, that I talked to her dead body all the way out to his E & E post, which was a disused beach cottage at North Cove. He didn't get into any specifics about what I said, and I never asked. I

do remember sitting on the porch of the cottage and watching the sun come up in the east behind me, and remembering how Rooney and I had done the same thing on the morning after our prom night, when she had worn my corsage on her denim jacket and we had spent the night leafleting and spray-painting for the Party.

There are some kinds of suffering that are simply impossible for the human tongue to convey. I won't even try. I'll recount later on how I was tortured in prison by the FBI, and it's a pretty gross story, but I will tell you this. I would rather go through another dozen sessions in Bruce Goldberg's electric chair than to have to relive that one morning when I sat there and watched the Pacific turn from dark to wine-colored to blue-green, and the sand turn white, and heard the birds sing, seeing that denim jacket and that corsage and her hair in the dawn breeze. Hearing her voice from that other dawn years before in my mind, saying

"It will be even more beautiful when we're free." Knowing that this was the first morning of all my mornings to come, that I would spend without her. Whatever punishment I ever had coming to me for all the truly bad things I did during that war, God laid them on me then, and as far as I am concerned my debt is paid in full. God played an unspeakable practical joke on me. He gave us all the Republic and the freedom for our race that Rooney and I fought for, but he denied me Rooney for all these seventy-odd years. Me and God have a bone to pick. I'm going to croak fairly soon, and then me and God are going to have a quiet word of prayer, and He ain't gonna like what He hears.

Tom made the necessary calls, and by noon as many of the family and the crew as he could get hold of had arrived at the beach house, Carter and China and John Bell, and Red Morehouse, as well as George Douglas and a couple of others who had sat with her in the Chowder Society back in the old barn classroom days. Ma was down in Portland and John Hunt out in the field somewhere with his Column, which was good in one way because of them all, I don't think I could have faced Ma. Carter came up to me on the porch. I looked at him. I still hadn't been able to cry for Rooney. Come to think of it, I don't think I ever did. There was never a time or place for tears.

"I killed her," I told her father simply, looking at him calm and clear and

most likely quite insane. “You gave her to me, and I threw her away.” It was a stupid statement on the face of it, since it had been a straight shooting situation and Rooney had just been unlucky enough to catch one, but you should understand that I was conscious of no untruth when I said it. I *believed* that I had killed her. She had been where she was and she’d been doing what she’d been doing because of me. In that sense I was responsible and the guilt was just as terrible as if my wife had died because of some specific act of negligence or betrayal of mine. That feeling is still there, way in the back somewhere, even after all these years. I suppose you never really get rid of it.

Carter sat down and looked back at me. “That is horse shit, and don’t you ever let me hear you say anything like that again, or I’ll break your jaw,” he said to me. “My child’s death was fore-ordained on the day four centuries ago when those morons at Jamestown traded two perfectly good barrels of sipping whiskey to some Dutchmen in exchange for twenty niggers. Bad deeds have consequences, and especially vile and evil deeds have especially vile and evil consequences, and sometimes they even go beyond the seventh generation the Bible commands that the sins of the fathers must be atoned for. Generation after generation of our people lived out their lives as disgusting cowards who left this job to be done and this bill to be paid by us, may they burn in hell. You and me just paid another jot on that divine tab that we never run up, and we’re gone pay more before it’s done, but *somebody has to pay that tab!* God will not be mocked. He will not be cheated of his due. He will no longer give the white race a free lunch. The reckoning for our weakness and our sloth and our cowardice as a race will be paid, and all the damnable, heart-wrenching, soul-destroying interest that goes with it. Because until the scales are balanced nothing good can ever come again in the world.”

There was a protocol for burying Volunteers who were killed in action, and whose bodies weren’t taken by the enemy. Wherever possible the remains were given to the surviving family if that family were above ground themselves, in both the physical and the political sense, so that our dead could receive a public interment, a Tricolor on the coffin, and if possible a firing party with black sweaters and ski-masks.

Rooney and I had both donned the balaclava and participated in several such

firing parties for the benefit of the news media. In this case there were no open and above-ground relatives and so we would have to bury my wife ourselves, in secret, lest ZOG seize her body and cremate her and flush the ashes down the toilet like FATPO liked to do and later boast of, or bury her in some unknown, unmarked pauper's grave beside winos and niggers. In such cases, our people were always buried with a Tricolor of some kind, even if it was only one of the pre-10/22 ornaments, and also with a paper signed by the ranking officer giving the name of the slain Volunteer and a brief description of his or her service and the circumstances in which they had died in action. We also buried them wrapped in plastic sheeting so that there would hopefully be something left in that far off time when we could come back for our loved and honored dead, and love them and honor them before all the world with no more running and hiding. In this case all we were able to find for her shroud were heavy-duty black plastic garbage bags, several of which we pulled over her legs and her head. Someone, Carter or China maybe, had smoothed her features out so that she no longer wore that horrible grin, and closed her eyes. I watched her now peaceful face disappear beneath the black plastic, never more to see her in this world.

Before we bound her tight with cord, China stepped forward, bent down, shifted the bags and put the battered and tattered, faded green stuffed alligator Chompus in with her sister. "He was Rooney's before he was mine," she explained. "We used to fight over him. He is hers now, forever." It seemed right that she should have something with her from South Carolina.

So we buried my love in her garbage bags beneath a solitary pine on a hilltop high over Chehalis. After she was covered and the branches and leaves laid over her to conceal her from the monsters of ZOG who would seek to desecrate her resting place, Noble Gill opened the Book and spoke the words of the Forty-Sixth Psalm we had heard together, hand in hand, on the night of October 22nd.

"He breaketh the bow...He snappeth the spear in sunder...I shall be exalted among the heathen, I shall be exalted in the earth. For the Lord of Hosts is with me..."

Shadows. Just shadows.

How could shadows take my love away from me?

* * *

Some years later I went through a kind of nostalgia phase, I guess you'd call it. People in the Northwest Republic were just starting to get interested and get into serious historical research about the revolutionary period, now that enough years had gone by to give it a little distance and make it history, and I was able to get hold of one of the Party's chroniclers who helped me track down in some archive or other the actual police logbooks and reports and documentation of that night. Long story short, I ended up knowing who those Chehalis police were who had heard the Fattie radio call, and who on that one night of all nights had decided not to ignore it when they saw us coming down the street. One afternoon I found myself sitting in my study reading their meager report of shots fired in the dim and rainy night. The shadows at long last had names.

There were two of them. Not FATPOs, just ordinary cops. Their names don't matter now, since they're both long dead. There was only one bullet, so just one of them is guilty and deserves to have his name erased from human memory, and the other is innocent and should not be falsely accused. The older man of the two was a problem cop who had a number of disciplinaries in his jacket for excessive force, drinking on duty, and so forth. He had gone to rehab for a couple of months for alcoholism, at taxpayer's expense, of course. About four months after Rooney was killed he was placed on suspension for boozing for the umpteenth time, and while he was off duty on this enforced vacation he was racing his dirt bike through the woods and he managed to drive himself over a cliff and break his neck. His autopsy showed his blood alcohol level to be 1.2. Was he drunk that night beneath the street lights? His track record shows he might have been. Did my darling die at the hands of a drunk who just happened to hit a one in a hundred lucky shot? Did that goddamned liquor bottle manage to inflict one more blow of agony on me even after Mom and Dad were through with me? Do the gods have that kind of cruel sense of humor?

The younger cop stayed with the force for the entire war. After Longview he and his family must have been worried, because they fled the country and settled in Arizona, of all the hellish places. After ten years down there in

Aztlan amongst the cholos they had applied to come back to Washington, surprise, surprise.

As part of the process of his Homecoming, the former cop had to make a full admission by affidavit to the Bureau of Race and Resettlement and appear in person for a hearing before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, detailing his American military service and stating whether or not he had been involved in any activity the Party considered criminal, i.e. torture of prisoners, liaison with FATPO units, recruiting and suborning informers, participation in FBI raids or activities, etc. The cop listed a few minor acts of cooperation with the FBI. That call on a rainy spring night in Chehalis wasn't on the list. Why should it have been? He didn't even know what he had done. He and his family were allowed to Come Home and he got a job in a furniture factory where he was still working at the time I acquired all this information. Although I didn't recognize the name, it is entirely possible that I had seen this guy on the street in Chehalis or Centralia or Dundee, both before and after Rooney's death. But was it him or his boozehound partner who had fired the bullet that killed my wife? Looking over their two brief incident reports in the archives, I understood that neither of them realized they had hit anyone at all. Like me, in the darkness they had seen only flickering shadows in the oncoming Volvo on the rainy street, and the popping muzzle flash of my Uzi, and they had popped a few rounds in the direction of an enemy who was shooting at them.

For them it was a minor occurrence. There was a lot of shooting in those days. They had survived it, written up their reports and gone home thankful, one to his wife and one to his bottle. It was impossible ever to determine which of them had actually fired the shot that killed Rooney.

So now I had a name, what the hell was I supposed to do with it? Go and confront the surviving man? Stan Brodka's son had that same choice to make a few years later with me, and he chose to do it, but this business with finding out about those men and Rooney happened before young Brodka came to my house that day, so I had no guide. Why should I go see this former cop over something which by that time was twenty-odd years in the past? He and I both had new lives to live. I had come as close to finding out the truth as I ever would. The guy couldn't tell me anything I didn't get from his yellowed

report and he'd probably forgotten all about the whole thing. Should I try to get some kind of apology from him? Why? I'd shot at him and tried to kill him first. What the hell should I have expected him to do? And even if he did apologize, either because he sincerely regretted what had happened or else because he figured it would be politic to appease a vet who'd fought on the winning side and still might make trouble, what would that gain? It wouldn't bring Rooney back. I now had all I would ever have of her in my memory, the smell of her hair and the sound of her voice and the feel of her head on my shoulder out there on that loading dock on the golden afternoon of 10/22, as we knew the world was changing and we couldn't wait to be part of it all. How could dragging up the past and making this man feel bad for a life he didn't even know he'd taken help anyone or anything? So I decided I knew all I'd ever need to know to satisfy my own mind, and I let it go.

I did something else. I didn't tell China that I had found out the man's name. Never did. It was the only thing I ever withheld from her. This was either a very kind and noble thing to do, or else a very foul and disgraceful thing to do, and to this day I am damned if I know which.

A couple of years ago, by sheer coincidence, I was in a church cemetery in Chehalis attending the funeral of the last old comrade from Echo Company to pass on besides me. It was Volunteer Barry Robinson, aka Spiderman, the one who with his girlfriend Suzie Q. had gone with us on the Rothstein tickle. As the only remaining representative of the Old NVA Association in the county, I personally laid the wreath and planted the little Tricolor flag on the grave. I was leaving with one of my sons, going towards the car, when I happened to pass a headstone with a name I recognized. It was the name of the Chehalis cop who was one of the pair who had been sitting in the convenience store parking lot that night, and who may or may not have fired the shot that killed my wife Rooney, if it wasn't his partner the drunk. He'd been dead almost ten years. I also saw that on his grave was a small red, white and blue Amurrican flag, indicating that he had fought on the Federal side during the war. Graves of U. S. veterans are the only places where the Masonic dishrag is allowed to be displayed anywhere in the Republic. This man had Come Home because he couldn't bear actually to *live* in the United States that he'd fought to preserve, and presumably he kept his mouth shut about it all for the rest of his life, but in death either he or one of his relatives

had decided to make a final statement and give us evildoers the finger. Well, we'd won. I guess we're big enough to take a final defiant bird-flip from an old enemy.

I looked down at his grave and I said to him the same thing Stan Brodka's son said to me. "It's over now, buddy," I told him. "It took a while. For me and most likely for you too, but it's over. Have a good one."

Then I walked away.

* * *

After we buried my wife Tank Thompson sent me out to eastern Oregon on some routine mission that wasn't really necessary. He told me that once I delivered the material I was supposed to deliver, I should take a few days off and recuperate. I told him, "That's not necessary, boss. I'm on top of it."

"Well, let's make sure," he said. "Even in the middle of a war, Shane, a man who has suffered your kind of loss needs some time to himself. We owe it to you and you owe it to us, and to yourself, to get it all in perspective." I knew what he was doing. He was giving me the opportunity to pack it in and leave if I couldn't handle the Volunteer life without Rooney. The thought of deserting my comrades would have occurred to me even less after Rooney's death than before, since the NVA was all the family I had besides my drunken mother who didn't count, but I wasn't offended. From the CO's point of view the test made a very hard kind of sense. Far better for me to go ahead and take French leave now than come back and try to function in the NVA as an emotional basket case, and maybe crack up under pressure in some way and get some others killed as well as myself.

One of our Oregon comrades had been apprised of the situation, and I was given the use of a hunting and fishing cabin that overlooked the upper reaches of the Columbia River, right up near the first dam. Now it's the Robert Miles Dam, but I can't remember what it was called in those days. It's a very lonely country out there, almost desert-like, with huge green sweeps of hills and mountains almost like the Scottish Highlands, but more bleak. I hung out there for three days, slept a lot, ate Spam and beans, looked out at the wild emptiness and thought about Rooney. At night I heard the wind

whistling around the eaves. On the fourth day I got in my car and began the long, careful drive on the back roads back to Dundee, avoiding Fattie roadblocks and bombed-out roads and bridges. I reported back in to Arthur's farm, where Tank was headquartered, and no one said anything to me.

I assumed we would simply pick up as if Rooney had never been there, I understood why that had to be, and I was okay with it. I knew she would have gone on without me had I been the one who caught the bullet. But that night I was surprised to see the whole Wingfield clan drive up in two SUVs, Carter and Ma and China and John Hunt and John Bell, and even Adam, come all the way from Idaho. Tank called us all into the barn. "We have a fallen sister to avenge, and like the ancient Greeks and Romans, we're going to stage some funeral games in her memory," said Tank. "You might call this the Rooney Ryan Memorial Tickle."

"Huh?" I asked.

"We gone take care of something in this community we should have took care of long ago," said Carter.

"We've been working on it for a while, but it's time we got this one done."

"Yeah," rumbled Adam. "We gone kill Leon Sorels." Adam had actually grown up in the South Carolina Low Country, and it was still in his speech.

"She would have liked that," I said, nodding.

"It's time we sent that particular message," agreed Tank.

"So when and where do we send it?" I asked. "I thought Leon stayed pretty much behind the Bremer walls unless he comes out wrapped in body armor, armed to the teeth, and surrounded by his gun thugs. Hell, we've been trying to catch him in the open for years, now."

"He'll be open tomorrow night, at the Forest Lodge Motor Inn, off Exit 88 on the Dundee side," replied Tank. "We'll catch him in the parking lot, going in."

“How do we know he’ll be there?” I asked.

“Honey trap,” said Tank in a neutral voice.

“Yeah, from what I hear that will sure work on that kinky bastard, but what makes you think Sorels is going to show up alone? He’s really cagey and he knows we want his ass bad. Surely he’ll at least bring some of his goons with him?”

“He’ll be there, alone.” said China. Idiot me, I still didn’t get it.

“But how can you be sure?” I persisted.

“Because he’s been there before,” she said simply. Then I understood and I just sat there gaping. I knew that such things were done by the NVA, of course. There have always been women spies and they have always used the same weapons, but nonetheless the revelation fell on me like a ton of bricks. China got up and walked out, which you didn’t do to an NVA commanding officer in the middle of a briefing, but Tank looked at the floor and said nothing. I turned to Carter and Ma.

“*Why?*” I shouted. “*How could you let her?*” I demanded of them in rage and pain and confusion.

“I told you, son, we’ve got to pay the tab,” her father replied in a level voice. I suddenly knew that I was hearing the voice of a man in hell.

“In Bible times, God asked Abraham to sacrifice his son,” said Ma, her eyes filled with tears. “God showed His divine mercy and stayed Abraham’s hand. These aren’t Bible times, Shane. God has demanded of me and my husband that we sacrifice our children, and He has not stayed His hand this time, because His people have become so wicked and cowardly that we no longer deserve His mercy and His succor. We have to earn it all back now. This time the sacrifice must be made. Shane, I have two daughters, both of whom I have offered up to the Lord for the sake of our people. You loved one. I beg of you, don’t hate the other, because it is our sin that she bears upon her head. The sin of a hundred years when we should have fought against the Devil and his works, but did not.”

“Adam?” I asked. “John Bell, John Hunt? Christ almighty, *Sorels*? Don’t you have anything at all to say?”

“Say what, Shane?” replied Adam roughly. “That we’re all dying inside? Like you think it could be any other way? Our younger sister is a soldier just like her older sister was, Shane. She’s doing her duty, and now you do yours. Shut up and listen to the CO. We got a war to win.”

I didn’t say a thing for the rest of the meet while we set up the details on how we were going to kill *Sorels*.

Vehicles, escape routes, weapons, contingencies, timing and approach, the whole nine yards of a usual NVA operation. I couldn’t even look at any of the other Wingfields. Afterwards, when I was pulling sentry outside with an AR-180, down near the gate to the farmhouse, China came out and sat down on the swing beneath the tree I had chosen for my post. She didn’t say anything, and I knew she wouldn’t unless I spoke first. “Is this why you and Ted aren’t together anymore?” I finally said.

“Part of it, yes,” she told me.

“I suppose I should ask why it had to be you?”

She spoke in the darkness. “We had to get really close to him to get him out from behind the body armor and the Bremer walls and the herd of bullies that Americans hide in. With his—tastes—this was the only way. He’s an animal. I don’t think there’s any really human thought processes going on in that pointed skull. When he’s not killing and torturing he thinks about two things, lifting weights and women, and we couldn’t think of any way to get to him through pumping iron. I’m the youngest, I’ve grown up since he last saw me, and so he wouldn’t remember me from before the war, except maybe as a high school kid in a braid and a long dress. It worked. He didn’t recognize me. Rooney was married. I’m not. Do you want to know the details?”

“No,” I said. Suddenly it struck me how much China had grown up and how much she resembled her sister, although not as tall, and her hair was a much darker brown. But she wasn’t the child I had met that first night doing her homework at the kitchen table before supper. Jesus, she must be nineteen or

twenty years old now. She had somehow turned into a woman without me noticing it, which is what seems to always happen with girls.

“Thank you. Shane, do you think I’m a whore now?”

“It’s not my place to think about things like that,” I said.

“You’re evading the question, which means you probably do, but I can hardly argue with you. I *am* a whore, and I know it. But Shane, as God is my witness, I would never do it with a nigger or a spic or a gook or a Jew! I’d kill myself first, and if I didn’t Dad would kill me and he’d be right to do it.”

“You know there are Party women who have done just that, when there was no other way to get something we needed?” I asked. I knew it. I didn’t like to think about it, but I knew it.

“Yes. My heart goes out to them in their suffering and their shame. I can’t do that. I don’t have their courage.”

“You’ve got all the courage any woman could ever want, Chine. Just like your sister. Chine, does he... does he hurt you?”

“Every time,” she confirmed. “In body and in mind, in every way that a man can hurt a woman, he hurts me. Shane, even though you know I’m a whore now and I’m worthless, please, kill him for me! *Kill him!*”

She started crying and left.

So we whacked Leon Sorels. What goes around finally came around for the big man himself. The Northwest Volunteer Army caught up with Dummy-Dummy in the parking lot of the Forest Lodge Motor Inn beneath the neon lights, all alone, no body armor, no gang of Federal thugs, no rich men to look the other way, no Amurrican flag to hide behind. Sorels was swaggering towards the room where China waited with a sawed-off shotgun of double-ought buckshot to do it herself if he got past us, but he didn’t.

He saw us coming, he knew us, and he raged like a bull and fought with the same mindless rage. The only good thing I can say about that son of a bitch is

that at the end, he wasn't a coward like so many of his kind. He had that much Aryan left in him. Or else he was just too stupid to be afraid.

Beneath a street light in that parking lot we shot the monster a dozen times just to slow him down a bit. I put a couple of Webley slugs in his kneecaps with Michael Collins' and Rooney Ryan's name on them.

Carter leaped on him and wrestled the 9-millimeter pistol from his hand, and then Adam Wingfield did the honors with a chain saw, carving his gigantic carcass as delicately and precisely as a Christmas turkey.

The sounds Sorels made as he fell to pieces, still living, I will not even attempt to describe. I grabbed the head when it fell to stop it rolling under a car. I picked up that bald pointy sucker in both hands by the big jug ears, and I swear to God it still tried to snap at me and bite me. Jesus, those must have been some steroids he was on! Then Ma did what she did best: she cooked. She doused the remains with gasoline and set them alight. I went into the motel room and hugged a weeping China to me and whispered to her, "*You are not a whore!*"

We drove to the Dundee FATPO barracks and hurled the severed head over the Bremer wall. Our message was sent. At long last Lewis County, Washington was free of Leon Sorels, free of the tyrant he served, and everything he stood for. There was no going back. Not ever.

* * *

Some years after Longview, when it was plain that the Republic was going to be around for a while, and when Chine and I decided the time was right to bring Rooney home in every sense of the word, we contacted the National War Graves Commission. On another drizzly day in spring we went back to the hillside outside North Cove where we had buried her. It hadn't changed much. The lone pine was still there. It took a couple of hours of electronic probing and then digging, but eventually the guys' shovels turned up the black plastic of the garbage bags. They stopped digging and called down to their truck, and then the standard aluminum transportation coffin was hauled up the hill on a travois.

Their foreman, a big middle-aged fellow named Andy who wore the War of Independence medal on his Labor Service overalls, came up to us. "You know, we do this a lot and I've got some experience in how the families feel," he said gently. "This part of it isn't really something you need to see. Can I ask you two a favor? Would you wait down there on the road for us? We'll bring her down to you as soon as we get her up." So China and I went back down the hill, and after a while they brought the aluminum coffin down. I looked at the coffin and I thought not of the bones that lay within but of the rotted remains of a stuffed green alligator I had grabbed off China's bed on the morning of October 22nd, so long ago. We had already decided that Rooney and Chompus would be re-interred as they were, in the shroud of black plastic wrapped around her body on that terrible day long ago, by those who had known and loved her.

Volunteer Rooney Wingfield Ryan was buried in the Dundee Veterans' Cemetery, with full military honors. A lone piper played *Going Home*, and a firing party was provided by the Old NVA Association. On her stone is not the Bible verse from Psalm 46 that was spoken over her first grave, but my own personal epitaph for my friend, my comrade, my lover, my wife. It is from the greatest Bard of our Folk out of all of time:

Cowards die many times before their deaths.

The valiant never taste of death but once.

* * *

One day soon after we clipped Dummy-Dummy I was sent on a cash run to a realtor's office in Dundee where my old friend and former employer Sherry Cahoon was now working as a real estate agent, and also functioning as a Party banker and postmistress. I was supposed to pick up an envelope of cash for E

Company, which presumably contained a large cut of our casino shakedown money. We hardly ever went on revolutionary expropriations anymore; we actually now had an adequate supply of money if not a plentiful one, and the CO didn't want us taking unnecessary risks and maybe pissing people off by robbing them. We were a bit short-handed that day, so while we took two

vehicles I was accompanied by only one Volunteer, a guy we called Fast Eddie who had been with us about a year and had a good track record, so I wasn't worried about backup. It was going into summer and it would have been very conspicuous for me to wear anything on the street in the daytime that was heavy enough to conceal King Henry the Fifth, my beloved owl-clip Webley, so I went really light, just a .380 in an ankle holster clip. This wasn't anything complicated at all, just straight in and out, pick up the envelope and bring it back to the CO. It was always those little simple gigs that somehow went bad.

It was a warm afternoon. I parked a couple of blocks down from the real estate office and across the street, crossed to the north side of Second Street in the crosswalk, and moseyed on down towards my destination while Eddie cruised. I looked down the street and I saw a rare sight, two FATPO troopers on foot patrol, wearing full body armor and carrying their M-16s at the ready. Usually they never exposed themselves like this, and we had learned that when they did, it usually meant they were using some of their own people as bait to try and provoke the NVA into an attack so they could in turn ambush us. Five would get me ten there were a lot more Fatties somewhere in the area, walking a parallel course, and possibly even more concealed in buildings along the street and rolling through the area plainclothes in unmarked vehicles.

The Feds didn't seem to be showing any interest in the real estate office where Sherry worked, but they were walking towards me and if I kept on my present course I would have to pass them on the sidewalk. I decided it would behoove me to be elsewhere, and it was best to evade them while they were still a couple of blocks away. I turned and casually looked into a store window, and then just as casually eased my body on down the street back the way I had come, not wanting to appear as if I were running from them. My car was across the street in the parking lot. Should I turn right and try to evade them on foot, and maybe run into whatever Fatties were parallel-patrolling in the alleys or up First Street? I decided to get back behind the wheel and motivate.

I looked both ways before stepping into the crosswalk, and I saw the coast was clear except for a big blue Cadillac rolling slowly towards the

intersection from the right. I could see a small white female head with thick glasses behind the wheel. It was a common sight. Since most public transportation had now been shut down because all the infrastructure money had been pissed away in Iraq or outsourced to India, small Northwest towns were plagued with elderly drivers who had no business at all behind the wheel of an automobile, but who had no other way to get to the store or get to their doctor's appointments. They were a real traffic menace, but this woman was far enough down the street so she had plenty of time to stop, and so I stepped into the crosswalk not even looking, my eyes surreptitiously to the left, keeping an eye on the FATPOs. I felt a sudden blow and saw a burst of orange flashes, then it was lights out.

The little old lady in the Cadillac had run me down. She had been in some kind of senile fugue state, and either she hadn't seen me or else she hadn't been able to react in time, and she had come barreling right through the crosswalk and knocked me flying. I figure I was out for only a couple of minutes, but that was enough for the two Fatties to come up, see the .380 in my ankle holster, and grab me. I learned later that it was indeed an ambush and by the time Fast Eddie turned the corner my position was surrounded by several Humvees and a mounted M-60 was pointing straight at him. He turned the nearest corner and took off, as he should have done, but the FATPOs were too excited about catching a white boy with a gun to notice or care. By the time I recovered consciousness I was lying in the back of a FATPO paddy wagon, my hands lashed behind my back with plastic disposable cuffs, a broken collarbone and cracked bone in my hip plus numerous abrasions from the car accident. I looked up and I saw an impassive Third World face of some kind staring at me, wearing a FATPO uniform. Filipino? Polynesian? South American Indio?

Who knows? Somebody who sure as hell had no business on the North American continent. There was blood streaming down my face and into my eyes. I tried to clear my vision and say something, but the wog said nothing. Instead, he leaned over and calmly sprayed Mace into my face. The pain and nausea convulsed me, my skull and lungs seemed to explode, and I did the first of quite a bit of screaming I would do while in Federal custody. He maced me a couple of times all the way back to the FATPO compound.

Oh, yeah, you scream. Everybody screams. Once again, the way Federal captivity has been portrayed on Northwest TV and in our movies is kind of off the mark. Big strong NVA Volunteers standing up to torture with a sneer and a smile, responding with quips and wisecracks and insults and promises of Aryan vengeance. Okay, I understand why that has to be for propaganda purposes, and to be sure some of us stood up to the torture, the most notable and noble example being Cathy Frost, who endured things so obscene that no full account of what was done to her by the FBI had ever been published. But everybody screamed. Believe it. At Auburn they had speakers in the cells and we used to get a daily karaoke of screams as our comrades were tortured because they'd pipe it in. When my turn came I sang as loud as anyone. It was the FBI version of Muzak.

At the Dundee FATPO base I was treated for abrasions, a twisted kneecap, a cracked rib and a broken hip, without anesthetic. No one even bothered to interrogate me; they just ran my fingerprints and photographed my retinas in order to identify me, then shaved my head and tattooed a number on the back of my skull which you can still see a bit through my thin hair back there, although I'm told it's pretty faded after seventy years. As a bit of historical trivia, they didn't shave the heads of women prisoners because one of their tortures was to pull a woman's hair out by the roots or set it on fire. They always put the number tattoo on her buttocks, so we weren't the only ones who did that if you're still worrying over what we did to that reporter. Then the FATPOs gave me a couple of perfunctory beatings which reopened the wounds and necessitated their being done up again. After about a week I was taken up to the big high-tech Federal Detention Center in Auburn, just south of Seattle.

Auburn was not my most edifying experience in life by a long shot, but again, as reluctant as I am to give ZOG one inch, if I'm going to be honest about my past I have to admit that it could have been a lot worse. I had a few things going for me that some didn't. For one thing, I was a very small fish in a small pond and the Feds quickly figured out that I wasn't on the big-ticket reward list, nor had they convinced themselves that I knew all kinds of secrets like they thought poor Cathy did. Also, I was captured towards the end of the war when the NVA had long since made it entirely clear that there were certain Federal practices which would not be tolerated, and which

would bring retaliation so horrific even by our standards that the Feds did in fact grudgingly give in and change their behavior. So I wasn't thrown into a bull pen with twenty big buck niggers who beat me to a pulp and then forcibly buggered me up the ass, which had been known to happen in the early days of the struggle.

This practice had led to our use of what was called the "necklace" as a special punishment for anyone guilty of abusing NVA prisoners. We got that one from the South African kaffirs. The abusive guard or cop had to be abducted or otherwise secured, and a large rubber truck tire soaked with gasoline was jammed down over his head and his shoulders tight enough to where he couldn't get it off. Then the tire was set on fire and he who had dished it out had to take it, as he was burned alive. It only took three or four of these necklacings and all of a sudden NVA prison accommodation became strictly seg. The necklacings are not a pleasant part of our past, true, but they were another good example of how a little bit of courage and a little bit of willingness to do the necessary succeeded in bringing about actual change in the government's behavior. "We don't negotiate with terrorists" my ass! Burn a couple of those motherfuckers into charcoal, and the Americans will negotiate faster than you can flick your Bic, once they understand that they could be next. American prison authorities had used homosexual rape or the threat of it as a disciplinary measure against white inmates for generations. Being butt-fucked by niggers was considered to be simply a part of going to prison and TV comedians actually made jokes about it. Then the bureaucrats and thugs who did such things were made to understand that they would be *held responsible* for their behavior, and that the mighty United States of America *could not protect them* against punishment. *Certainty* of punishment, not just severity. The practice of throwing handsome young white boys like Your Friend and Humble Narrator in with nigger perverts came to a screeching halt.

The main thing about Federal political prison was that it was so completely *inhuman*, like the government it served. The guards were specially chosen military police from the various branches of the American services, and also some regular Federal correctional personnel. They wore black coveralls with a utility belt, body armor, and the face shields that concealed their identities except in the case of actual interrogation room staff. They spoke to the

prisoners as little as possible and when they did their voices were carried through some kind of microphone inside the face shield, so the impression of their being robots was increased. The prison was simply a form of warehousing, and I was inventory who had been captured and was now placed on a shelf in my proper slot. We were manhandled like pieces of meat, slammed around and physically dragged up and down the corridors without even being given the chance to walk. At no time during my captivity was I ever charged with anything, brought before a judge, or given any semblance of a trial. If I had asked for a lawyer I would have heard what laughter from those helmet mikes sounded like before they beat the crap out of me. All of those things had gone out years before with the Patriot Act and none of us seriously expected it. After all, we were only getting the same treatment Muslim prisoners had been getting at Guantanamo Bay since 2001.

A year or so before there had been a mass escape at Auburn FDC when a Volunteer drove a panel truck up to the gate and detonated it, and almost two hundred NVA people had scampered out into the night, eventually to rejoin their units and causing a major setback in the government's pacification program. The result was that they'd changed the system and Auburn was now in a permanent state of lockdown. The facility had been rebuilt in order to prevent the detainees from communicating with one another at all, and although I occasionally saw other NVA people in the facility being escorted or more accurately dragged around the place, I could only rarely even exchange a whispered word or two in passing. When we were caught doing so we got a shot from the agonizer, a spray injector carried by the guards which forced a solution of some kind of acid beneath our skin in a patch about the size of a nickel. It hurt like sin and if they gave it to you at the base of the spine or in the backs of the knees you'd be crippled for a couple of days. You never left your cell without full manacles, leg irons, and belly band. Some of the prisoners I saw being dragged around were hooded as well. I have no idea to this day why some of us rated hoods and others didn't. All I know is that for whatever reason, they never hooded me. Like I said, I was never that high on their totem pole.

When I arrived at Auburn I was jammed into a small, boxlike cell all on my own, and left for a while to heal up so I would be nice and healthy and sizzle for a long time in the chair. Unlike any other prison I have ever heard of, we

were never even given numbers and other than Goldberg himself I don't recall any of them addressing me by name. I finally figured out that if they'd assigned numbers to us it would be a form of identity within the system, it would leave a paper trail of some kind, and that there were circumstances wherein ZOG might not want to acknowledge that we had ever been there at all, which was a chilling thought. We could disappear any time they wanted us to, and some NVA prisoners did.

Each of us had tiny individual cells, with the walls made of some odd spongy material so we couldn't commit suicide by running against them and dashing out our brains. There were no windows and the place was ventilated purely by air conditioning from a single high vent. Sometimes they would pump hydrogen sulfide, rotten egg gas, into the air conditioning vents and make us sick and nauseated and weak with puking and dry heaving. I never did figure out why. I suspect it was just for meanness. There didn't seem to be any other point to a lot the things they did at Auburn. There was a sort of block in one corner with a thin foam rubber mattress and no pillow, and a stainless steel toilet with no seat, and a sink. Other than that, nothing else. No chair, no table, no mirror. There we stayed for twenty-three hours per day. For one hour every day I was manacled and taken down to a glassed-in exercise room almost like a handball court, and instead of walking in a yard I was put on a treadmill, a stairwalker, with my cuffed wrists attached to a bar, and the guard started the machine. You climbed the stair for a solid hour or else you got some badly barked shins. I used to look forward to the treadmill because it exhausted me to the point where I would sleep when I got back to my cell. There was nothing else to do for the next twenty-three hours.

Well, I *think* it was the next twenty-three hours. I always assumed we got one exercise per day, but after a while I couldn't tell. The first thing you lost at Auburn was any sense of time. There were no watches or clocks, no calendars, the guards would simply hit you or juice you with their agonizers if you asked them what day it was, and no windows to the outside at all, so you didn't know whether or not it was night or day. Showers were at intervals that *might* have been once a week. At least my orange jumpsuit and my carcass both were usually pretty ripe by shower time. I would be dragged down to a small glassed-in shower cubicle, uncuffed, stripped of my jumpsuit if I didn't peel it off quick enough, locked in the shower cube and then hit

with about three minutes of water from top and side nozzles. Sometimes scalding hot, sometimes ice cold, sometimes lukewarm. No soap, no washrag; I would claw the dead skin and dirt and crud from my body as best I could with my fingernails while the shower was going. I was then given maybe twenty seconds to dry myself with a piece of cloth the size of a dish towel, then tossed another jumpsuit and another pair of cardboard disposable slippers, knocked around a bit or hit with agony juice if I didn't dress fast enough, manacled again and dragged back to my cell until the next time.

Meals appeared on a Styrofoam tray at what *might* have been normal intervals. I couldn't really tell since I had no points of reference to tell time other than my body clock, but it seemed to me that meals were staggered—judging by my hunger sometimes there would be as long as twelve hours or more between meals and sometimes as little as an hour. There was no differentiation between the meals to tell which was supposed to be breakfast. I'm sure that was something they did deliberately to confuse us and disorient us. The food was awful, a couple of cuts below TV dinners or airline food, but very similar, and of course never enough of it. The Styrofoam tray would be sealed with cellophane and would contain three

“courses”: a small square or patty of something that might have been some preparation of meat, a starchy yellow or white vegetable of some kind like corn or baked beans or some cold mashed potatoes, a greenish vegetable like peas or string beans, a single slice of bread with no butter or margarine, and a wax paper half pint of milk. Sometimes the meat would be a single cold hot dog, sometimes a little patty of some ground meat that tasted odd, sometimes a single small chicken drumstick (at least I assume it was chicken; it might have been pigeon the way it tasted.) To eat this feast, we got a plastic spork, a spoon with a couple of small tines on the tip. After the war it came out that it was a common practice for the Feds to drug the food of certain prisoners to keep them quiet or induce hallucinations for interrogation purposes etc. So far as I know they never bothered to dope me, but they did try to drive me insane.

Overhead was an inset fluorescent light that was on twenty-four hours a day. It was like the Ministry of Love prison described by Orwell in 1984, “the place where there is no darkness.” Or so I thought—until one day the light

went out, and for God alone knows how long afterward I was in total blackness. I mean *total* blackness, complete absence of light, the kind of total darkness that occurs nowhere in nature. The only sound in the black was the sound of the air conditioning, and then after a while that went off and there complete silence. There was no food appearing in the little slot in the door for a long time, long enough for me to get really hungry. I think the idea was to convince me that something had happened, the prison had been buried by an earthquake or a nuclear bomb had hit or something, or else that they'd just decided to kill me by entombing me alive. I thought out all the variations about what might be going on, and I decided that either the light and the air conditioning would come back on and I would live, or else it wouldn't and I would eventually die, and since I had no say of any kind in the matter I might as well just sit back and see how it played out. So I found my way to the sink in the darkness. I found it wasn't working and the water in the toilet was treated with some kind of disinfectant and so wasn't drinkable.

Not good. I knew I couldn't let myself think about being thirsty or I'd lose it, so I lay down on my bunk and put myself into a kind of fugue state separating my mind from my body, something I had gotten very good at during my time there. My time spent in the Dundee library as a kid once more stood me in good stead. I started traveling in time like Professor Standing in Jack London's *The Star Rover*. I re-lived my life in my memory as closely as I could, starting from my earliest recollections of the nice house in Dundee when we still had some money and before my brothers became scum, and then progressing on through the Bobby Fernandez incident, so forth and so on. With a long digression on all the books I'd read; I think under those intense conditions I was actually able to re-read *Penrod* in my mind with maybe 80%

accuracy.

If you totally concentrate your mind you can actually shut off the thirst and hunger signals from your body. I was almost up to the point in Dundee High where I met Rooney when the lights came back on, and in a way I was glad. It was still too soon for me to re-live those memories. The air conditioning came on again and a cool breeze seemed to waft away a bit of the stale stink of my own body and waste. I have no idea how long I was in darkness, but

the light almost blinded me. I staggered to the sink. It was working again and I shoveled cupped handful after handful of water into my mouth, and I flushed the stinking toilet over and over. The meals resumed at whatever intervals they came at, I got dragged to the shower again, and the whole routine resumed like nothing had happened. The only thing I can figure is they wanted to see if I would lose my mind.

Then one day the door opened and in stepped two of the guards. This time they did not wear masks, which was not a good sign. There was a big huge nigger with a shaved head and one of those little Lion of Judah goatees the homeys liked to wear, a kind of black Dummy-Dummy, and there was a chunky blond bull-dykey woman, thirty-something, dishwater blond. Behind them came a man in a suit, his face somewhat older and his hair a little more gray than I remembered. Special Agent Bruce Goldberg.

“You look like jack shit, Shaney, me bhoyo,” he said, grinning at me like a loon. “You really should have made that call all those years ago, Shane. You really should have.” I knew by his voice he had become quite insane. The mask he had worn when we first met at Dundee High was gone, and the Jew was no longer pretending, no longer hiding. Now he just let all that Talmudic hatred hang out. I’ve always thought Jews were a bit nuts anyway. Any race of people who would elevate paranoid schizophrenia to a religion would have to be. He who had been trying to drive me out of my mind with the blackness had failed, and now he was nuts and I was still sane.

I knew then I could beat him before he killed me. I sat up on the bed and then staggered to my feet to face him. I stared at him, my eyes still blinking from the bright fluorescent light, and since I knew he was going to kill me anyway and it didn’t make any difference, I moistened my lips and said, “Sorels spilled his guts about you before we cacked him. We know where you live now, kike. You’re on the to-do list. You’ll be seeing your big buddy soon.” The nigger and the dyke waded into me with their short lead-weighted truncheons and I didn’t get to complete my sentence.

After the beating was over Goldberg loomed over me while they held me upright in their arms, battered and bloody and dazed. “Oh, my, what a bad and tough little Nazi it is. Bad little Nazi must sizzle!” he babbled, tittering loathsomely. All the time the guards were dragging me down the hall and

down the flight of steps to the chair Goldberg was dancing around us like a demented child giggling, “*Sizzle! Sizzle!*”

Bad Nazi will sizzle and then we will see how tough it is! *Sizzle!*” I had never been in that part of the prison before and as I looked over the stairwell I saw nets had been stretched between the banisters and the wall, in order to prevent prisoners from throwing themselves off the tiers and committing suicide. I remember reading they used to do that in Russian jails back in the time of Stalin. Then they dragged me into a fairly large room to the chair, and there I sizzled, to Goldberg’s transcendent delight.

The chair was on a kind of platform, presented almost like a throne. It looked like what it was, an electric chair, but not one for carrying out simple executions. On the back was not a headpiece like on Old Sparky, but an iron collar I later learned was based on the Spanish garrote. At the back of the collar was a long-handled crank. When the crank was turned the Federal torturer could apply a nice, even constriction of the windpipe, without any embarrassing crushing of blood vessels or breaking of the neck that might terminate the interview abruptly before any useful information had been gained. I also saw that the front half of the seat had been cut away, so that the actual seat was nothing but a kind of small shelf to perch my butt on. I discovered the reason for that soon enough, when they began wiring me up. About six feet behind and to the left of the chair was a large UPS type generator of the kind used in computer systems to maintain an even electrical current, from which ran a long cable which ended in a board through which protruded some metal discs on wires, the electrodes. There was a control panel on a table beside the generator, and a box marked sterile syringes. I’d heard of the needles; we all had. Both the Feds and the NVA called them Dershowitz Doozers.

I was manhandled into the room by the two guards, while a third one, a Hispanic of some kind, waited by the chair. In their usual style they didn’t say a word, just handled me like a piece of meat. They stripped me naked as a jaybird and then strapped me into the chair. We later learned from studying the FBI’s interrogation psychology and procedure manual, which was called the Dershowitz Protocol, that in interrogating white male “racists” a white female officer was always there to add a deliberate element of sexual

humiliation. With women prisoners the guards were always non-white males. They closed the collar snugly but not so tight as to cut off my breathing or my speech just yet, then they began swabbing assorted parts of my body with some kind of jelly-like lubricant to increase conductivity. Then they attached five pairs of the electrodes with paper hospital paper tape. Special Agent Goldberg had gone off somewhere during this procedure, but now he entered the room, very businesslike in his crisp suit and carrying a briefcase. He sat down at the table behind me, and although I couldn't see him or move my head I could hear him as he opened his briefcase and riffled some papers about.

"Good morning, Shane!" he said cheerily as if we were meeting for a yuppie business breakfast. The entire bizarre outburst in my cell and as he danced down the hall behind us might never have happened. I wondered if the Jew freak even remembered doing it. He was that wigged out. "Dear me, dear me, you really should have made that call like I told you to a few years ago," he said again. "Racism and hatred doesn't pay, me bonny lad, it really doesn't it, as you are about to find out. Shall we begin?" And we began.

Once again the luck of the Irish seem to have kicked in. This will take a bit of explaining, so pardon me if I digress.

About five months before I was captured, I had taken the wheel for a hit up in Seattle with two of our heavier guys up there who had heard of my driving skills, an Australian named Charlie and this lean, mean kid just off the plane from Italy named Bill Vitale. Yeah, that Bill Vitale. This was after he survived the Ravenhill ambush that wiped out Tom Murdock's boys and he didn't talk much, but Charlie was fairly laid back and while we were sitting in the car waiting for the holy rabbi to make his appearance we had a long natter, and he gave me a good 4 1 1 about dealing with torture. The man knew what he was talking about and he saved me from disgracing myself. Charlie had once been arrested in Britain under the Race Relations Act and worked over by the Special Branch, who used pliers instead of electrodes and not just on the nuts but fingernails, teeth, etc.

"It's mind over matter, mate," he explained. "When they start putting the hurt on you, mate, wot ya gotta do is make yeself a mantra in your mind. You gotta convince yeself in yer own mind that yer mantra is the answer to all

their questions, that it's wot they're really asking yer. In my case it was 'Big beef bones for our dog.' Get that inter yer mind, and make yeself *believe* it's the truth, that's wot they really want to know and ye've got to make them believe you. Kind of a Zen type thing, know wot I mean? Anything they ask yer, ye just yell 'Big beef bones for our dog!' and they'll figure ye've gone off yer nut and let you alone for a while to sane up."

Then the holy rabbi came out of the front of the apartment house of the nineteen year-old shiksa girl he was boinking, no doubt to go home to his wife with a plausible story about how he and Jehovah had been working a late shift at the synagogue. The girl followed him out to his car and they were still canoodling and nuzzling like he wasn't in his fifties. You'd think that with all that had been going on in the Northwest over the past couple of years, a Seattle rabbi of all people would understand by then that he didn't need to be out in public, but I guess there's no fool like an old fool, and that goes for Jews too. That lovely blond body must have been just too tempting. "Target's up, mates," said Charlie, flipping open and checking his

.357. "Comrade Guillermo, would you care to do the honors in memory of absent friends?"

"*Va bene, padrone,*" Vitale replied. "*Grazie.*" He was fairly new in the country and his English wasn't too good as yet. He was in the back with his double-barreled Sicilian shotgun that he called a *lupara*, already leaning over to the left rear passenger side and rolling down the window. "I killa de slut too. She fuck-a de Jew."

"Knock yerself out, mate," said Charlie cheerfully. I slid on up beside the rabbi's Cadillac, Vitale cacked them both with one barrel of double-ought buck apiece, and for the hell of it I leaned my Webley out of the driver's side window with my left hand and popped a couple into their skulls as they flopped on the rainy tarmac of the parking lot. I always liked little touches like that, not only killing the rabbi but letting his wife and family live with the fact that he'd been killed in the arms of a blond Gentile whore. Among her other deficiencies, Gretl from the Shetl just couldn't measure up in the sack.

Yes ma'am, I know, I'm talking dirty again and I'm wandering. I really don't

want to go back to that chair, but it's part of my story and I know I have to.

There's no way I can describe the pain that anyone else could possibly understand, so I won't try. I know a lot of Volunteers who underwent FBI interrogations were messed up in their heads forever, had nightmares about it until the day they died, and so on, but actually it's not a catastrophic memory for me.

Just damned nasty. First off, Rooney was dead and I didn't really care anymore whether or not I lived or died, so I wasn't as terrorized by it all as I might have been. I'm sure somewhere in the back of my mind I still carried guilt over her death and the Federal torture must have seemed like just punishment to my subconscious.

Secondly, I didn't expect anything else from those soulless beings in the suits and so ever since I was captured, I had been preparing myself mentally and spiritually for it, at least insofar as anybody can.

Finally, to be honest I don't remember all that much about it. Down through the years my mind seems to have deleted most of that particular morning from my memory, and I recall it now like you might recall a particularly unpleasant trip to the dentist that took place a long time ago. The very worst part, of course, was when he shot the voltage to my balls, where the pain really does pass all human description, but as Goldberg chattily explained to me, he didn't want to do that too often because the agony could literally send me into cardiac arrest if overused.

"Dead Nazis can't suffer any more, and we can't have that now, can we, Shane me lad?" he chuckled.

"Suffering is the wages of racism, me fine Irish bhoyo, oh yes it is, yes it is, yes it is!" (He sang the last few words.) Fortunately, the male testicle is one of the toughest parts of the body despite its high sensitivity to pain. I eventually healed and I wasn't completely ruined for family life, as my eight children who were born years later demonstrate. I didn't know that at the time, of course, and I actually hoped Goldberg would cut them off so they wouldn't hurt like that. He spaced out each torment with intervals of interrogation, sometimes the electric shock, sometimes the needles injecting

that agonizer acid solution beneath my fingernails or into assorted fleshy parts. I still have some scars from the subcutaneous acid shots. Sometimes the iron collar of the garrotte choked me into unconsciousness as my lungs burned like a welder's torch for air. Then they'd ease up and let me draw a few wheezing, desperate breaths and tighten it again.

I think he only asked about four or five questions the whole time, always the same ones, droning on and on like some kind of invisible bee in my ear. "Who is your commanding officer? Where is the .50-caliber ammunition kept in Lewis County? How many safe houses do you know about and where are they? Who besides yourself killed Lieutenant Leon Sorels? Who killed Supreme Court Justice Samuel Rothstein?"

(They apparently had never figured that one out.) "Where is John Corbett Morgan?" On and on and on. I lost control of my body and emptied my bowels and my bladder very early on in the proceedings, which they all ignored, and my flesh around the attached electrodes began to char and smoke and sizzle, so after a while the place smelled like a weenie roast in a toilet as I burned alive in my own shit.

In answer to every question I simply screamed out the senseless mantra "Big beef bones for our dog!"

whereupon Goldberg touched a toggle switch and fried my fingertips or my spine or toes or my nose or my nuts again, or he gave a signal and one of the guards tightened the collar again, or the bitch stepped forward and gave me a shallow muscle injection of the acid again once she ran out of fingernails.

How did I get through it without breaking? Well, the mantra about the beef bones helped. Charlie was right. When you're in pain you can convince yourself of irrational things, and I convinced myself that this nonsensical phrase was in fact the answer to all of Goldberg's questions and if I just kept shouting it long enough and loud enough he would finally understand and stop torturing me. I know that sounds absurd, but like I said, when a monster is toasting your balls with electric shock you don't think too clearly. It also helped that about halfway through I realized that Goldberg wasn't really interested in anything I had to say and he was just torturing me for the enjoyment of it, and somewhere in my increasingly jumbled mind I

understood that nothing I could say would stop him from doing it. He was enjoying himself too much. I heard him giggle.

And you know, I think that was the first time I knew for absolute certain in my heart that the NVA had won. Because the Americans were out of ideas. They were about to lose everything, lose part of their precious United States itself, and *this* was all they could think of to do about it. They should have sent a George Washington or an Abraham Lincoln or at least a General Grant to deal with us. Instead they sent a sick little Jew in a suit who from what I could hear was probably sitting behind that table masturbating while he tortured another man's sexual organs and body. This is the mark of the greatest nation in the world? Horse shit. The United States was a weak and senile and crumbling empire run by criminals and degenerates and cowards. I had the living proof of it every time Goldberg flicked that switch.

They kept shooting water into my mouth from a sports bottle to make sure I would be able to speak if and when I decided to do so, and finally I did. "You're going to die, Goldberg," I croaked in an attempt to laugh. "We are going to beat you bloody and send every one of you Amurrican cowards running out of the Northwest like little sissies crying for your mamas, and my comrades are going to find you and burn you alive, crisp as the ovens in Auschwitz should have done if they'd ever existed. We owe you kikes a Holocaust and you're going to get one!" Goldberg screamed in rage and hit the switch again and I blacked out.

I have no idea how long the session lasted. Probably a lot shorter than it seemed, because the human body can take only so much punishment, and Goldberg intended to make a meal out of me. I wish I could say that I bit the ear off the dyke when they finally unstrapped me and pulled me out of the chair, but I was too weak and disoriented to do anything except dry-heave and moan.

"See you tomorrow, Shane, me lad," babbled Goldberg dementedly. "I think tomorrow we'll start with the dentists' drills. Zzzzweeeeeeeeeeeee!" as he made a noise imitating a drill. Even as crushed as I was, my heart leaped in fear. I'd put on a brave show today, but I knew the dentist's drill would be it. I'd break. I would scream for mercy from a Jew. I would tell whatever lie he wanted me to tell, accuse whoever he wanted me to accuse, reveal Rooney

and my greatest and most intimate secrets if only he'd keep that drill away from my teeth. I lay in my cell in agony and just tried to shut it all down in my mind. I prayed for death, and I would have tried to kill myself but I couldn't even move off my pallet in my cell.

But once again, either the luck of the Irish or the hand of God intervened. Was it some kind of weird karmic synchronicity? Did God hear what I'd threatened the son of a bitch with and answer my prayer?

However it came about, Special Agent Bruce Goldberg never got the pleasure of seeing me crack under his dentist's drill, because he never returned to that place to continue torturing me. What goes around does indeed come around, and by some cosmic coincidence, that night in his affluent suburban home, it came around for the little Jew Goldberg as it had come around for big Jew Rothstein. Goldberg and his family lived in a special "gated community," a kind of fortified compound that Federal employees in the Northwest were given as married quarters, although by then it should have been clear that nowhere was safe and I can only conclude that ZOG's incredible arrogance tripped them up again. Someone was able to breach the security, and Goldberg and his family were executed by the Northwest Volunteer Army that night, the Jew himself being burned alive by the necklace, the gasoline-soaked tire that Third World negroid savages had used with such glee for generations. I later learned that this mission had been carried out by a hand-picked group of Volunteers led by a man who later became President of the Republic, a man whose wife Goldberg had murdered in prison. More synchronicity?

I've never yet figured out whether there is a God, ma'am, and I guess I'll be finding out soon, but the signs are encouraging. Because in my lifetime at least, there's been a little justice, and where there's smoke there's fire. They left me alone after that, which might have had something to do with my threats against Goldberg and the quick vindication thereof. They might have become convinced that I had some secret way of communicating with the Volunteers and they didn't want to risk ending up like Brucie. So I got off with only one Federal torture session, which by NVA standards was easy time indeed. The days went by, day in and day out, week in and week out. I had no way to tell time in that place where there was no darkness. At first I

didn't notice and was glad only of being left alone in order to let my wounds heal. I must have suffered some kind of tissue damage that led to a fever, because I have some memory of white-coated medics standing over my mattress in the cell and injecting me with something and swabbing something on the burns from the electrodes and the acid. Then it was only endless sameness and boredom until I was probably half insane from sensory and mental deprivation. I know now that a year passed.

The final year of the revolution.

* * *

The first inkling I got that things were changing was that the food seemed to improve slightly. Alongside the Styrofoam plate of crap I began to see things like fruit on my plastic tray, peeled orange segments, an apple, a peach. I knew that these things might have been injected with drugs, but by then I was so starving for some kind of variety in my diet that I simply didn't care anymore.

I examined the fruit carefully for needle marks, and when I was unable to find any obvious signs of tampering I went ahead and ate it, nor did I seem to suffer from any ill effects. I began to get plates with actual meals on them—a tin pannikin of honest to God *hot* beef stew even if it was out of a can, some hamburger that was recognizable as hamburger, tuna salad with dill pickles and some vegetables, and to go with the bread all of a sudden there were little segments of butter or margarine, and after a few more weeks even little restaurant packets of jam. Along with the spork they also gave us a little wooden spatula type thing, part knife and part spoon, that we could use to spread the butter on the bread. One meal had a small half-pint plastic bottle of spring water with a screw-on cap, and I decided to risk keeping the bottle when I put the tray back on the little shelf in the door. The tray disappeared and there was no subsequent beating, and thereafter I could fill the bottle from the sink and actually drink from something besides my cupped hand. Little things like that are like gold in prison; I prized that plastic bottle more than any golden goblet.

Then one day the little slot in my door clattered, and it wasn't a food tray that appeared on the shelf, but a *book!* A paperback Louis L'Amour Western,

which I leaped on and devoured in less than two hours. When I gave back my tray the next time I put the book on it, and when it was collected I said to whoever was outside like Oliver Twist, "Please, sir, may I have some more?" A few hours later, by my reckoning, another paperback dropped into the slot. This time it was a much larger one, a Sweet Savage about a maiden who is abducted by a dark prince (as in black hair) and carried off on his charger to his castle where he rips her bodice and forces her into 1 0 1 Levantine deviations but with truly mighty and gentle Byronic passion, etc., etc. God, it was drivell! But compared to simply doing pushups and staring at the walls for twenty-three hours every day that was manna from Heaven and I devoured it down to the last hackwork sentence. When I was done I put it on my food tray and when the slot opened to take it,

"Look, I know you're trying to get me to rat and I won't do that, but I really do appreciate the books. As long as you're trying to bribe me with literature, any chance of some of the good old stuff, Dickens or Trollope or maybe even some Booth Tarkington?"

Well, whoever it was had a sense of humor. A few hours later the slot rattled and I was looking at a paperback copy of *Moby Dick*. "Thanks!" I yelled through the slot. "If you'll tell me who you are I'll try to get the boys to go easy on you when the time comes!"

I never got a response, but for days after that I stood on the decks of the *Pequod* and chased the great white whale. After that there was all kinds of great stuff, Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, and even a battered library copy from somewhere of Tarkington's *Seventeen*. Let me tell you, if ever you need to refresh your sense of the absurd, try sitting on the floor next to a stainless steel toilet in a featureless ZOG prison cell with only white light and the air conditioning for sensory stimulation, and reading about the adventures of Silly Bill Baxter and Flopit and big lummo George Crooper overeating and puking his guts out at a circa-1914 teenagers' picnic. I had noticed by this time that not only were they being nice to me but Bruce Goldberg hadn't dragged me back downstairs for another session with the dentists' drills, but I had no way of knowing why. I figured that this was some kind of change in Federal policy and I would eventually be approached with some kind of attempt to flip me and turn me into an informer. But it never happened.

Then one day the cell door opened, the guards came in and slapped the manacles and belly bands on me in the usual manner, and I was marched out into the corridor. But this time was different. This time all the cell doors up and down the corridor were open and other manacled prisoners in the orange jumpsuits were being pulled down the hall by pairs of guards. We shuffled down endless corridors and all of a sudden we went through a door and we were outside. It was night, the first time I had actually seen the stars overhead in God alone knew how long. Around me in long lines were my fellow prisoners dressed in Gulag orange, mostly men but a few women as well, maybe fifty of us. There were two barred prison buses pulled up in the central yard of the prison, and the guards were herding us onto the buses. I was slapped down into a seat next to a big man I'd never seen before, maybe forty years old, a stubbled face. The guard hooked my wrist cuffs onto a staple on the seat so my hands were down between my legs, and walked down the aisle. For the first time I was alone with a fellow prisoner. I looked at him. "What the hell?" I asked.

"They're probably going to take us off someplace nice and isolated, whack us all out, and bury us in the woods" said the Volunteer grimly. "Bob Donner, B Company, Number Two Spokane Brigade. And you, comrade?"

"Shane Ryan, E Company, South Sound Brigade," I said. "How long have you been in here? Do you know what month and year it is?"

"I have no idea on either question."

I leaned forward. "How about you, comrade?" I asked the middle-aged woman in the seat in front of me.

"What unit? How long have you been here in Uncle Slime's pleasure palace? Can you tell me what's been going on with the war?"

"Sergeant Martha Price, quartermaster for the Seattle East Side Brigade. Christ, I don't know, it seems so long ago," she whispered. "They got me up in North Bend, just after Jock Graham's Number Two Brigade boys blew the 520 bridge over Lake Union."

"That was after my time," I said with a delighted chuckle. "Bet that fucked up

Seattle like a Chinese fire drill!”

“*Quiet back there!*” bellowed a voice from the front of the bus. But none of the guards came back to punish us.

“No beating,” whispered the woman dryly. “Not a good sign.”

“They’re going to kill us,” muttered Donner. “They may just drive the damned buses into the Sound and let us sink, but if they don’t, we need to work out a plan to rush them when they take us off when we get wherever we’re going. Let’s at least die fighting.” Then two more guards came to the back of the bus and worked their way forward, and slapped strips of masking tape over the mouths of all the prisoners. With our hands pinned down between our legs we couldn’t lean down far enough to tear the tape off.

The buses started up and we rolled out the gates into the darkness. I mean darkness; Auburn is a Seattle suburb and there were nowhere near as many lights on as there should have been, just a few isolated gleams here and there showing hints of buildings and streets. It was almost like some kind of medieval plague had settled over the city. It was a bit hard for me to follow where we were going, but then we got on the interstate for a few miles and I could tell we were going south and we were into Tacoma. Then Olympia, and we got off the interstate and rolled through very dark, very silent back streets and roads.

Once off to my right I saw some low gleams on hangar-like buildings and a tower, and knew we were passing the Olympia airport. We were almost on top of the spot where we’d taken down Burger King Rothstein all that endless time ago. I suddenly got some idea of what it must be like for Fatties and Feds, having to move through this darkness, knowing always that the NVA was out there waiting for them somewhere.

I recognized where we were when we pulled into Millersylvania State Park at about dawn. We parked in a large clearing by a lake that glistened with the rising sun. Again without a word the guards went down the rows of the seats and uncuffed us, then hauled us all outside. We had neither the opportunity to plot any rush against our captors nor the opportunity to do so. We were stood in ranks and swiftly teams of guards came and unlocked our cuffs, cattle

prods at the ready to zap any of us who tried to break bad. They took off the manacles, leaving us rubbing our wrists and ripping the tape from our mouths. We were looking around for the troops and the machine guns which we were convinced were going to cut us all down, but without a single word of explanation the guards climbed back into the buses, started the engines and drove away, leaving almost fifty Volunteers standing in a clearing wearing orange coveralls, looking at one another in puzzlement. Then we heard more engines coming and more buses pulled up into the clearing, accompanied by a truck filled in the back with armed men in a kind of khaki ensemble, and several Humvees with mounted machine guns.

Federal military vehicles always had the brownish desert camouflage, inappropriate in the Northwest but a holdover from the days that the vehicles had been rolling across the Arabian or Iraqi desert. The truck and the Humvees had a rondel on their doors, a round insignia painted on their sides like the insignia you used to see on World War One French and British biplanes on the Western Front, only these rondels were blue, white, and green. Each bus had a kind of flagstaff welded to the driver's side and from the staff flew Tricolor flags. As we stared in amazement a man got out of one of the Humvees and came toward us. He was wearing a khaki shirt, green trousers, high boots and a billed green cap with the same Tricolor rondel on it. I didn't know it, but I was looking at the first uniformed NVA troops I had ever seen. A woman dressed in the same OD and khaki motif was walking by his side, only she wore a green skirt and had a pert little green beret on her head with the rondel emblem. It was a moment before I recognized them.

Carter and China Wingfield.

"What the hell is going on?" I asked, after hugging them both in wild amazement and stunned relief.

"Your lot from Auburn was the first of the good faith prisoner releases," said Carter. "I called in every damned favor I had on the Army Council and I got them to insist that you be included in the first draft."

"Good faith prisoner release?" I asked. "What the hell does that mean?"

"It means we've won!" said China, her brown eyes shining, her lovely face

burning with joy. “Shane, a couple of months ago the United States government made contact with GHQ, secretly, at first through the international Red Cross and then through the Irish representative to the UN, who’s been acting as mediator. We’re meeting with them down at Longview next week. They want to negotiate a settlement!

We’ve won!”

The accountants had finally surrendered. We had secured the existence of our people and a future for White children.

A Warrior for the Working Day

Tell the constable we are but warriors for the working day...

Our gilt are all besmirch’d with rainy marching in the painful field;

There’s not a piece of feather in our host, good argument, I hope, we will not fly, And time has worn us into slovenry. But by the mass, our hearts are in the trim!

-Henry the Fifth, Act IV, Scene 3

Interplanetary E-Mail

Bill To: Marsopolis University Account #452

Govt. Authorized Account Mars Edu. Admin

To: Jared F. Henderson, Ph. D

University of Marsopolis History Dept.

Marsopolis

From: Bertrada M. Schulter, Ph. D

Dear Jared:

Thank you for the kind words and favorable assessment that you have given to the taped interviews I have conducted over the past several weeks with former NVA Volunteer Shane A. Ryan in Dundee, Washington, Northwest American Republic (Earth Homeland). I am glad you received them in good order; sometimes deep space transmission can still be a bit iffy.

Although I agree that Mr. Ryan's language and some of his sexually oriented comments are in many places unsuitable for general publication and broadcast under the Territorial laws governing obscenity, he does indeed have a point when he says early during the sessions that in the time in his youth when the Republic was part of the United States, such negrified language was part of normal conversation. I have been assured by many of the wonderful people I have met here in the Republic that this is the case, and almost everyone remembers one or more foul-mouthed elderly relatives from that time who grew up listening to blacks all around them and so adopted the Ebonic speech patterns and dialect. When it comes down to broadcast time, we do have bleepers we can use.

I deeply regret to report that an old saying still holds true: man proposes and God disposes. I arrived at the Carter Ryan home in Dundee on the morning of August the 30th and went out back to the trailer where old Mr. Shane lived and where we had been doing our stream of consciousness recounting of his life, only to discover that he had suffered a heart attack during the night. He had been found still breathing but in serious condition that morning by his grandson George Lincoln Rockwell Ryan, and he had been taken to Providence Hospital, ironically the same hospital in which he had been born ninety-one years previously.

His children and grandchildren had repeatedly asked him to move into a bedroom in one of their large homes of his choosing, where he would be more easily observable and accessible if he had any problems, but Mr. Ryan always refused because he felt somehow that a trailer held symbolic significance to his life.

Something to the effect that ZOG had made him trailer trash and so he would end his days in a trailer while laughing at them and treasuring the memory of the Jews he'd whacked. Yes, that sounds like Shane, all right.

So when I was listening to Mr. Ryan ramble, I was sitting there in a battered, hundred-year old single wide mobile home, although very carefully and lovingly restored by the Ryan family for Shane with proper climate control and insulation and every convenience. God, it's hard to believe human beings originally came from this place! How do they stand it? The air here is far too thick and moist; even with the air conditioning that Mr. Ryan so courteously cranked up for me to approximate Mars standards when he saw that I was uncomfortable, I felt half choked and drowned, and of course I am way, way too heavy on this planet. My feet always hurt, and every night when I fall into bed I feel like I've just done a hundred-mile run from the Rift to Landfall station and back, packing all the old outdoor respiration gear from our childhood on my back.

I went to the hospital immediately. I had become friends with the family who appreciated what I was doing to record their father and grandfather's experiences. His middle-aged sons Carter and Red and Adam and all the others shook their heads in wonder when I played back the digitals for them. "Jesus!"

Carter Ryan told me at one point, "We never had any idea about any of this stuff! I mean, sure, when we were growing up we kids knew our father and mother were both Volunteers during the revolution, and once a year they put on their Independence medals and they went out to the Old Fighters' reunion, and that they were usually designated drivers because Mom was a Christian and Pop didn't drink. But I never knew *why* Pop didn't drink. He never talked about his parents and I still don't think I even know their names. They never talked about the war much, although sometimes Mom or Pop would make some reference to Aunt Rooney or my grandmother Racine, and of course when I was young Pop sat me down and told me about Carter Wingfield, and the heroes of Mariana, Florida who died fighting for the Confederacy, and why I had to grow up and honor Carter's name that I bore and the whole Wingfield legacy. But we never knew any of the details, Dr. Schulter. I'm still in a state of shock to learn that my father was married to Rooney once. I wonder why neither he nor Mom ever mentioned anything about that?"

I hazarded a guess from listening to Mr. Ryan. "Your father and your mother grew up in a time when things were very complicated," I suggested. "Perhaps

they thought that complication wasn't a good thing for children to grow up with, and by the time you were adults it was simply ancient history of no interest to anyone but themselves. Time does heal all wounds, eventually. Perhaps neither of them wanted to open that one. Or perhaps he simply thought it would have been disrespectful to China. But now you know, why don't you ask him?"

"Maybe I will, once you're through," said Carter. "We all think it's absolutely great you were able to persuade Pop to finally speak out. I agree with you, ma'am. His story belongs to this whole nation and it's something that shouldn't be lost."

So I was allowed into Mr. Ryan's hospital room, and I had the sad honor and painful privilege of being present about noon when his son Carter slipped the old .455 Webley revolver into his father's still hand and closed his fingers around the butt. The old man breathed his last a few minutes later. "NVA tradition,"

Carter explained to me as his father had done before. "A Northwest Volunteer dies with a gun in his hand." Although I had only known him for a short time, I wept with the family. Shane Ryan was the last generally recognized NVA veteran in Lewis County, Washington. (I think there are about seventy or eighty officially acknowledged NVA Old Fighters left still in the Northwest Republic, all extremely elderly and in poor health, of course.) The Rebel County had lost its last Jerry Reb, and our Folk lost something very precious from our past. I thank God I was able to get most of it onto digital and preserve it forever, and even more proud that the original tabs will be held at our own university archives on Mars.

Yet all the while Shane spoke, despite his crude expletives and long digressions into economics and everything else, I understood that I owed an immense debt to this cranky, half-senile, foul-mouthed old man, who admitted to at least a dozen murders. I owed him my very existence, and the existence of my beloved children. Because had he and the men and women of his generation not done what they did, not only would there be no white people on Mars, there would be no people on Mars, and there would be no white people anywhere. Period. End of story. There would be only this one world and it would be nothing but mud.

Thirty-five Mars years ago, seventy earth years, an incredible and inexplicable miracle occurred. In this one small corner of the Earth, a small band of white men and women suddenly awoke from a poisoned sleep and found within themselves the courage to secure the existence of their people and a future for white children. All it took was a sword and some guts behind it, as Shane would have said.

Now because of what they did, you and I and all three hundred thousand of us on Mars, and all two hundred million of us in the Homeland on our home world, and the fifty thousand of us on Luna, and the pioneers on Ganymede and the men and women whom I have just heard have finally made a live landing on Venus... we're alive! And if our birthrates are anything to go by, the Aryan shall never perish from the face of the cosmos. The Jews still scheme and sometimes they hurt us, hurt us badly, but they'll never get us all now, because at least a few of us have escaped to other worlds. All because of this old coot who sat in front of me leaning on his cane and droning on with his memories of things incredibly wonderful and unspeakably horrible.

We don't have much history yet on Mars, and with any luck we never will have much of the kind that Shane Ryan described.

With God's help and old man Shane's we've left most of the bad behind us. We're going to find out what it's like to have a whole world to ourselves, just white people with no Jews, and so far it's shaping up pretty darned wonderful. But what we have, we will have because a young woodchuck kid named Shane Ryan and a few others sat in cars on dark, wet Northwest nights on rainy streets, waiting for someone to step out and be shot down on the asphalt. Or waiting for something to go boom. Or waiting to beat another human being with clubs. Waiting to do something terrible so that something good might come for people and children they never would see. People like you and me, Jared.

Now I know why I came to the vocation of history. The connection must be maintained. The generations of the future must *know* these things, and thanks to technology we don't have to rely on words inked on parchment with quills. We can see and we can hear. A hundred generations on Mars and on Earth as well will hear Shane Ryan's words now. He will speak to the future he gave his youth for. I'm not sure about this, but in a very strange and magnificent

and sad and glorious way, I think I saw our father die in that hospital room, Jared. Because Shane Ryan and his comrades made me, and you. They made our world possible, in every sense of the word. They made *us*, Jared.

Enough. I'm getting maudlin. I'm going to Shane's funeral tomorrow and then my grant is up and it's off to Centralia Spaceport and the shuttle, then a four months' voyage through the black and I will see old Dusty Red looming up in the vision screen, and then you and I will stand together on the mezzanine of the Great Dome and watch Phobos and Deimos race over our heads, and since I'm not a teetotaler like old man Ryan I might even be persuaded to share a bottle of hydroponic scuppernong champagne with you.

And if you ask me yet again, who knows? I might even marry you.

Yours,

Bertie

* * *

Later - Just got back from the funeral, and I need to start packing for the spaceport. How odd to know that I will almost certainly never see Earth again, the ancestral home of our race. Well, we have the future to look to now.

There were no more NVA veterans left to provide the firing party for old man Ryan's funeral, so the SS did the honors. He was buried with the Tricolor on his coffin, and I was rather surprised to see that there was a whole sort of Wingfield family plot in the Veterans' Cemetery. They were all there to keep him company, Carter and Racine and John Hunt and John Bell and Adam and a memorial to Leah whose remains were never found, and the assorted wives and children including Shane's son in the Kriegsmarine who went down on the *Corvallis*. Shane was buried between the two sisters he had married, China on the one side and Rooney on the other. On his stone were chiseled the words that summed up the man's life. Well, that's what epitaphs are supposed to do, right?

Shane Alan Ryan - Northwest Volunteer.

He didn't walk away.